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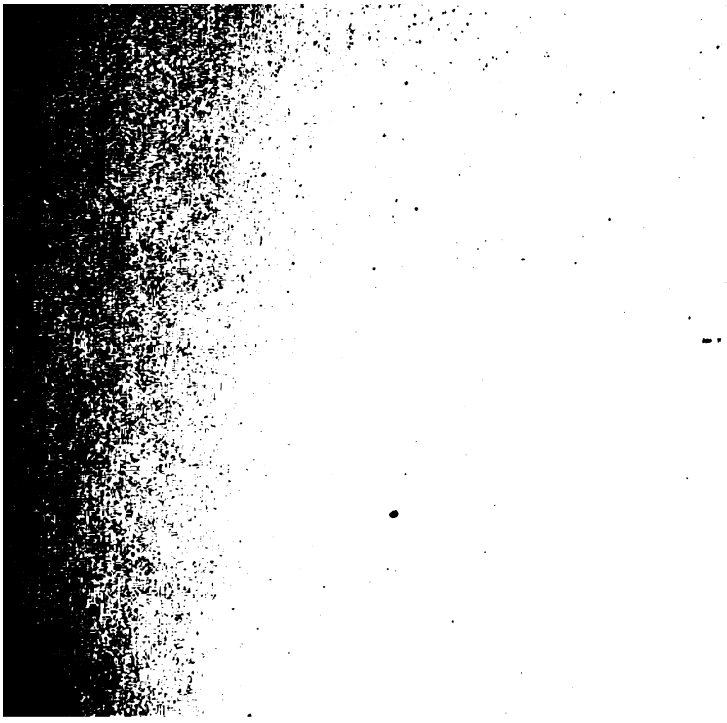

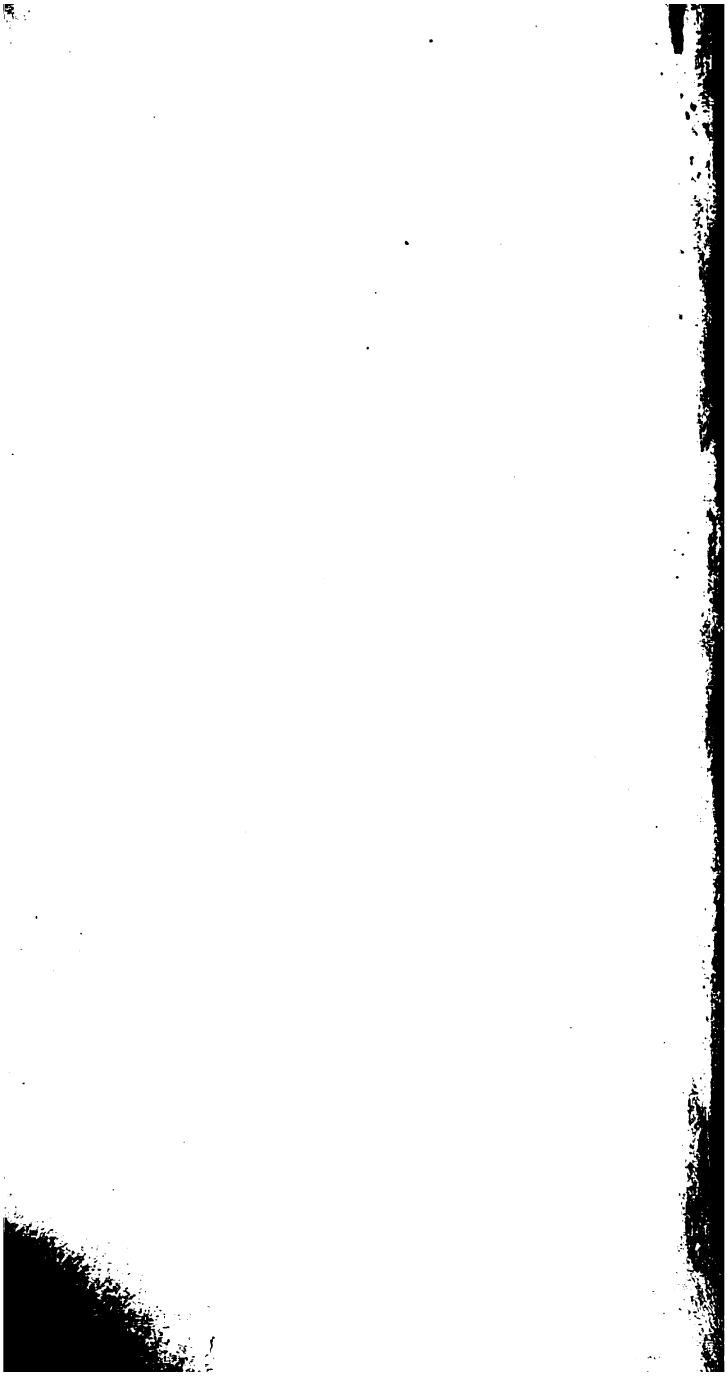

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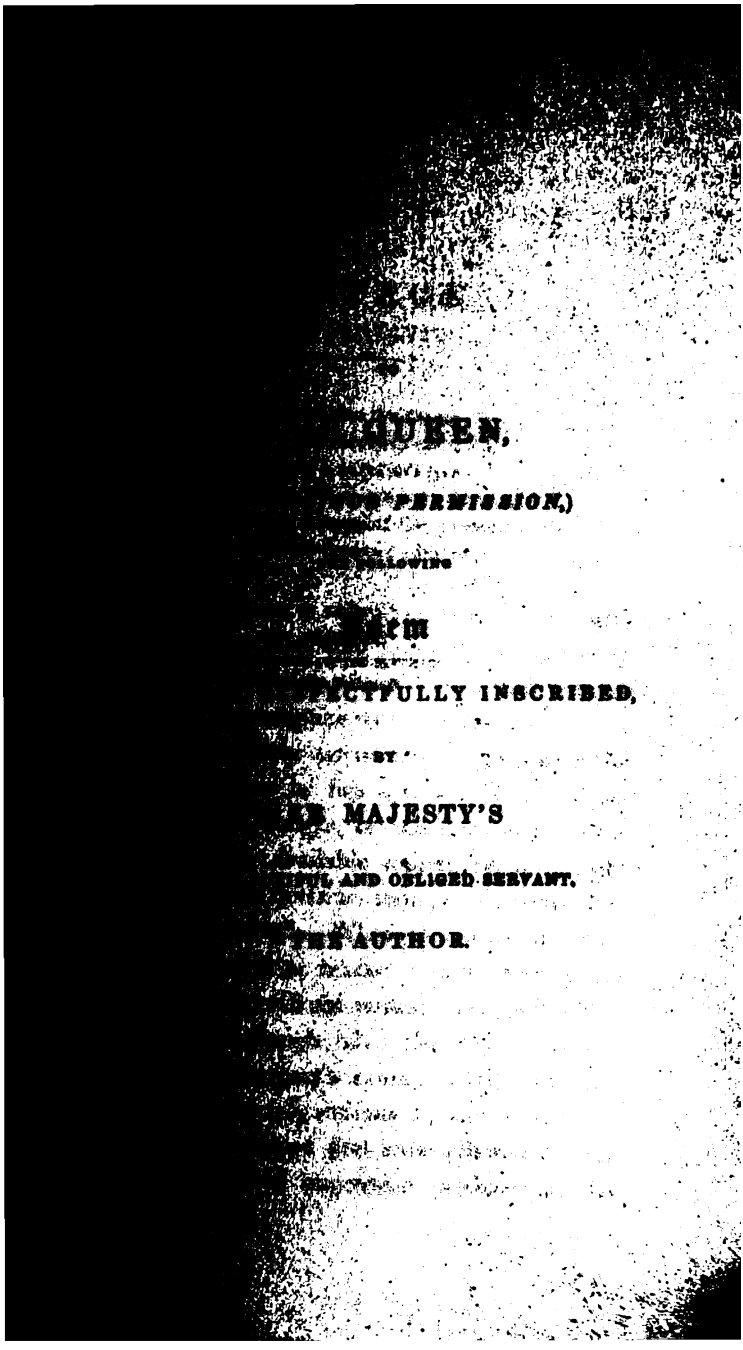
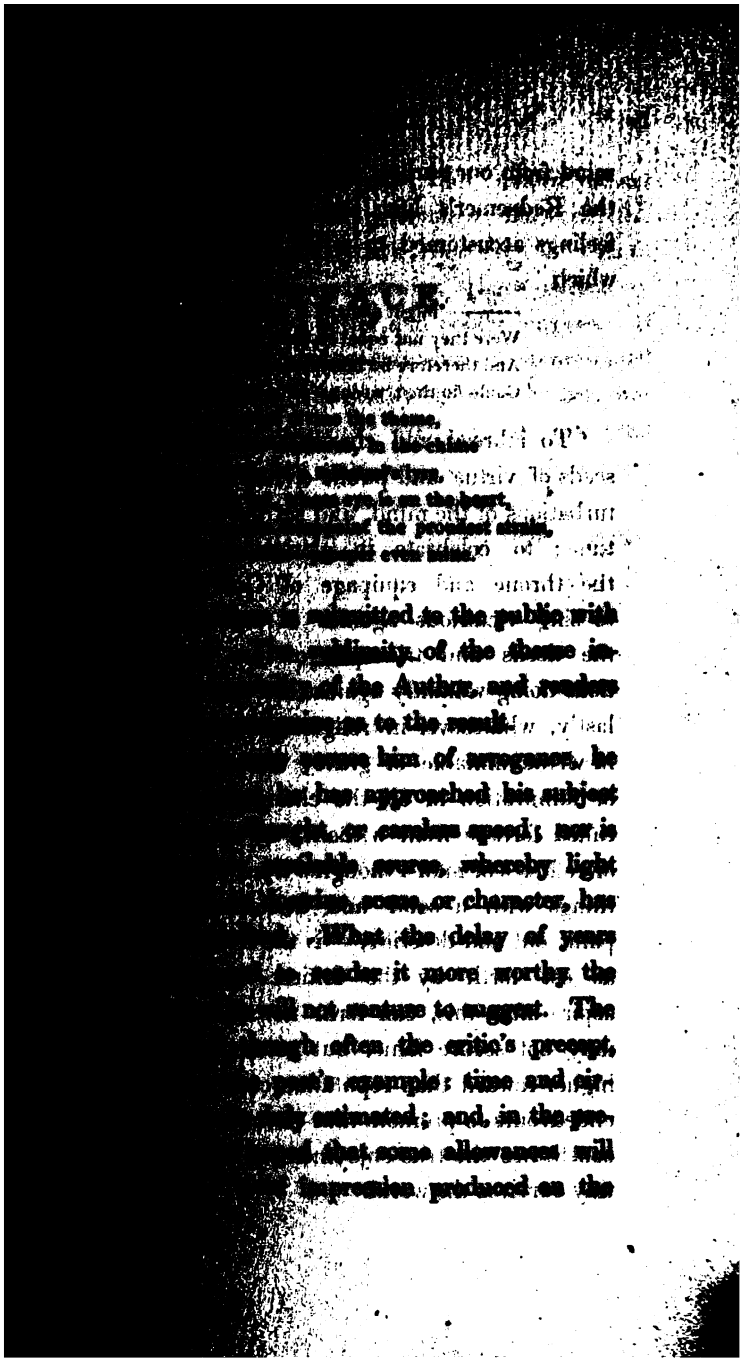


PREFACE

———— Though dearer the theme,
'Tis not in artful measure, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm His ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

THE following Poem is submitted to the public with great deference. The sublimity of the theme increases the responsibility of the Author, and renders him anything but sanguine as to the result.

To those who may accuse him of arrogance, he can only reply, that he has approached his subject with no irreverent thought, or careless speed; nor is he aware that any available source, whereby light could be thrown on doctrine, scene, or character, has been left unconsulted. What the delay of years might have effected, to render it more worthy the public attention, he will not venture to suggest. The Horatian advice, though often the critic's precept, has rarely been the poet's example: time and circumstance are to be duly estimated; and, in the present instance, it is hoped that some allowances will be made for the vivid impression produced on the



mind from our earliest years, by the awful drama of the Redeemer's life; and also for the impulse of feelings accustomed to reflect on sacred themes,—which

> ——— might demand a seraph's tongue,
> Were they not equal to their own support,
> And therefore no incompetence of mine
> Could be their stay.—Wordsworth.

To inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, to sing victorious agonies of saints and martyrs, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly against the enemies of Christ; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without; or the wily subtleties or refluxes of man's thoughts from within,—all these things with a solid and tractable smoothness to paint out and describe,"—is the true aim of poetry, as set forth by the loftiest of all poets. To aspire after this, can form no man's disgrace; he may not secure fame, but assuredly he partakes a higher reward than reputation can bestow, while he endeavours to promote that elevation of mind, which constitutes the true enjoyment of a being whose destiny survives the world.

of the good and great of
for his productions, he had

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Prophecy is of [illegible] commenced from the fall of man, and reaches to the consummation of all things.—The destined purpose for which the Messiah, prefigured by so long a train of prophecy, came into the world, corresponds with all the rest of the representation,—it was to deliver a world from ruin, to abolish sin and death, to purify and immortalize human nature. We have no words to denote greater ideas than these; the mind of man cannot elevate itself to nobler conceptions.—Hints

...E FIRST.

...ervin Ghost,
...mnes manes dicte,
...Stygisimus vidi!

Lucanus, lib. iii.

...it commenced from the fall of
...ion of all things.—The declared
... prefigured by so long a train of
... corresponds with all the rest of the
... a world from ruin, to abolish sin
...ecclaim human nature. We have
...thers than these; the mind of man
... conceptions.—Hunn.

ANALYSIS OF BOOK I.

OF BOOK I.

—Creation, the offspring of Al-
—political state and fall—The fathom-
—, and its attendant awfulness—
—Majesty of Christ's Redemption—
—creation and rise—Was present
—Picture of the camp of Israel
—, as it must have appeared
—Birth of Eve's first child,
—Abraham—Isaac—The offering
—Heavenly Sacrifice hereafter to be
—Beauty and simplicity of the pa-
—Grandeur of the prophetical
—of Messiah, a leading characteristic
—, the doctrine derived from his suf-
—of faith in a Redeemer—David,
—, as poet and prophet—Prophecies rela-
—, and predictions—Ezekiel—Daniel
—as prophetical announcers of Christ
—on the Saviour, as they may arise
—in solitude—The glory and felicity of
—obey Him.

THE MESSIAH.

BOOK I.

THE great Redeemer and the glorious Cross
I sing: oh Thou! by whom the worlds were made,
Be with me in this high attempt, and theme
August of all-surpassing love divine;
That with no daring eye, or step profane,
The Muse may wander where the Saviour trod,
If e'er at morning, noon, or solemn night,
Thy shadow on my soul hath been, or prayer,
Or praise before Thy hymned throne prevail'd,
Almighty! sanction, and my song inspire.

Ere matter was, or Time his race began,
Jehovah, with omnipotence begirt,
In full effulgence reign'd, and fill'd the vast
Immensity, where never world had bung,
Or angel created moved; and thus enthroned,
Himself was All!—the unapparent God.
But Life the symbol of His Love became;
He willd a universe,—and lo, IT WAS!

MESSIAH.

BOOK I.

the glorious Cross
the worlds were made,
attempt, and theme
love divine;
or step profane,
where the Saviour trod;
or solemn night,
hath been, or prayer
hymned throne prevail'd,
and my song inspire.

Time his race began,
began begirt,
and fill'd the vast
world had hung,
; and thus enthroned,
unapparent God.
His Love became;
and lo, IT WAS!

With Nature in her young excess of bloom
Array'd, and with a breeze-like sense of joy
Alive upon the verdant face of things,
How exquisite must Earth's primeval state
Have been, how tinted with the hues of heaven!
And when amid it from unbreathing dust
A living shape of godlike beauty rose,
Alas! that e'er on such transcendent scene
A shade of guilt could fall! that clouds advanced
In wrath and darkness o'er offending Earth,
No longer bright with angel steps, but sad
And stricken, trembling at her God!—

When Man as monarch of the globe was placed
Where lavish Eden waved and smiled, sublime
He stood, but to his Maker homage due
By test of one supreme command was tried:—
'Of every tree which in the garden grows
All freely eat, save THAT, wherein of Good
And Evil the forbidden knowledge lies;
Whereof the day thou eatest,—thou shalt die!'
A Tempter came, the interdicted fruit
Man dared to eat, and from his high estate
Of glory, into disobedience fell!

In this dark hour when evil doom prevails,
Shall mute truth the infinite His ways,
Or shape the path Omnipotence should tread?—

Or shape the path Omnipotence

The dimness and the agony of doubt
How terribly his fallen soul mistrust
For what forbade, but in the hour he sinn'd
By one annihilating word, consumed,
That earth should perish in the pangs of hell!
Oh! ye, who in the choirs of Cherubim
Divinely shaped, upon your sapphire thrones
That in the palace of Jehovah blaze,
One anthem of seraphic bliss prolong;
Attune my lyre, triumphantly to sing,
With music
The majesty of dreadful Justice, and
And roll'd away God's thunders from the world!

But say, hath ever hymn by angel sung,
Hath thought divined, or human voice express'd
This miracle of miracles profound,
A world redeemed, and Christ redemption's Lord!
I've seen the sun, creation's paramount,
Rise o'er the waves, and lead the march of days;
Alone, have mused, when tempest roar'd the heavens
With blackness, and the tragic halls revered
Till every wave drew worship from my soul
With heaven-toned
Hath girdled, and the glories of her sky
That wilderness
Before the majesty of human worth

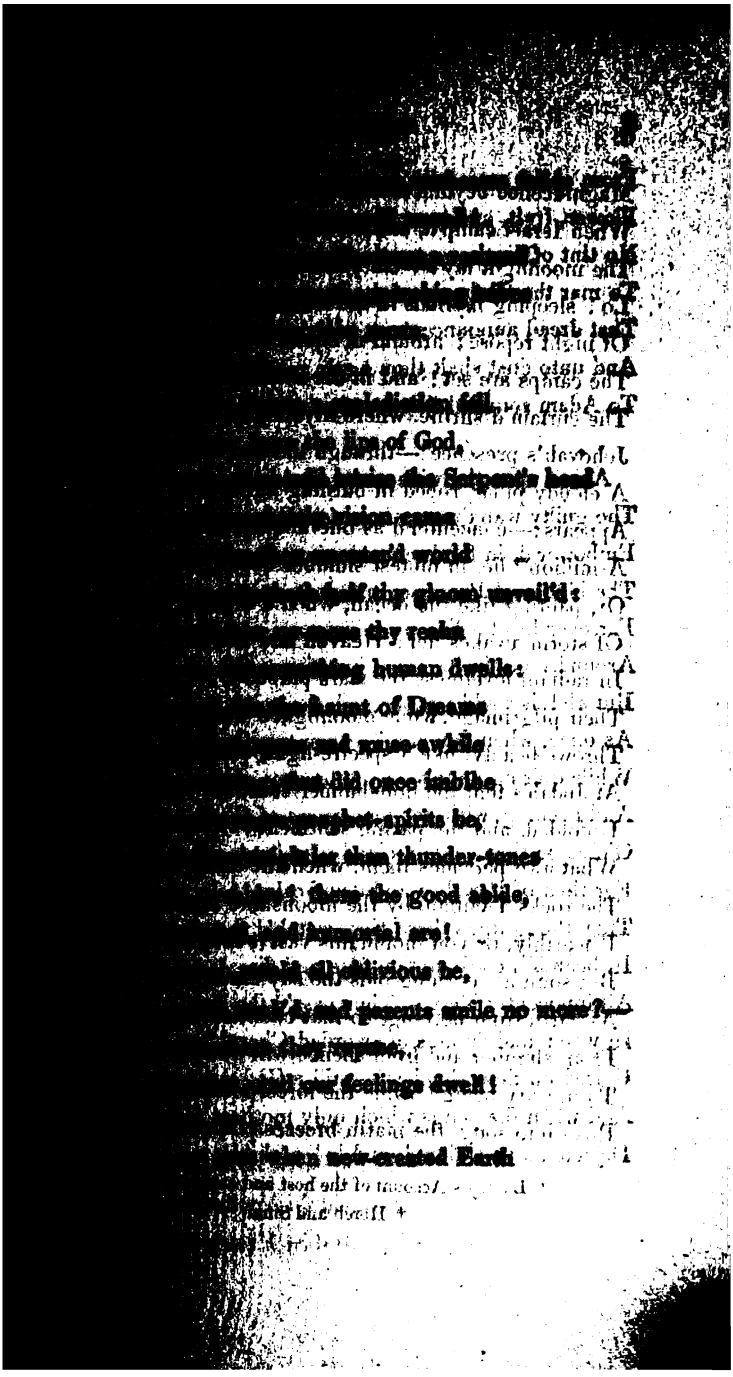
* How awful problems

powers,

Magnificence beyond a mortal's thought,
When Israel camp'd, and o'er his tented host
The moonlight lay!—On yonder palmy ground,
Lo! sleeping myriads in the dewy hush
Of night repose; ranged in squared array,
The camps are set; and in the midst, apart,
The curtain'd shrine, where mystically dwells
Jehovah's presence!—through the soundless air
A cloudy pillar, robed in burning light,
Appears:—concenter'd as one mighty heart,
A million* lie, in meetest slumber bound,
Or, panting like the ocean, when a dream
Of storm awakes her: Heaven and Earth are still;
In radiant loveliness the stars pursue
Their pilgrimage, while moonlight's wizard hand
Throws beauty, like a spectre-light, on all.
At Judah's tent the lion-banner stands
Upfolded, and the pacing sentinels,
What awe pervades them, when the dusky groves,
The rocks Tsalmon, by the moonshine made
Unearthly, or you mountains vast†, they view!
But soon as morning hails the sky again,
As earth from nothing, so that countless host
From slumber and from silence will awake
To mighty being! while the forest-birds
Rush into song, the matin breezes play,

* Lamey's Account of the host and camps of Israel.

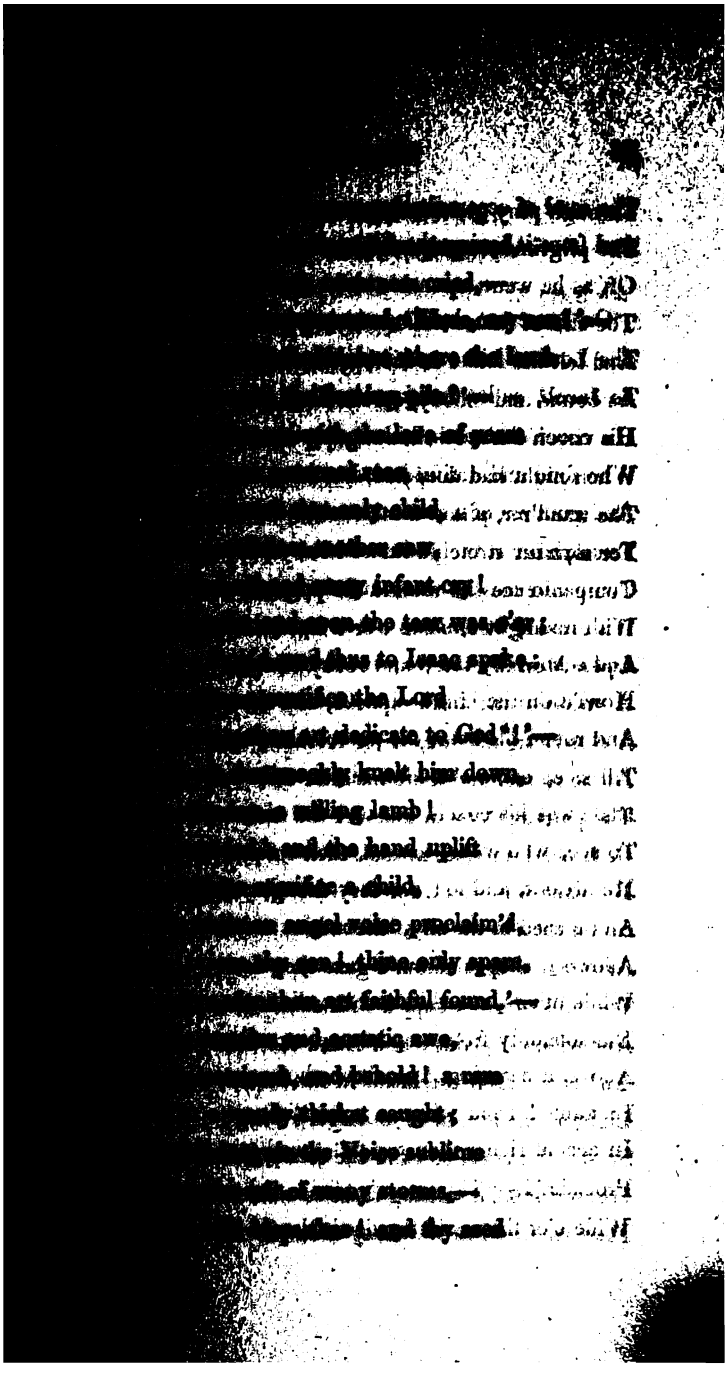
† Horeb and Sinai.



From chaos rose, with sumptuous verdure clad:
Flower, fruit, and tree in primal beauty arrayed
No tint of death, no touch of sad decay
To mar the freshness of the lovely scene
That dread announcement, 'Perish! dust thou art,
And unto dust shalt thou again return.'
To Adam sounded like creation's knell!

Alone upon the wide and voiceless world,
The guilty wanderers, whom fair Eden knew
Embower'd, in fond remembrance often mourn'd
The bloom of Paradise, and pure estate
For ever lost!—The morning rose, and light,
Around them in its warm luxuriance fell
But ah! it could not through the spirit beam
As once, when day and Heaven together rose,
While quiring angels on the breezes sang!
And evening, with her tenderness of shade,
O'ercame them, like a cloud of solemn grief;
For then of Paradise and dewy calm
They thought, as there they watch'd the vesper hues
In beautiful consumption fade and die,
All innocently blest!—Thus pass'd the day
In woe; and dreams of sworded Cherubim
Glared on their slumber!—still a God was near;
And when the pangs which only mothers feel
Dejected Eve endured, and lo! a child

Through play-glens and green-sodded valleys,
The pilgrims wound their unfrequented way.
Oft as he went, upon his child he leaned,
The sire of future nations look'd, and thought,
And felt the father in his bosom rise,
As bound and bloody, on the altar stretch'd,
He vision'd him,—the long-hoped, destin'd son,
Who fond and dutiful had ever been,
And guiltless of a parent's fear!—But faith
Triumphant in the power of Mercy proved,
Twice had the sun circled the pilgrims drear
His evening toil, when o'er a distant steep,
Upon Moriah's steep and rocky clime,
A vision of the Lord reposed, and shone,
A cloudy signal, shaped for Abram's eye
Alone to see, and there his altar raise!
The patriarch bow'd, and o'er the mountain path
Both child and parent took their solemn way,
But each was silent, for they thought of Heaven.
So on they went, till at the mount ascended
Arriving, with enamour'd gaze they saw
The hills of glory capp'd with sunset hues,
And willow'd plains, and drank the balmy air,
And cool'd their foreheads in the breeze, that fell
Light as the tremor of an angel's wings,
So still the hour, so calm the scene, that God
Himself seem'd waiting there to welcome men!
Then Isaac, [illegible]



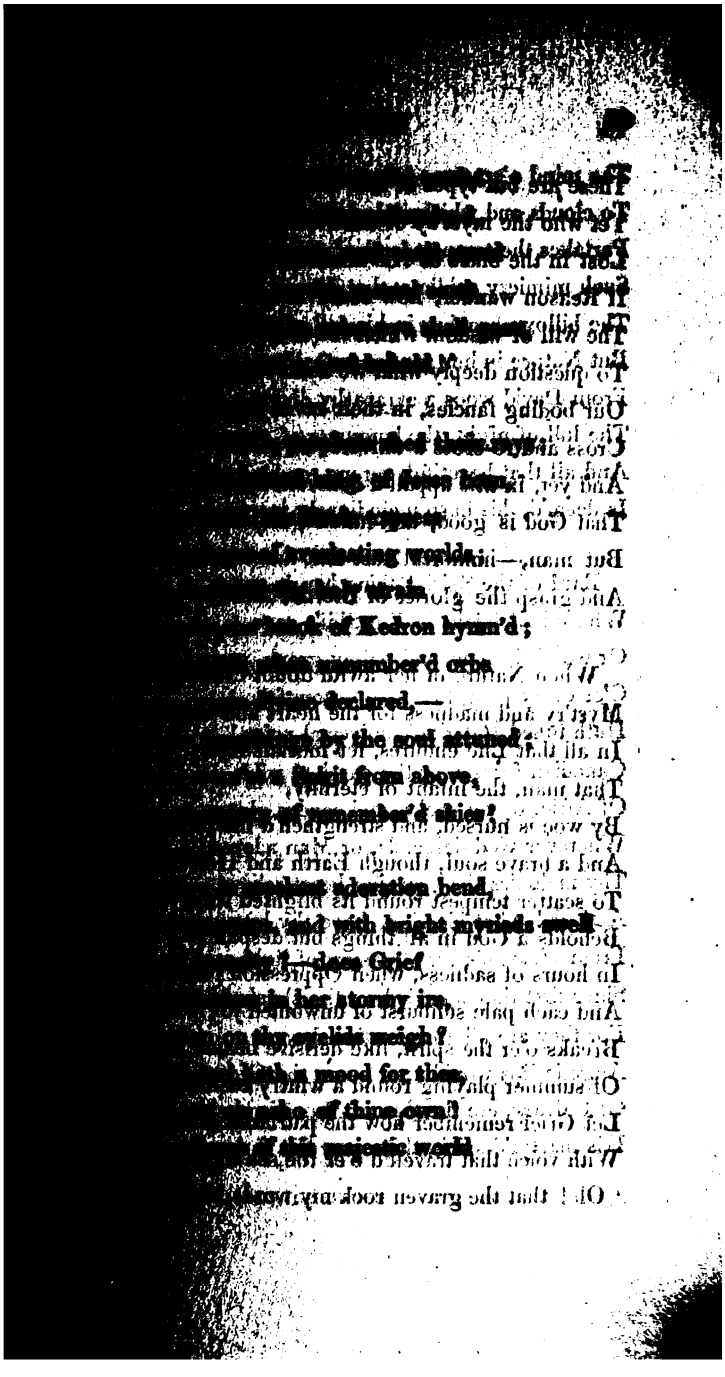
The sand of ocean shall outnumber far,
And from it issuing the Glory of the World!'

Now dreadful! 'tis the gate of heaven!' he cried;—
On Isaac too, by shadowy promise came
The Lord of Life; and in symbolic dream
To Jacob, as he fled from heathen foes,
His couch the earth, his canopy the skies.
The exile rose, and on the mountains cold
When night had deepen'd, homeless, sad, and weary,
The wand'rer, pillow'd on a stone, built couch
For slumber stretch'd him on the dreary plain:
Companionless he was; and forests dark
With midnight umbrage, torn by wolfish minds
And echoed by the frequent lion roar,
Howl'd on the hills!—but God he ever felt
And round his heart the parent blessing twined
Till sleep came o'er him, like a smile from Heaven!
Rude was his couch, but oh! the vision grand
To see, who would not oft a ruder share?—
He dreamt, and lo! a ladder, based on earth,
And buried in the sky, before him rose;
Adown it shapes of awful beauty stole,
While others, robed in archangelic light,
Did solemnly from step to step ascend;
Above, a beaming Apparition shone,
Ineffable! from whom a voice divine,
In accent richer than the full-toned sea,
Proclaim'd—'Thy father's God, and thine, behold!
Wide o'er this world thy destin'd seed will spread,

When the Sun-glorified ...
And with each ... [illegible]
Untrodden, [illegible] the breezy dawn ...
Upwafted, with the chant of radiant birds ...
What meadows, bathed in greenest light, and woods ...
Gigantic, towering from the shiny hills,
And od'rous trees in prodigal array,
With all the elements divinely calm,
Our fancy pictures on the infant globe
And ah! how godlike, with imperial brow
Benignly grave, our patriarchal forms
Tread the free earth, and eye the naked heavens!
In Nature's stamp of unanointed grace
Each limb is moulded; simple as the mind
The vest they wear; and not a hand but works,
Or tills the ground with honourable toil.
By youth revered, their sons around them grow
And flourish; monarch of his past'ral tribe,
A patriarch's throne is each devoted heart!
And when he slumbers on the tented plain
Beneath the vigil stars, a living wall
Is round him, in the might of love's defence:
For he is worthy: sacrifice and song
By him are ruled; and oft at shut of flowers,
When queenly virgins in the sunset go
To carry water from the crystal wells,
In beautiful content, beneath a tree
Whose shadows hung o'er many a ... [illegible]

These are but types of His unutter'd power,
Yet who the mystery of their being knows?
Lost in the blaze of His minutest light
If Reason wander, how could Thought embrace
The will of Wisdom which the Heavens adore?—
To question deeply what we darkly know,
Our boding fancies, in their raven-flight,
Cross and re-cross a universe of gloom!
And yet, in *this* appall'd conviction ends,—
That God is good, and infinite, and wise,
But man,—immortal dust that dares to think,
And grasp the glories of Eternal Mind!

When Nature in her awful doubt creates
Mystery and madness for the heart and brain
In all that Life endures, let mortals feel,
That man, the infant of eternity,
By woe is nurs'd, and strengthen'd for the skies;
And a brave soul, though Earth and Hell combine
To scatter tempest round its blighted way,
Beholds a God in all things but despair!—
In hours of sadness, when Oppression rules,
And each pale sunburst of unwonted joy
Breaks o'er the spirit, like derisive beams
Of summer playing round a wintry realm,—
Let Grief remember how the patriarch cried
With voice that travell'd o'er the sea of time,
"Oh! that the graven rock my words impress'd,



The mind o'erawes, then who like him appeals
To clouds and whirlwinds, with the thunder tolled
Partakes the tempest, and of ocean learns
Such mimicry sublime, that Fancy hears
The billows beating in his roll of song!
But Nature in her gentleness, alike
From David woos a sympathy divine,
The lull of night, the language of the stars,
And all that beautiful, serene, or blest
Is deem'd, his harp melodiously inspires.

Bard of the Spirit! thine heroic song,
Whose hallelujahs in Engeddi's cave,
Or wooded glens, and palmy groves, prevail'd
O'er every pang the exile bosom felt,—
Hath tuned Religion's universal voice!
Canadian forests, or the parched wilds
Of Afric, ocean rocks, and cavern gloom,
Wherever God descends, or Man adores,
Thy melodies the yearning heart relieve.
And oh! what blessings have thy hymns evoked
From Heaven's vast treasury of light and love,
Since first they sounded on the shepherd's lyre!
For they are all Imagination dreams
Angelic lips would utter;—on the Cross
Of Calvary, ere the Son of Man dismiss'd
His martyr'd spirit, thine was His farewell!

'When I consider how the heavens, which I
By Thee, Thine own Almightiness portray,
Lord! what is man?—yet Him hast thou endowed,
Upon the deep His vast dominion walks,
And subject earth His high command endures!

'Ever before me lives the Lord of Hosts!
His hand o'ershades me, and my heart exults;
Yea, Hope takes wing beyond the tomb,—for there
A Soul shall triumph, and thy Holy One
No dark corruption of the dead shall stain.

'How beauteous Thou, above the sons of men!
Upon Thy lips what loveliness diffused!
Array Thee in Thy glory! gird Thy sword
Upon Thy thigh, majestically ride!—
Hark! Earth is quaking, her foundations rock,
Thine arrows thicken,—terrible Thy sway!—
For ever and for ever is Thy throne
Almighty! righteously Thy sceptre rules,
And over all Thy God anoints Thee, great!'

'Throughout all ages are Thy years unroll'd;
The earth was founded, and the heavens were arch'd
By Thee; Creation felt Thy forming hand;
But while they perish, Thou shalt aye endure,
When like a vesture they are changed and gone,
Still Thou art One, eternal and the true!'—

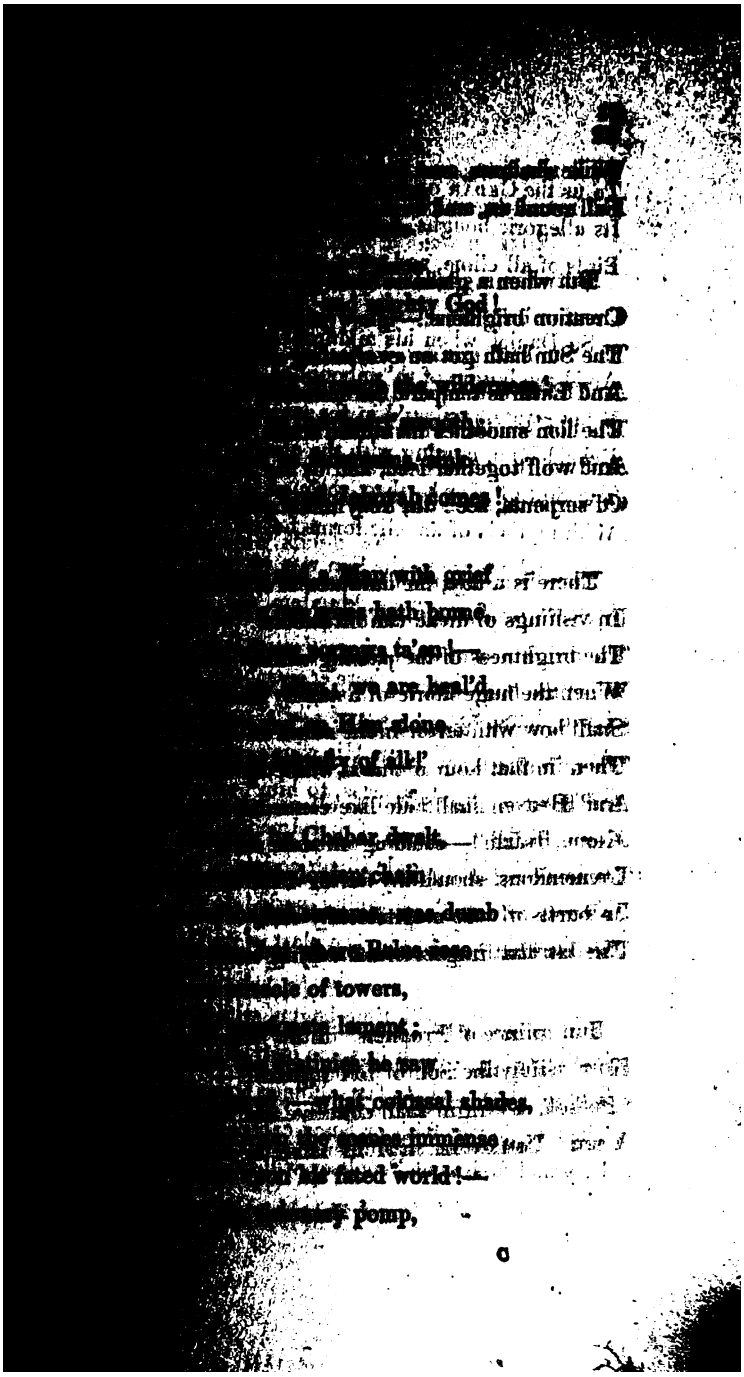
Still Thou art One, eternal and the

While shadows, cast from solemn years to come,
Fall round us, and we feel a God is nigh!

But when a gladness from thy music flows,
Creation brightens!—glory paints the sky,
The Sun hath got an everlasting smile,
And Earth is temper'd for immortal spring:
The lion smoothes his ruffled mane, the lamb
And wolf together feed, and by the den
Of serpents, see! the rosy infant play.—

There is a day, the darkness of whose scene
In visitings of dread can oft subdue
The brightness of the passing world,—to come,
When the huge fabric of a stately globe
Shall bow with terror in the storm of doom!
Then, in that hour of chaos, while the Earth
And Heaven shall fade like elemental dreams,
Alone, Isaiah!—standing on some rock
Tremendous, should thy daring voice be heard
In bursts of woe magnificently wild,—
The last that lingers round a dying world!

But, prince of Prophets! in thy page eterne,
How visibly the Son of God appears!—
'Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bear
A son; IMMANUEL shall his name be call'd.'



God!

pomp,

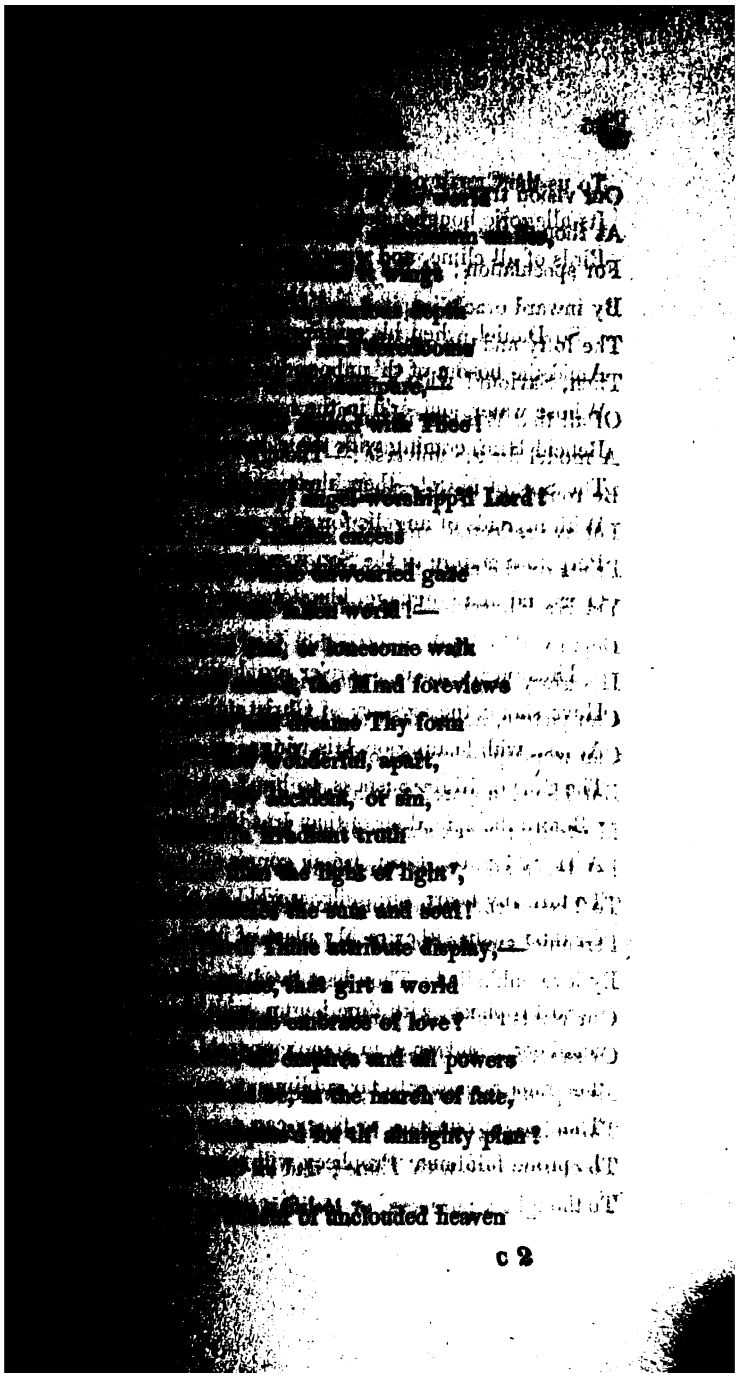
To us the CEDAR OF THE GOSPEL rears
Its allegoric boughs, beneath whose shade
Birds of all clime, and wing, and beauty, dwell!

So Daniel, when his midnight trance begun
Amid the bosom of th' unbounded deep,
Whose waters quiver'd in the tempest-grasp,—
Beheld Him, coming with the clouds of heaven,
The SON of MAN!—then, throned in flaming pomp,
With myriads of angelic forms begirt,
Perpetual empire to the Son was given,
O'er land and language, kingdom, sea, and isle!

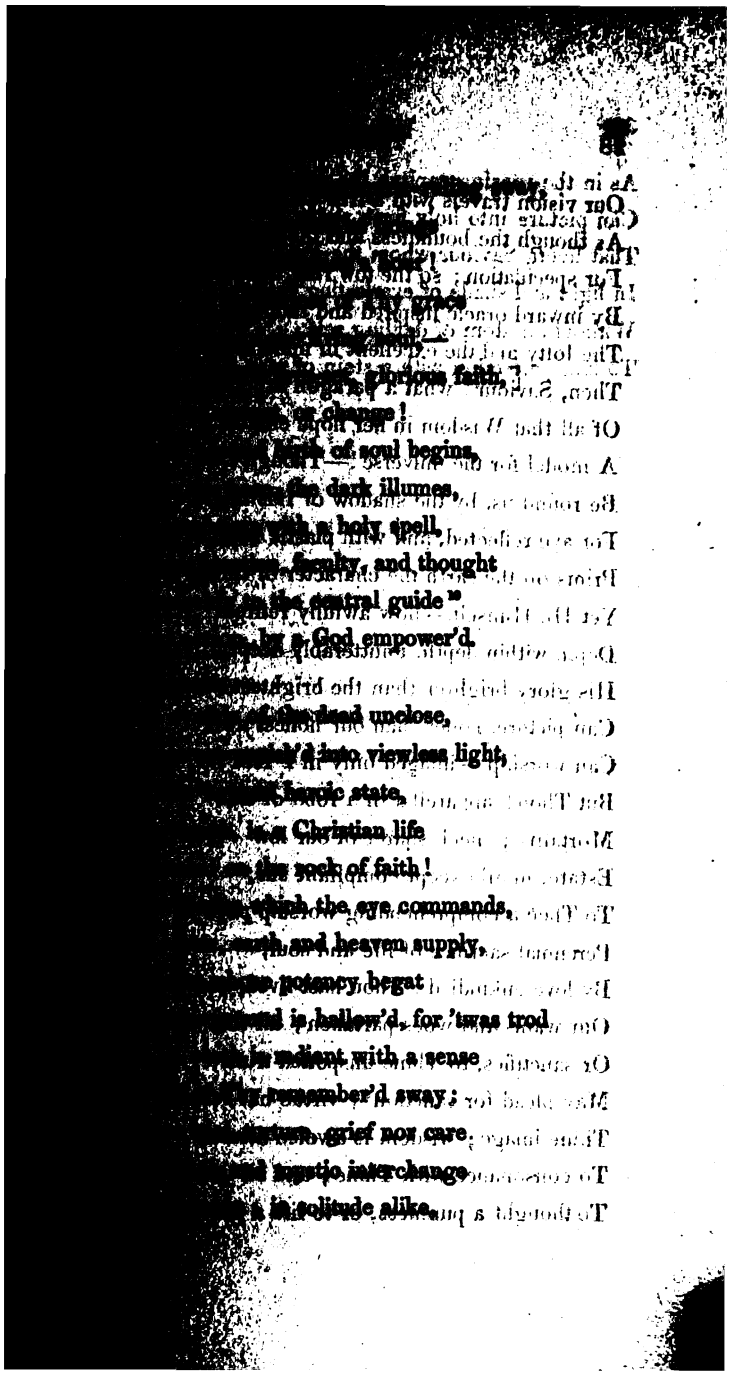
Thus on we trace, where'er prophetic rays
Have shone, the mystery of Christ unborn:
At last, with healing on His wings, arose
The SUN of Righteousness, to him* who cried,—
'Before the splendour of that dreadful day,
A Herald of the Lord, Elijah comes,
To turn thy heart, oh, guilty world! to ME,
Or thou shalt wither in My blast of ire!'

So Prophecy, with time begun, with time
Shall end; and when in some empyreal sphere
The mind expands to far sublimer powers
Than aught our faith or fancy can conceive,—
In proud fulfilment Prophecy will reign.

* Malachi.



Our vision travels with a free delight,
As though the boundless and the pure were made
For speculation; so the tow'ring mind,
By inward oracle inspired and taught,
The lofty and the excellent in mind adores.
Then, Saviour! what a paragon art Thou
Of all that Wisdom in her hope creates;
A model for the universe!—Though God
Be round us, by the shadow of His might
For aye reflected, and with plastic hand
Prints on the earth the character of things;
Yet He Himself,—how awfully retired
Depth within depth, unutterably deep!
His glory brighter than the brightest thought
Can picture, holier than our holiest awe
Can worship,—imaged only in I AM!
But Thou! apparell'd in a robe of true
Mortality; meek sharer of our low
Estate, in all except compliant sin;
To Thee a comprehending worship pays
Perennial sacrifice of life and soul;
By love enkindled: Thou hast lived, and breathed
Our wants and woes partaken; all that charms
Or sanctifies, to Thine unspotted truth
May plead for sanction; virtue but reflects
Thine image; wisdom is a voice attuned
To consonance with Thine; and all that yields
To thought a pureness, or to life a peace,



As in the roaring capital, the mind
Can picture into holy form again
That living Saviour whom the Past perceived,
In light and shade of everlasting truth,
Without an atom of defiling self
To mar perfection with a stain of man!

END OF BOOK I.

THE SECOND.

Power, through words and things,
a dim and perilous way.

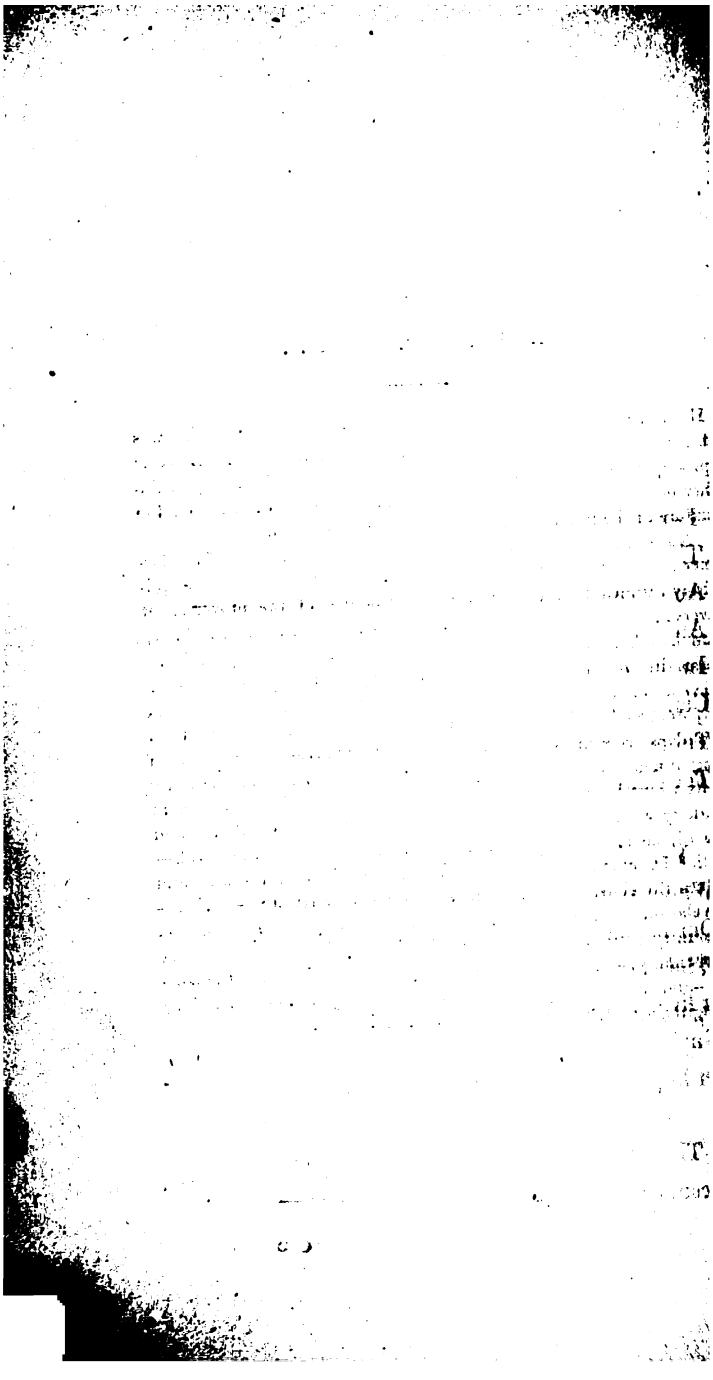
WORDSWORTH.

alius rerum status. Dies iste, quem
dies, æterni natalis est.—SENECA, Epist.

OF BOOK II.

gradual announcement of a Messiah was
prophetic scheme, the Second Book is
demonstration of the necessity and probabi-
lity, by an argument drawn from the
and the destinies of man.

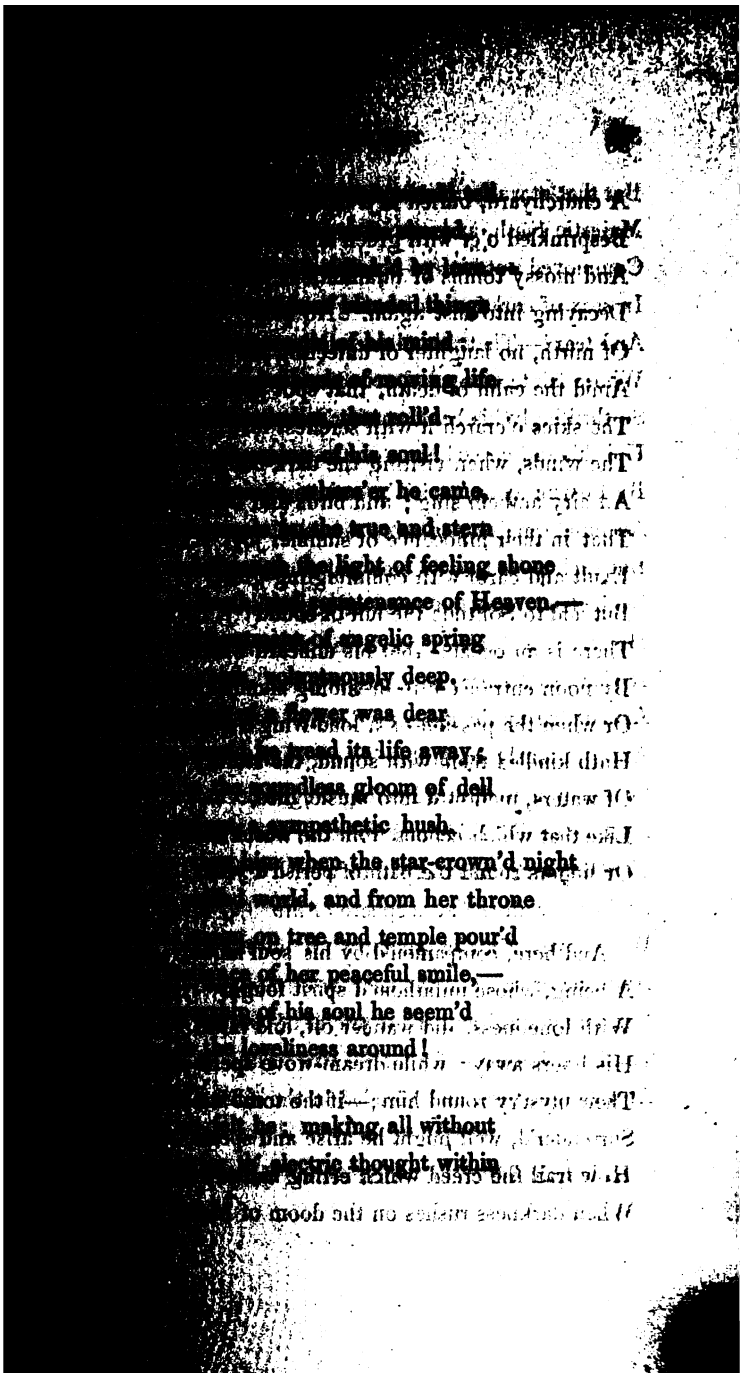
Religion—the total inadequacy of the for-
shown, by exhibiting a mind most exqui-
and harmonies of the universe, yet
character of Christ's atonement; till finally
helplessness of human philosophy, it re-
to from heaven.—The probability of a
from the weakness, obscurity, and
, and the frequent longing of their
Lawgiver from above.—The doctrine of
philosophy—sublime superiority of the latter
Revelation was gradually made, in
tive tendencies of the human mind, and
from the commencement of the world.—
violate the freedom of the will, and
to an irresponsible nature.—Christ.—
all ages.—Apostrophe to England, as
guished by the ameliorating influence of
.—Prayers for the diffusion of the Gos-
efforts in this holy toil.—Concluding
descriptive associations.



BOOK II.

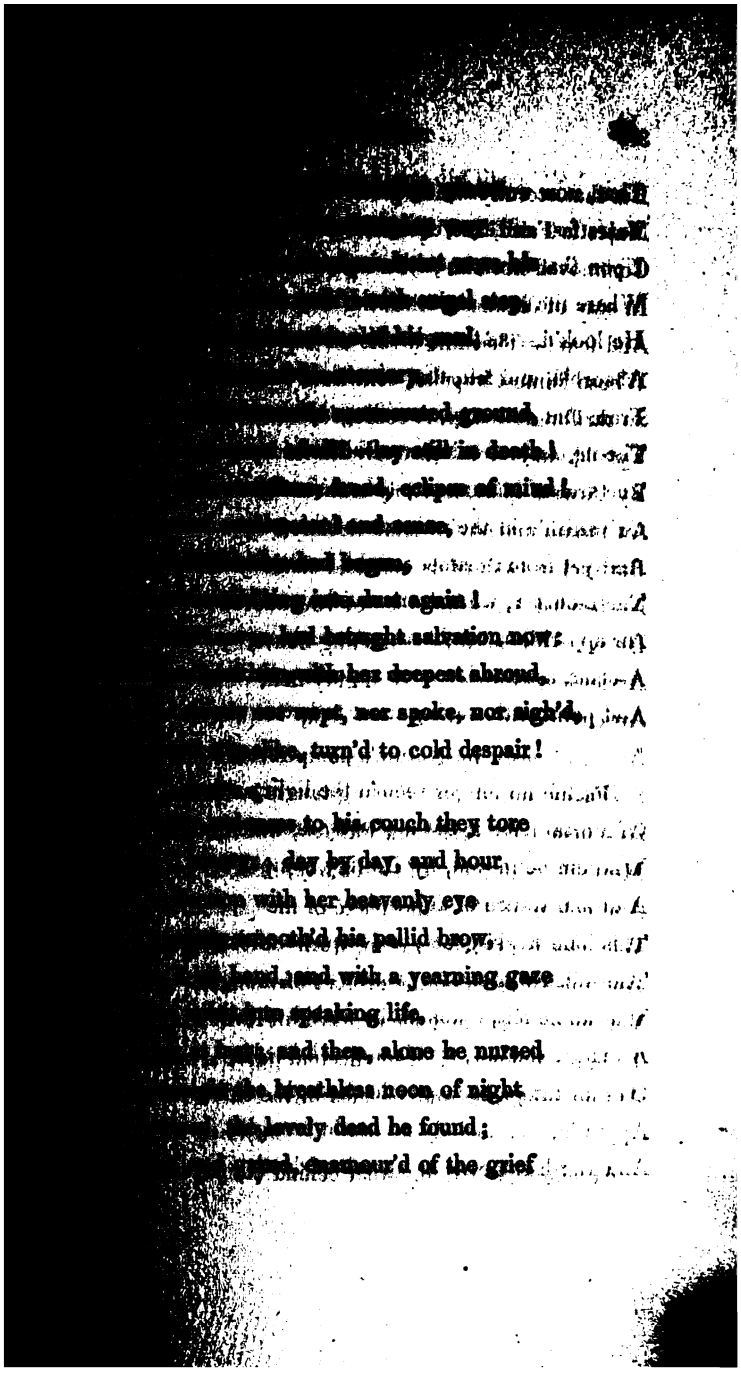
A churchyard, buried in a beauteous vale,
Besprinkled o'er with green and countless graves,
And mossy tombs of unambitious pomp
Decaying into dust again. No step
Of mirth, no laughter of unfeeling life
Amid the calm of death, that spot profanes;
The skies o'erarch it with serenest love;
The winds, when visiting the dark-bough'd elms,
An airy anthem sing; and birds and bees,
That in their innocence of summer joy,
Exult and carol with commingling glee,
But add to Solitude the lull of sound:
There is an ocean,—but his unheard waves
By noon entranced, in dreaming slumber lie;
Or when the passion of a loud-wing'd gale
Hath kindled them with sound, the stormy tone
Of waters, mellow'd into music, dies,
Like that which echoes from the world afar,
Or lingers round the path of perish'd years!

And here, companion'd by his soul alone,
A being, whose unfathom'd spirit fought
With loneliness, did wander off, and muse
His hours away; while dream-wove spells entwined
Their myst'ry round him;—if the tomb its dead
Surrender'd, well might he arise and speak,
How frail the creed which erring nature moulds
When darkness rushes on the doom of Man!



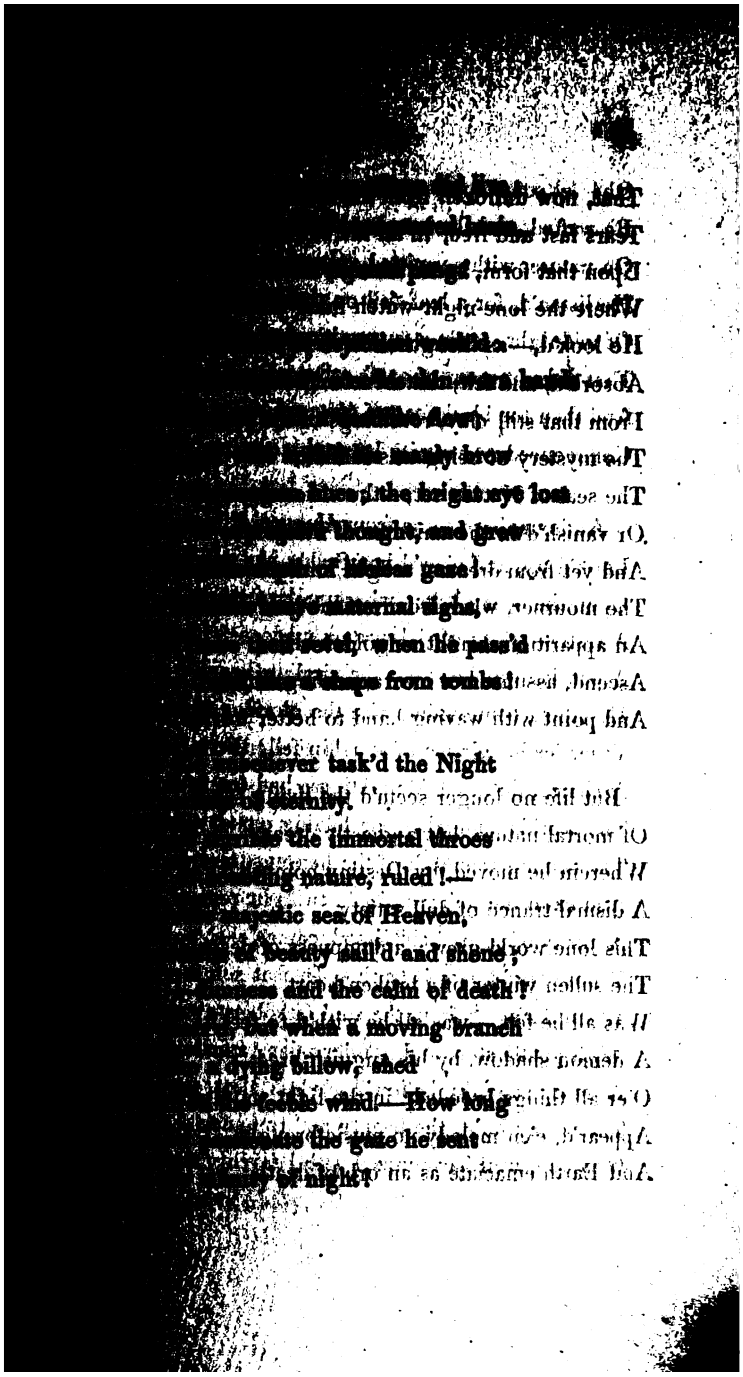
But that eternity which girdles time,
Majestic Faith, and everlasting Hope,
Commoved not him;—thereafter drown'd his sense
In seas of darkness, billowing with doubt
And fear!—That this divine all-beauteous orb
Whose faintest impulse, sent from breeze or star,
So thrillingly his heart confess'd, was framed,
Upheld, and circled through the void profound
By Power apart, invisibly enthroned,—
An innate majesty of mind declared.
But such a God, of dreams and shadows born,
No bended knee, no voice or vow adored:
He was,—a Spirit or pervading Sense,
A viewless Nature, an Almighty Self,
Articulated by the tones of Earth,
And gloriously by Nature's pomp reveal'd,—
So Fancy mused, and Feeling taught no more.
And hence did Pride and Passion, which imbue
Mortality with taints of sin or woe,
And colour all the atmosphere of life
With clouds of awful gloom, work unrestrain'd,
And rule or sanction the decrees of thought:—
Yet, many a sad and silent prayer of love
To him unknown,—for intellectual light,
At midnight rose, and pleaded in the skies.

At length Affliction,—that behind our joys



That, now unfrozen from his spirit, pour'd
Tears fast and free, in all the storm of woe!
Upon that form, so withcringly fair,
Where the lone night-watch flung a spectral gleam,
He look'd,—as though a life were in that lotht
Absorb'd, and felt, that never more would flash
From that still clay, revealings of the soul,—
The mystery of being was fulfill'd,
The seal of Nature set,—the vision gone,
Or vanish'd in the universe of things!—
And yet from dreams, a light immortal sooth'd
The mourner, when from out the grave he saw
An apparition, bright as golden air,
Ascend, assume her own appealing smile,
And point with waving hand to better worlds!

But life no longer seem'd the living sense
Of mortal nature, but a ghastly dream
Wherein he moved, by Destiny compell'd,
A dismal trance of dull satiety
This lone world grew; a dampness of despair,
The sullen winter of a broken heart,
Was all he felt,—was all he wish'd to feel!
A demon shadow, by his anguish bred,
O'er all things brooded: in the light, no light
Appear'd, e'en melody no music brought,
And Earth emaciate as an orb of death



Oh! let some spirit on the wings of love
Be wafted, and the burning doubt that preys
On nature, with permitted voice subdue!—
He listen'd, for a leaf-fall on the charmed air
Of midnight, made a superstitious sound,
That did not seem of earth; but soon it still'd:
And then the blackness of diseaseful thought
Commenced;—eternity became a tomb!

An hour there came from Heaven at last, when Faith
Look'd up, and view'd her God!—As evening smiled
Upon the ocean brim, where molten waves
A restless glory of rich waters made,
A pensive wanderer, on the circling beach
He stood, communing with the glorious scene.
Where'er his glance of worship fell, there beam'd
A charm, that told Almightiness had touch'd
The world; and when the folding clouds embraced
The shining monarch of the heavens, and cool
And calm the unimpassion'd twilight rose,
A purity of second childhood came,
Whose tenderness is truth.—In that soft hour
When darkness from the soul dissolves away,
With gentle step, and gentler mien, approach'd
A hoary sage, by hallow'd wisdom blest.
The balmy light, the beauty and romance
Of scene, well harmonized with heavenly thought,

and, leaf by leaf, the book

The depths of her Redeemer's love, how broke
The infidel on what his heart had been!
Go! ask the martyr of a dungeon gloom,
How fresh the light, how beautiful the airs
Of Heaven, that visit his reviving frame,—
And he shall tell thee, how the mourner felt
When broke the clouds from his benighted soul,
And Morn, eternal Morn, began to smile!

So weak is all unaided Nature lends
To educate the restless soul of man,
Or solace woe, or subjugate the sense
To ruling powers of majesty within.
Became it not, then, that Almighty Love,
From whom did emanate the wondrous world,
To roll the darkness from His radiant throne,
That mortals might draw near Him, and adore!
Could He, to whom the universe of life
From wave and wind a hymn of worship sends,
Let Man alone be ignorantly dumb,
Or mock by superstition's jarring creed,
The awful meaning of a God confess'd?
And did not Man himself of old secure
By feign'd communion with celestial powers
Profound dominion for the shored rites
That reach us from the past?—In wood or grove,
And cave oracular, Dependence knew
Herself, and long'd for Deity enthroned,

[illegible]

[illegible] wind.

[illegible] no fountain-music play'd,

[illegible] of waters joy'd—

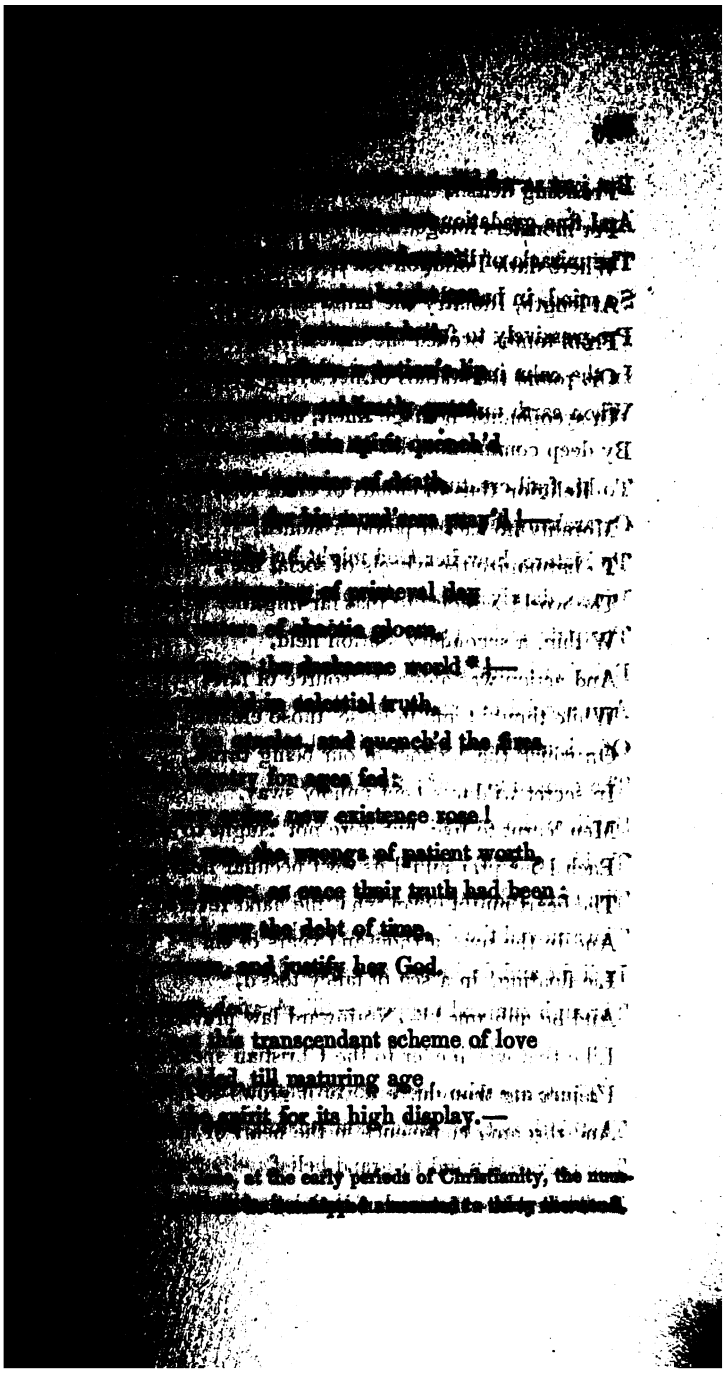
[illegible] a listening ear

[illegible] each city claim'd

Presiding deities, and bade her fanes
For monsters imaged out of monstrous thought,
Where dark Pollution fed her secret fires.
At length, Idolatry the mind subdued,
From tombs evoked the undeserving dead,
Or, round the statues of her living great
In sycophantic homage knelt, and pray'd!

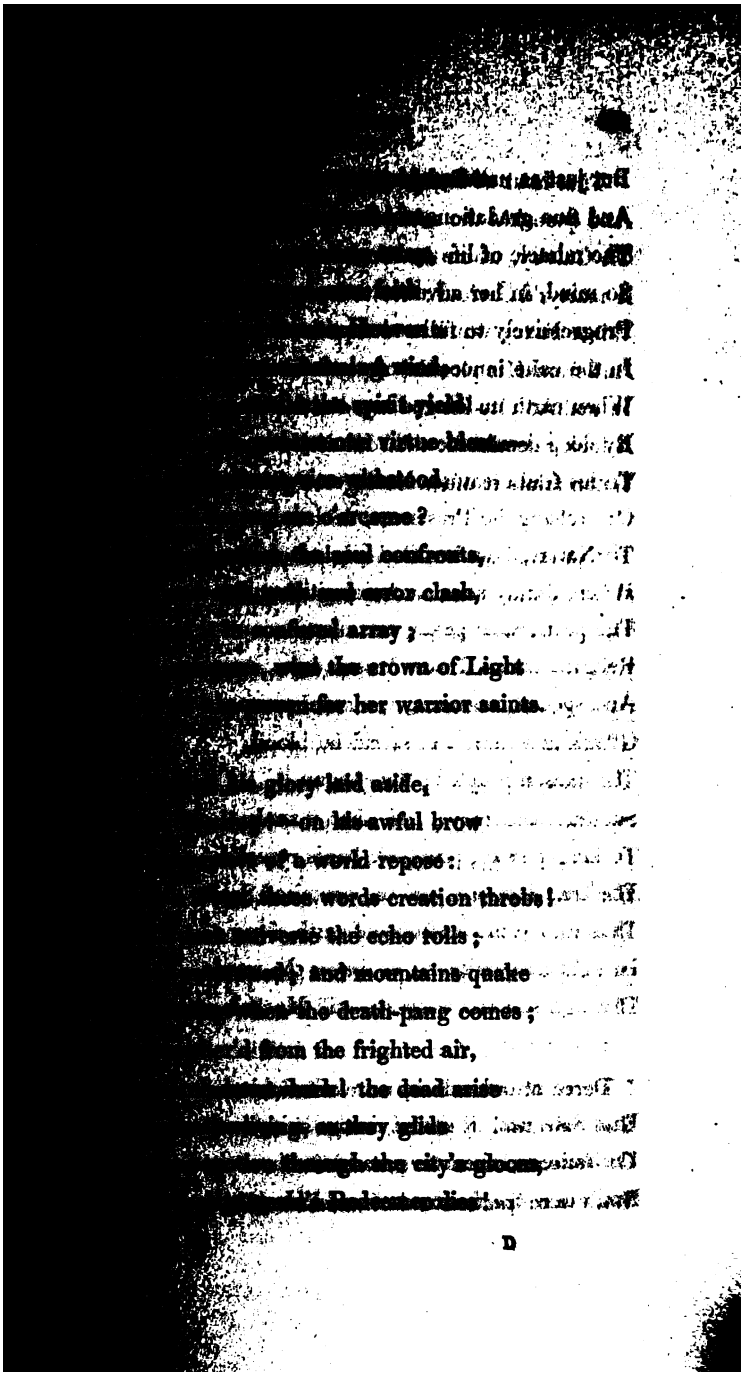
Religion thus in clouds of error lost,
Morality no sacred power assumed,
To harmonize the wheels of social life;
The world without, to that far mightier world
Within, a secondary station held,
And action was alone the source of law;
While thought and impulse, those creative springs
On which the conduct of our being turns,
In secret wildness kept unholy sway.
Men learnt to live, but were not taught to die:
Each hour proclaim'd its own peculiar heav'n,
The heart might covet what the hand revered;
And in the soul, a thousand years of sin
Lie floating, in a sea of fancy toss'd,
And be unblamed!—No inward law prevail'd,
Like that which ever to the Christian speaks;
Prejudging thought, ere yet it grows to deed,
And throning conscience in the heart of man.

And then who can wonder, that a darkness hung



But just as [illegible]
And fine gradations of effective power,
The miracle of life and form achieves,
So mind, in her advance to heavenly things,
Progressively to full redemption came,
In the calm innocence of youthful time
When earth undefaced lay, eternal God
By deep communion did Himself impart
To his frail creature, Man: or, Spirits bright,
Or archangelic Presences, declared
To Nature, how her God might be adored.
When, darkly sunk in [illegible] guilt,
The patriarchal purity was o'er,
Religion hallow'd with Mosaic law,
And special covenants, and ritual pomp
Of ark and fane, and sacrificial blood,
The chosen people[5]; thus began
Sublime theocracy; and when it sunk
To kingly sway, prophetic bards revealed
The One Jehovah, and the promised Seed:
Thus moved the destinies of earth along
In light and darkness, as career the waves
Through sun and tempest,—till Messiah rose!

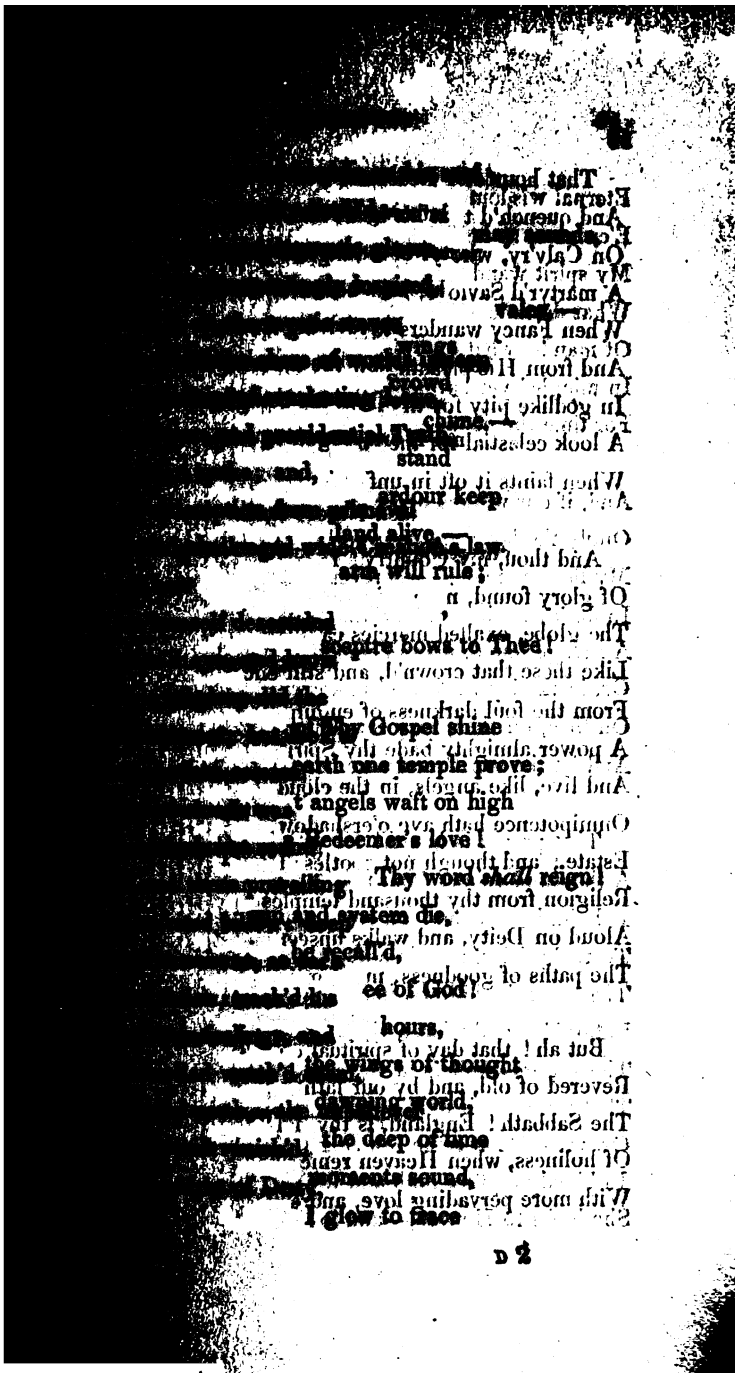
There are who deem no revelation true,
That doth not, by divine compulsion, awe
The universal mind to grand belief.
But, where the freedom of inviolate will,



That hour of blood, that scene of death, is past,
And quench'd the savage eyes that mock'd and smiled
On Calv'ry, when the direful Cross upbore
A martyr'd Saviour; but there comes a mood,
When Fancy wanders to that fated hill,
And from His pleading face, to heaven upturn'd
In godlike pity for the murd'rous Jew,
A look celestial for the soul derives,
When faints it oft in unforgiven gloom!—

And thou, my Country! foremost in the van
Of glory found, no empire that bedecks
The globe, exalted mercies can record
Like those that crown'd, and still encircle thee!
From the foul darkness of engulphing sin
A power almighty bade thy Spirit rise,
And live, like angels, in the cloudless heaven!
Omnipotence hath aye o'ershadow'd thine
Estate; and though not spotless be thy truth,
Religion from thy thousand temples calls
Aloud on Deity, and walks unseen
The paths of goodness, musing holy joy.

But ah! that day of spiritual delight,
Revered of old, and by our fathers blest—
The Sabbath! England, is thy halcyon morn
Of holiness, when Heaven remembers thee
With more pervading love, and sheds abroad



Eternal wisdom and almighty power.
E'en now, as here in solitary mood
My spirit wanders down the tide of song,
What destinies are weaving for the race
Of man!—what energies of heart and soul,
In mingled yet harmonious play, complete
For time the doom eternity had plann'd!—
And, if our winged aspirations dare
Outfly the hour, and future glory meet,
My brother man!—wherever doom'd thou art,
In dark isles bosom'd on the dusky main
A savage found, magnificently free!
Or, in the icy wilderness unknown,
On thee, on thee, may revelation smile,
And let the spirit recognize her God!

That prayer is heard! for with it mingling rose
A thousand echoes from my Country's heart!
Behold, her Genius! on some native cliff;
To rocky isles, and dreadful island-wastes

That spot the billows, her dejected eye
Is turn'd,—and what a vision of despair
The savage dwellers in the sea create!
That round their dying captive dance and howl;
Or, prostrate at some tow'ring idol's car,
In bloody rapture limb and life destroy!
She looks to Heaven,—and lo! a sudden burst

into beauteous change;

ration God rejoiced,

of the spirit dwells,

recover'd soul, appears

the perfect mould of heaven!—

Country!—on her brow

iles of love and light

the vision hath unroll'd

hade from his divinest source

mortal truth proceed

nest, till th' archangel's trump

the dream of Nature o'er!—

dream'd to be, the Muse

who feel how Nature makes

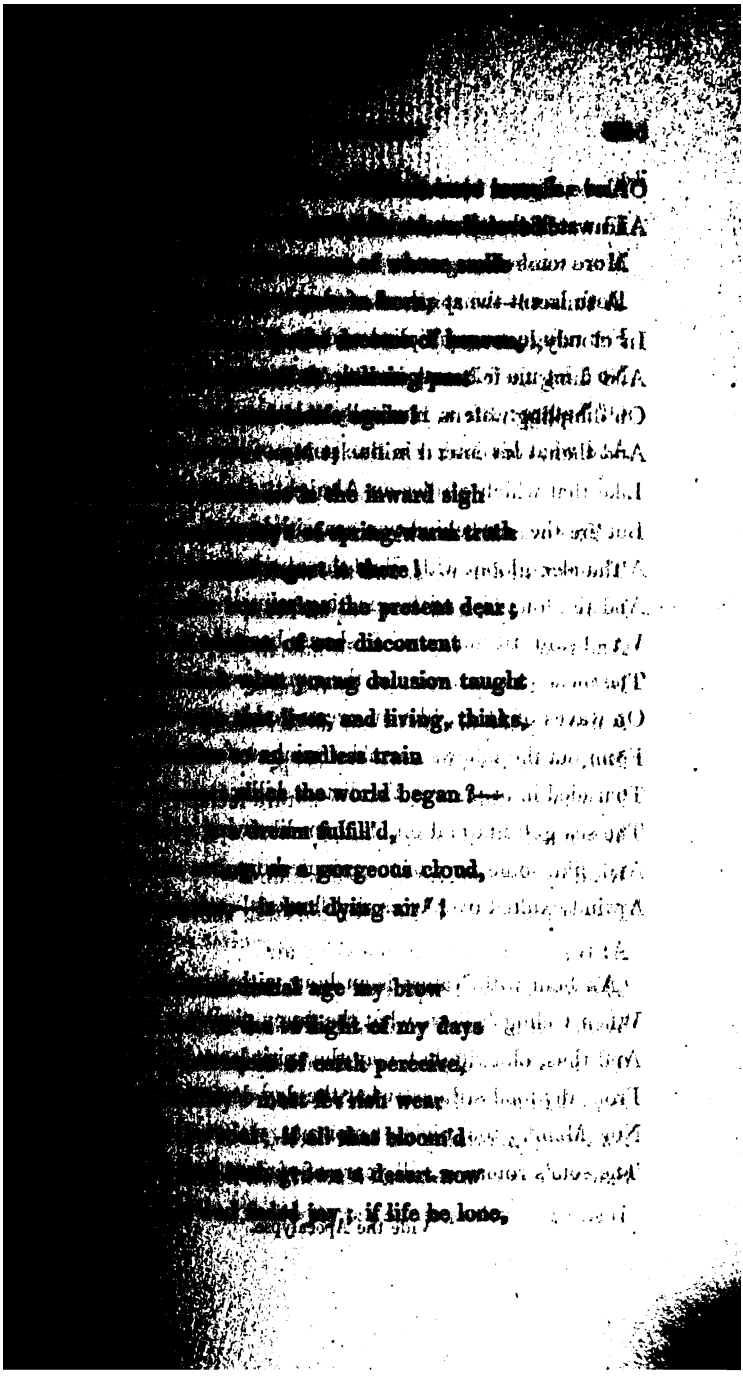
if in fond delay

Of love, I gaze upon the gorgeous sun,
And watch the shadows of a waning day.

A sunset!—what a host of shapes and hues
In cloudy lustre multiplied and flash'd,
And flung their beauty in reflected tints
On dimpling waters, musically calm!
And then, concenter'd in one pomp of light,
Like that which girdles an Almighty throne *!
But ere the sun behind yon sea withdrew,
A thunder-gloom with silent threat advanced,
And the loud hiss of the exulting rain
Was heard, till universal freshness beam'd;
The meadow sparkled, and the sun retired,
On waves of glory, like an ocean-god!—
From out the billows beam'd a rainbow form,
That died in azure o'er the distant hills;
The sea-gull flutter'd on his foam-like wing,
And, like some fairy of the minute born,
A wind exulted over trees and flowers!—

An hour with Nature is an hour with heav'n,
When feeling hallows what the fancy views;
And thus, oh twilight! may the spirit learn
From thy fond stillness, what the day denies.
Now Mem'ry too, dimmest mourner, wakes
The soul's romance, till tears of radiant joy

* Vide the Apocalypse.



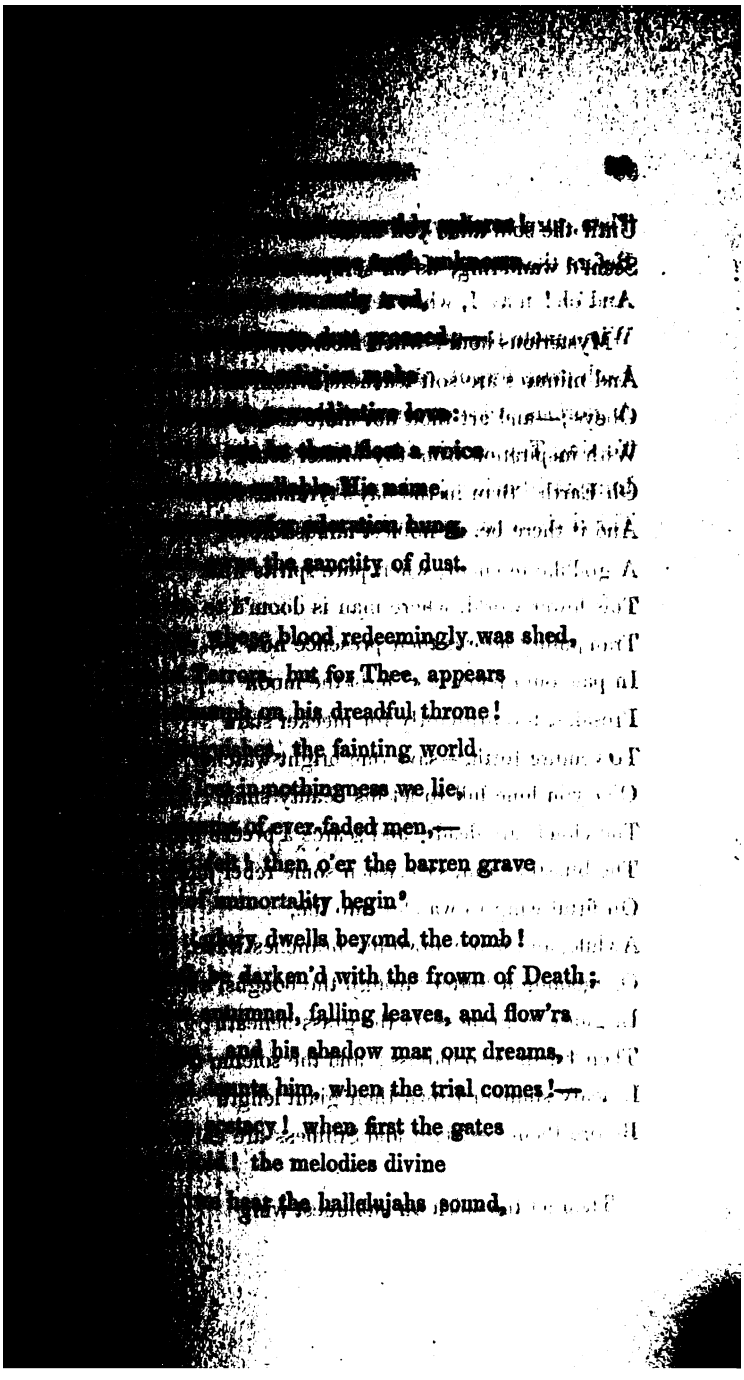
And sad, and bleak, while aspirations droop
Unwatch'd within me, and delights grow dim
More tomb-like, grosser as death's mists thicken round
Both haunt the spirit, whatsoe'er it be
For refuge, may I not on being ponder
No! let me fall, and worship of the Eternal
Of Nature: life is Heaven's surpassing gift,
And what his Maker wills, let Man revere.

To cover Earth with shades of Hell, accuse
The Sun of darkness, and the world blaspheme,
Deny all hope, disdain to equal Man,
And mar the heavenliness of human joy,—
Betrays a tempest of unholy thought,
Raised by the demon of our darker hours!
But, nobly true, inexplicably deep,
That mournfulness our better nature feels,
When solitude is silent poetry,
Read by the soul, interpreted within!—
Like a mute pilgrim, on some distant shore
At twilight shaping in the skiey air
The towers and temples of his native land,
While on his ear the sounds of home renew
The sweetness of their social melody;
So, oft in solitude, existence feels
As though mortality an exile were,—
Saw visions of a former Heaven, and heard
Instinctive beatings of the parent clime,

Until the soul within you seems wild
Seem'd wandering, as on seraph-music borne!

Mysterious hour! when most self-knowledge reigns,
And minutes are soft teachers, whom the heart
Obeys;—and art thou not more deeply filled
With inspiration from thy Maker sent,
Oh Earth! than in the day's tyrannic roar?
And if there be, as noblest minds allow,
A godlike moment, when pure spirits walk
This lower world, where man is doom'd to strive,
Tranquillity adores their presence now!—
In pale omnipotence of light the moon
Presides, too brilliantly for meeker stars
To venture forth,—save one bright watcher, seen
O'er yon lone hill to let his beauty smile:
The clouds are dead; and scarce a breeze profanes
The blissful calm, save when some rebel dares
On fitful wing to wander into life,
Awhile, and make unwilling branches wave,
Or moonlight flutter through the boughs, and fall
In giddy brightness on the grass beneath;
Then Earth is soundless; and the solemn trees
In leafy slumber frown their giant length
Before them;—Night and Stillness are enthroned!

Then let the spirit on sublimest wing



Then, turn to glory, as we gaze and live
Before the throne of Deity unveil'd!—
And oh! may I, when restless life is o'er,
When mute the tongue, and motionless the hand,
Each pang forgot, each pulse for ever still,
A glorious voice of some bright angel learn,
To sing Thy love in far sublimer strain,
Immortal Saviour! where Thy presence smiles,
Till Heaven complete what failing Earth began.

END OF BOOK II.

Then, turn to glory, as we
Before the throne of Deity
And oh! may I, when restless life
When mute the tongue, and motion
Each pang forgot, each pulse for
A glorious [illegible] of some bright angel
To sing Thy love in far sublimer strains
Immortal Saviour! where Thy presence

THE THIRD.

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way! a God, a God appears!
God! the echoing vales reply.—Pope.

tradition relates, that by the rising of a
was foretold, not diseases or death, but the
God for the salvation of the human race,
of human affairs; which star, they say, was
Arabians, who came to present their offerings to
—From Chalcidius, *an ancient Commentator on*

CHAPTER III

...S OF BOOK III.

...probable sympathy of distant and unknown ... Evil One—State of the world—Gabriel ... The Annunciation—Mary's holy raptures— ... at Hebron—Her journey described—The ... an allusion to the hallowed associations ... of Palestine awake—The Virgin's ...—Cæsar's order for a general census— ...—Appearance of the Angels to the Shepherds ... hymn—Visit of the Shepherds to the ... on the humility of Christ's entrance ... contrary to the sublunary ideas of the Jews— ... of Christ, and consequent dispersion, when ... former high estate, kindle our deepest thoughts ... future restoration—Return to the order of ... circumcision—Presentation of the Divine Babe ... ecstacy—Return of the Holy Family to ...—Arrival of the Magi—The craft and cruelty ... of the Innocents—Childhood of Jesus—His ... the Rabbis at twelve years of age in the Tem- ... to Nazareth—The meditations of the Saviour ... the Redemption of Man, amid the seclusion and ... lot—John the Baptist—His dwelling in the ... Spirit—Announces the coming of Christ— ... which is true wisdom.—The book ends with ... of the Scriptures, and the beauty of the ... when enjoyed in connexion with the Divine

BOOK III.

Now was the fulness of Almighty time
Complete, wherein th' eternal purpose, told
To fallen Nature, when the fateful voice
Of Heav'n through Eden sent a with'ring sound,
In Christ embodied should at length appear;
And not ungreeted, did redemption's hour
Arrive: before the Throne new radiance burn'd;
And emanations of intenser bliss
Than that which kindled o'er creation's birth,
Angelic myriads felt, as roll'd their hymns
Of awful wonder!—yea, in worlds of life
From whence no sound or shape to Earth has come,
Round these, perchance, a sympathetic thrill
Of glory ran, when first Salvation smiled!

And there! the demon King of Darkness, throned
In shine eternity of tort'ring fires!

BOOK III.

---

of Almighty time
the eternal purpose, told
when the ireful voice
Eden sent a with'ring sound,
should at length appear;
did redemption's hour
Throne new radiance burn'd;
of intenser bliss
kindled o'er creation's birth,
as roll'd their hymns
yea, in worlds of life
sound or shape to Earth has come,
ance, a sympathetic thrill
first Salvation smiled!!

demon King of Darkness, throned
t'ring fires!

Thou dread apostate! who did'st shake
The skies for victory vanquish'd but rebellious still;
On thee the dawning of Messiah's reign
Shone terrible within thy dark abyss
When ruin'd angels to the summons throng'd,
With dreadful beauty, like a dying sun
Amid the tempest sinking, each adorn'd
No triumph on thy thunder-blasted brow,
But deeper vengeance, more despairing woe
Than yet the realms of agony endured,
Was visible; that hour so long foredoom'd
Is coming! when a world shall be unbound
From chains infernal, and the Powers of Hell
Disarm'd for ever on their crumbling thrones!

Meanwhile, on Earth mute Expectation sate
And listen'd; for a rumour, echoed down
From dateless time, of two surpassing kings
Predestined, on the globe to rule, prevail'd,
Whose powers, though blended in Virgilian song,
Sublimely differ'd.—In Augustan peace
The world reposed; and glutted War beheld
Her Janus shut, her crimson banners furl'd.
No more, Dodona, from the oaken shades,
Or Delphi, from exhaling cavern, sent
Vain oracles in mystic verse enweaved;
The temples mourn'd, Idolatry was dumb,

O'er Jacob's house for ever shall He reign,
And endless will His glorious kingdom prove.'
'But how?' cried Mary, 'since I know not man.'
Again the Angel: 'Overshadowing thee
The Holy Spirit will in power descend,
And That thou bearest, Son of God be called.'
Then answer'd she—'Behold! thy handmaid, Lord!
And be thy word fulfilled, as brightly fled
The glowing Angel to his native skies

Let silence think, for how can words reveal,
The fulness and the flow of her ecstatic thoughts,
When Mary pondered on the promised child?
Let mothers tell!—to whose enchanted ears
Earth brings no music, like the helpless cry
Of new-born life, from lips that know not guile.
Oh! maid divine! with more than gladness wing'd,
In the young beauty of thy spousal bloom,
To Hebron didst thou o'er the mountains pass,
And visit one, by Heav'n's bright herald warn'd.

Beneath the opening eyelids of the sun
The pilgrim started, when a breeze was up,
And, like a wing, invisibly career'd
O'er woods and waters; from the grey ravines
The oak and olive sent a leafy sound,
And with her crimson multitude of flow'rs

Or, Jacob's [illegible]

And endless with [illegible]

But now I, erst [illegible]

Again the Angel [illegible]

The Holy spirit with [illegible]

And That thou [illegible]

Then answer'd she — [illegible]

And be thy word [illegible]

The glowing Angel to his native [illegible]

[illegible] lone and lofty heights

Let silence think, for now can [illegible]

The fulness and the flow of her [illegible]

each rocky change of scene,

When Mary pondered on the promise [illegible]

cypress shadow fell,

Let mothers tell — to whose enchanting [illegible]

and bless'd the vital breeze

Earth brings no music, like the [illegible]

or, when some hill or plain

Of new-born life, from lips that know [illegible]

spot, or glorious view

Oh! maid divine! with more than [illegible]

to her eye appeal'd, —

In the young beauty of thy spousal [illegible]

hear the Maiden chant

To Hebron didst thou o'er the mountains [illegible]

while her soul recall'd

And visit one, by Heav'n's bright [illegible]

which ever cling,

[illegible]tal as great Palestine! —

Beneath the opening eyelids of the [illegible]

The pilgrim started, when a breeze [illegible]

nest of trophied Greece, and groves

And, like a wing, invisibly careered

[illegible]der'd, or poetic streams

Homer's page, or Pindar's song;

Or woods and waters; from the [illegible]

[illegible] not with the multitude of the [illegible],

[illegible] the saying of the driver. The range of the moun-

[illegible] with [illegible] crimson [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible] under every green thing. — Jer.

For Palestine by God himself was loved,
Inhabited, and blest!—His spirit there
Hath walk'd, the shadow of His form hath been
His miracles prevail'd; the mountains blazed
With His descending glory! all her vales,
Her fountains, rivers, and delicious plains,
Of patriarchs and prophets speak; beneath the shade
Of her ancestral trees have angels sat,
And holy Abram smiled;—her meanest spot
Is mighty, and her dust a sacred charm,
For in it sleep the world's primeval sires!

Unbounded Fancy! on whose fairy wings
The spirit voyageth o'er realms and isles,
O, waft me now to Tabor's solemn height,
Where Barak and his heaven-arm'd thousands [illegible]
And there the drama of the world renew!
Let Eden rise, her boughs and branches wave,
And shapes aërial from the clouds descend,
To view her lovely bowers.—The flood react,
Earth, sea, and sky in billowy chaos lost!—
Call up the patriarchs; mark their rev'rent forms,
Or hear the prophets when the people rage!
Or wouldst thou from the sacred past retire
To scenes that live,—from haunted Tabor view
The pomp and glory of a hundred plains!
Lo! vast Esdraelon, like a verdant sea,
By dew-famed Hermon bound; there Endor lies,

Hath walk'd,

With His

Her fountains

Or

Her

And holy Abram smiled

Ta mighty and her date a

For in it sloop the

ere twilight rose,

second night

The Virgin stood

O, waft me now to

Here Mark and

My cousin hail'd,

And there the flame

brightness clad

Last Elem rise, her

And above

when that saluting voice

To view her

with celestial truth

Earth, sea, and sky,

Call up the

tively blest, are thou!

Or hear the

Or would'st thou

To scorn the

the gracious Lord!

The pomp and

but the meek regards,

Lo! vast Redemption

our fathers spake

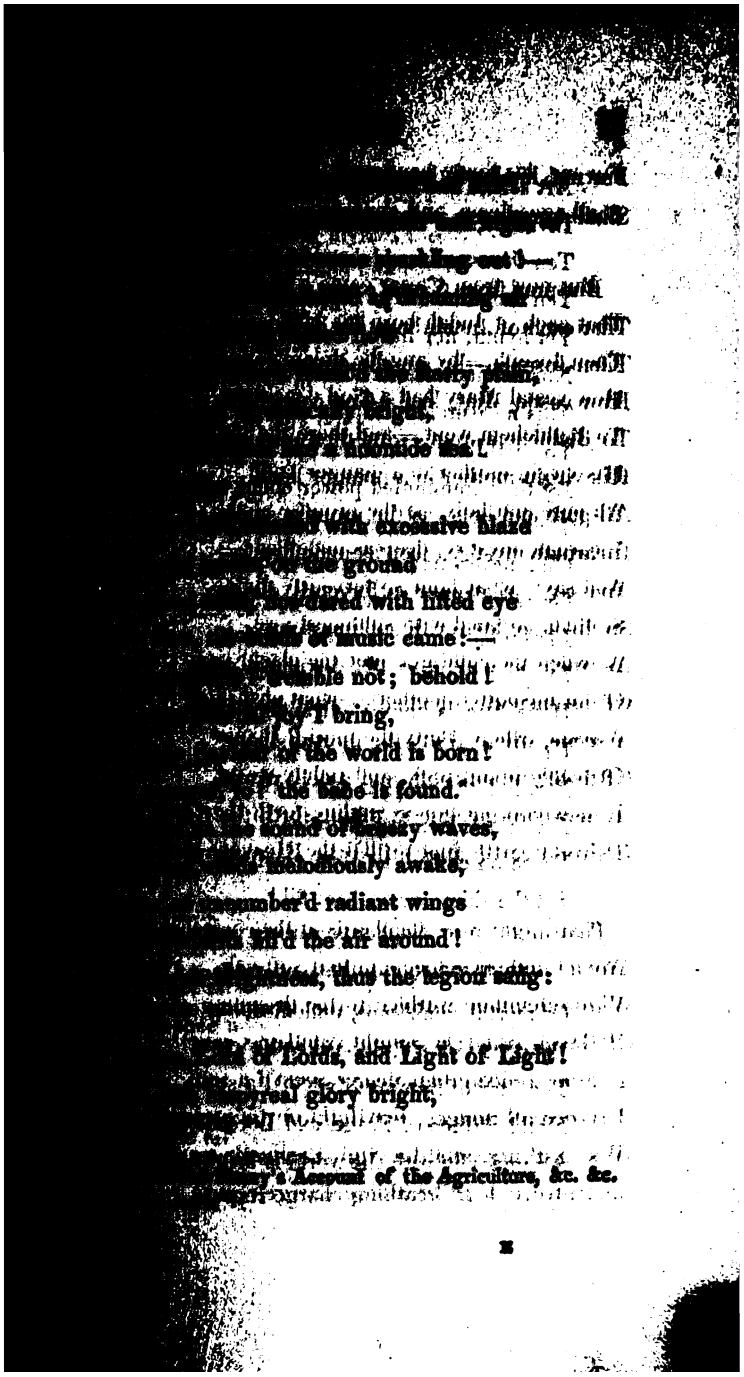
By dew-fired

glorious be His name!

For me, his lowly bondmaid, ever blest
Shall ages adore, and generations call!

But now from Cæsar came a high command,
That each of Judah born his birth enroll'd.
Then Joseph,—by angelic dream forewarn'd,
How vestal Mary had a God conceived,
To Bethlehem went,—and there the infant Christ
His virgin mother in a manger laid!
All pure and holy, as the promise spake,—
Incarnate myst'ry, deep as undefiled!—
And say! what hour so fervently divine,
So fill'd, so fated with sublimest awe,
As when the child-god met the placid gaze
Of his unspotted mother!—what enshrined
A scene, where Deity the mortal shape
Of feeble infant took, and rudely wrapt,
In new-born meekness smiling forth the God,
Deliver'd earth, and thrill'd the Heavens with joy!—

That night were shepherds at their watches dun
Around unfolded sheep, in that soft vale
Whose fountain warbled to the dreaming ear
Of David, when he sought Adullam's cave.
A calm, so deep that silence seem'd a soul,
Pervaded all things; dew-light on the ground
Was glist'ring, and the vigil shepherds watch'd
Contentedly their breathing charge repose.

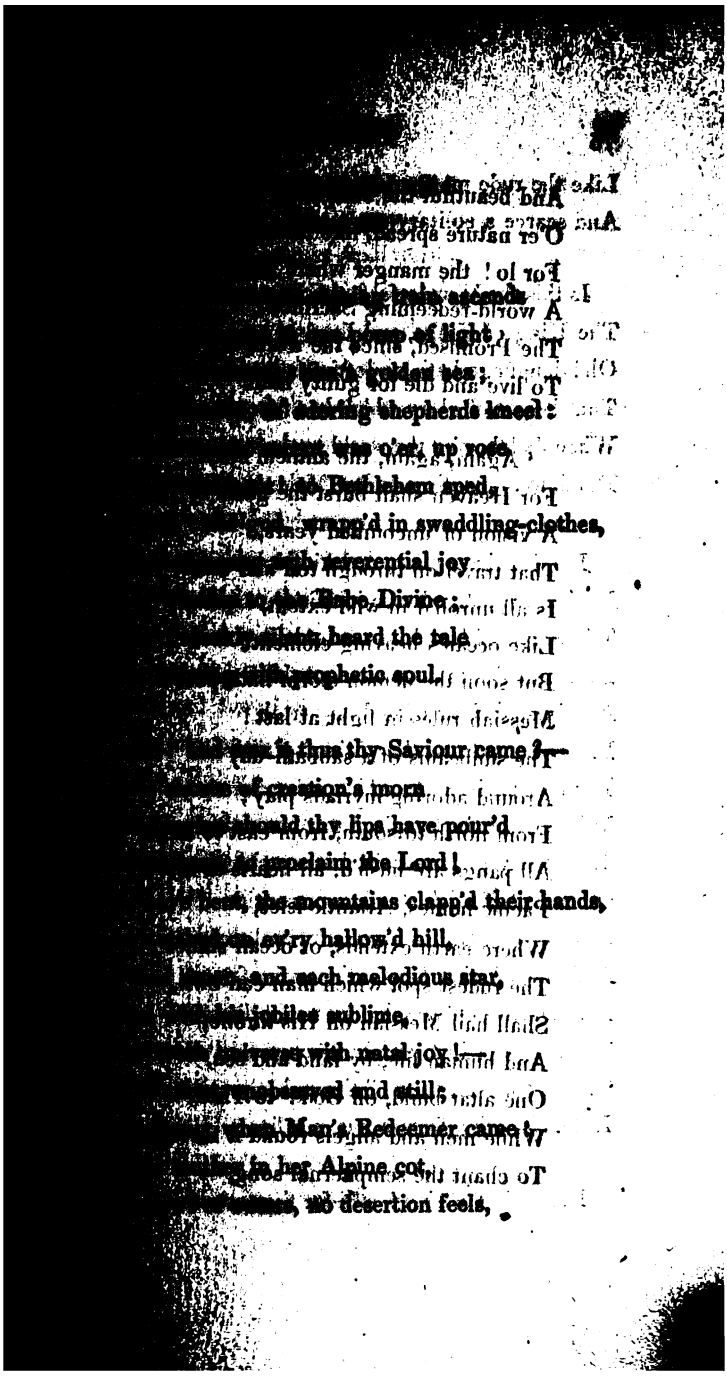


Art seated on th' Eternal Throne
Invisibly, the vast Alone!—
Ten thousand worlds around Thee blaze,
Ten thousand harps repeat Thy praise,
Yet hymn, nor harp, nor song divine,
Nor myriad orbs created Thine,
This measureless display of love
To earth below, and heaven above,
By their immingled power could tell,—
That ends the Curse, and conquers Hell!
Oh! never, never—since we came
On wing of light and form of flame,
Like mingling harmonies that rise
In glorious swell along the skies,
Have Angels known entrancing bliss
Unfathomably deep as this!—
For, lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice:
Peace on earth! to Men good will!
Let the skies our anthem fill!

Hail, Virgin-born! transcendant Child!
Of mortal semblance, undefiled,
By ages vision'd, doom'd to be
The Star of immortality!
Hail! Prince of Peace, and Lord of Light!
Around Thy path the world is bright;

And beautiful the banner calm,
O'er nature spread, like midnight balm,
For lo! the manger where He lies,
A world-redeeming Sacrifice;
The Promised, since the world began,
To live and die for guilty man.

Again, again, the anthem swell!
For Heaven shall burst the gates of Hell!
A vision of uncounted years,
That travel on through toil and tears,
Is all unroll'd in wild extent,
Like ocean's heaving element!—
But soon the demon storm hath pass'd,
Messiah rules in light at last!
The sunbeams of a sabbath-day
Around adoring myriads play;
From north to south, from east to west,
All pangs are hush'd, all hearts at rest!
Pacific homes, Atlantic isles,
Where earth extends, or ocean smiles;
The rudest spot which man can own,
Shall hail Messiah on His throne,
And human life, by land and sea,
One altar build, oh God! to Thee,
While men and angels round it throng,
To chant the sempiternal song.

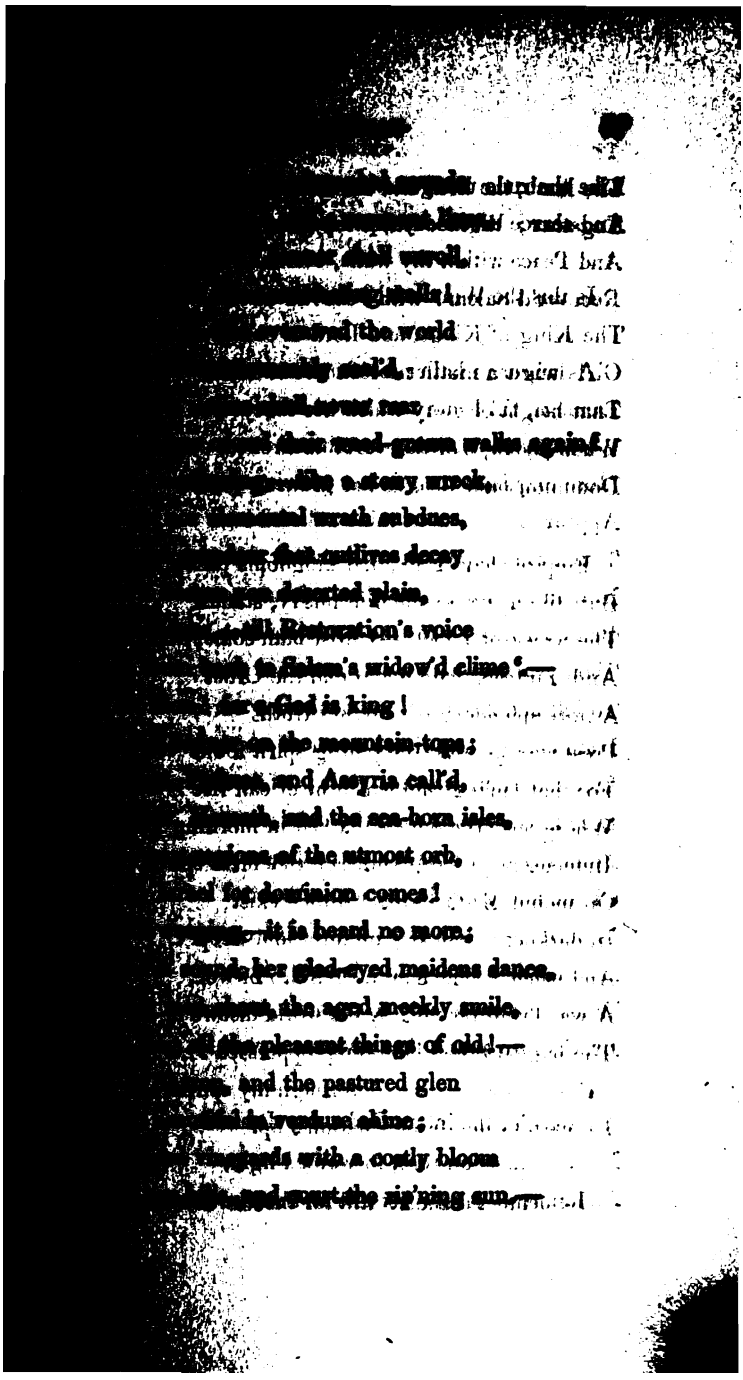


Like the rude manger where the Virgin lay,
And scarce a solitary taper shone!

Is this the Wonderful? the Prince of Light,
The King of Kings, and Lord of countless worlds?
Oh! language hath no loftiness to reach
That height of glory which her fancy view'd
When Judah, o'er the world enthroned, conceived
Dominion boundless as her Maker's smile!—

Empires have sunk, and kingdoms pass'd away,
But still, apart, sublime in mis'ry, stands
The wreck of Israel!—Christ hath come, and fled,
And miracles and ages round the Cross
A holy splendour of undying truth
Preserve; yet still the pining spirit looks
For that unrisen sun which ne'er can rise!
Where once the temple, bathed in morning hues
Immensely glorious with her matchless spires
On mount Moriah stood, a race exist
In darkness, still to Zion turn, and weep!
And when I view him in the garb of woe,
A wand'ring outcast, by the world disown'd,—
The haggard, lost, and long-oppressed Jew!
'His BLOOD BE ON US!' through my spirit rolls
In fearful echo, from a nation's lip.

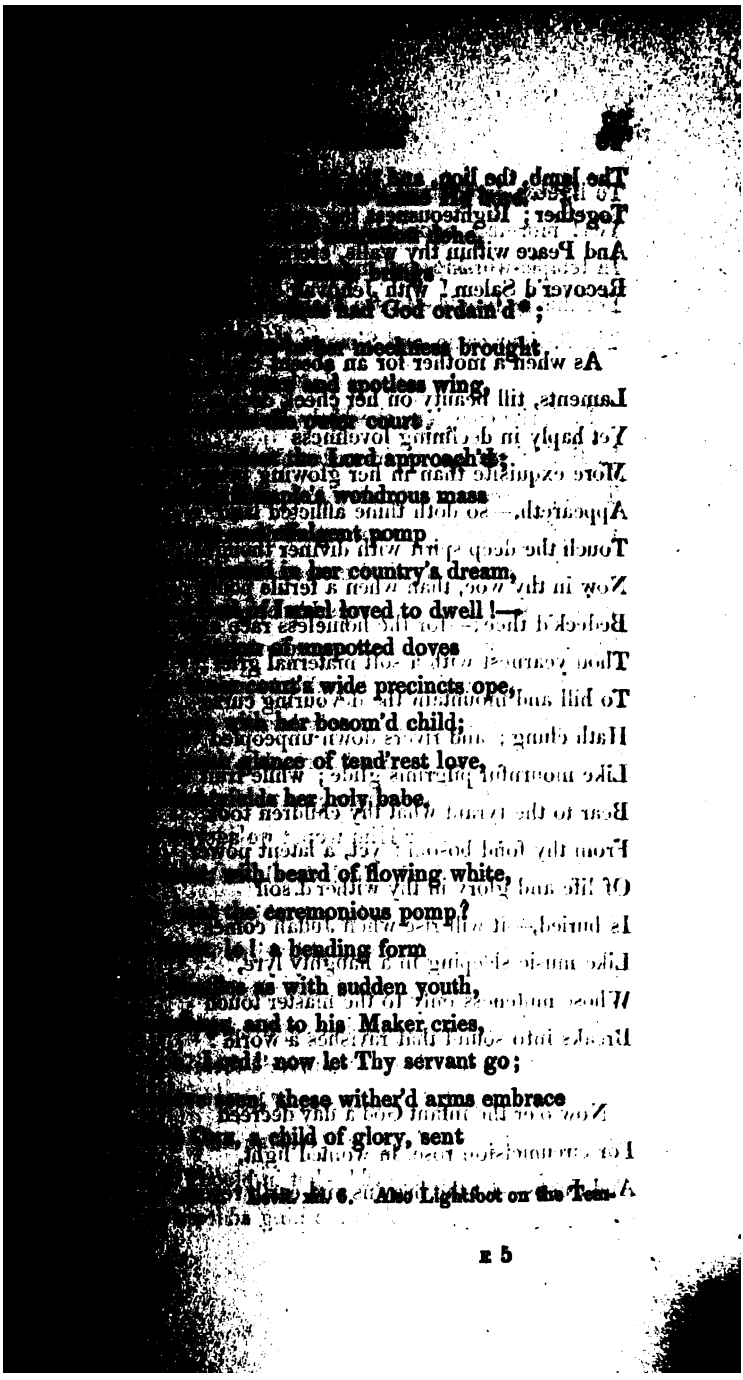
Remember'd Zion! still for thee awaits



The lamb, the lion, and the infant play
Together; Righteousness thy gate adorns,
And Peace within thy walls, eternal Peace,
Recover'd Salem! with Jehovah dwells.

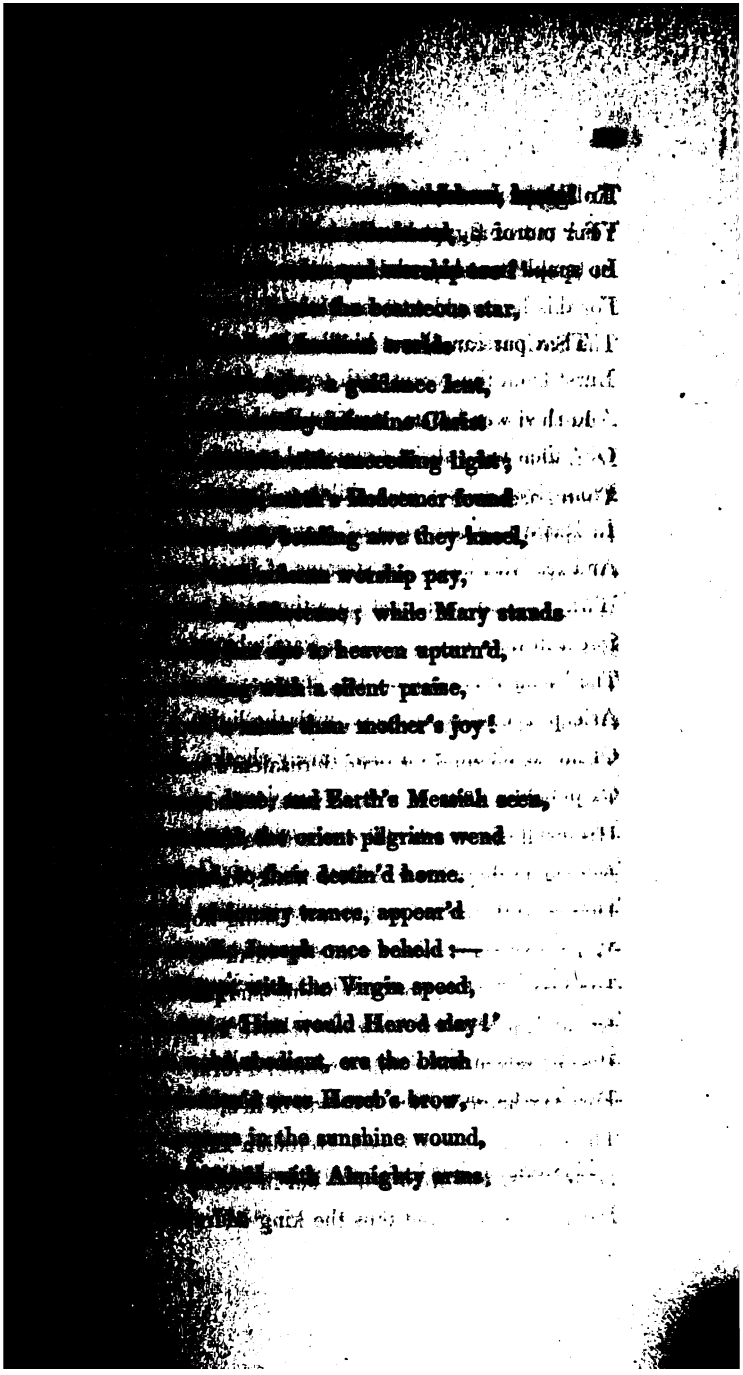
As when a mother for an absent child
Laments, till beauty on her cheek decays,
Yet haply in declining loveliness
More exquisite than in her glowing prime
Appeareth,—so doth thine afflicted land
Touch the deep spirit with diviner thought
Now in thy woe, than when a fertile pomp
Bedeck'd thee;—for the homeless race afar
Thou yearnest with a soft maternal grief;
To hill and mountain the devouring curse
Hath clung; and rivers down unpeopled vales
Like mournful pilgrims glide; while fruit nor tree
Bear to the tyrant what thy children took
From thy fond bosom: yet, a latent power
Of life and glory in thy wither'd soil
Is buried,—it will rise when Judah comes:
Like music sleeping in a haughty lyre,
Whose muteness only to the master touch
Breaks into sound that ravishes a world!

Now o'er the infant God a day decreed
For circumcision rose, in wonted light,
And Jesus—let the heav'ns and earth revere



To lighten Israel, and the world redeem!
Yes! morning, noon and night, in dream or prayer,
In temple-worship, and mysterious hours,
For this he long'd—to see Messiah born!—
The Saviour came, and Simeon died in joy.

Each rite complete, the Holy Family sought
In Bethlehem rude their consecrated home:
There, scarce arrived, when lo! as Magi bow'd
In nightly worship to unnumber'd worlds
Of starry name, an orbed meteor shone
With mystic loveliness, superbly bright!
But well they knew, those star-adoring seers,
That revelation high, and sped on wings
Of holy speed to Zion's stately haunt;
There, wond'ringly around Jerusalem's walls
Exclaim'd—'The new-born great! Judean King,
His dwelling say, for Him would we adore!'—
And souls there lived, which drank, as thirsty ground
Drinks in the summer rain, refreshing hope,
When eastern sages of a mighty birth
For Israel spake; for Judah long had pined,
And on the willows hung her captive harp!—
But he, whom Mariamne's murder'd form
For ever haunted, like a dream of hell,
The guilty, pamper'd, pale Herodian king!
Heard this, and trembled!—but in bloody calm
His purpose lay, and thus the king address'd



To Egypt went he, till the monarch died:
'For out of Egypt have I call'd my Son!'
So spake the seer, whose word a God fulfill'd.

Then passion, like a kindled hurricane,
Burst from the tyrant with terrific sway!
And then was havoc, such as Earth defiled!
Oh! then were shrieks maternal, sounds that came
From riven souls; then childless Rachel wept,
In Rama was the voice of mourning heard,
And red with blood the streams of Israel ran!
'Twas Murder's banquet on a thousand babes!—
Sweet flowers of life, whose fragile beauty made
The living Eden of parental hearts:
Asleep in cradled stillness, with the light
Of infant slumber on their lovely cheeks,
Or prattling gaily at the cottage door,
Did slaughter come, and mock with murd'rous yell
The cry of mothers, shrieking for their God!—
That cry was answer'd, when the monster king,
By pain corrupted, turn'd a loathsome mass,
And died!—then, heralded by Gabriel's wings,
The young Redeemer into Naz'reth came:
For Archelaus o'er Judah's empire ruled,
And, Herod like, had bathed his throne in blood.

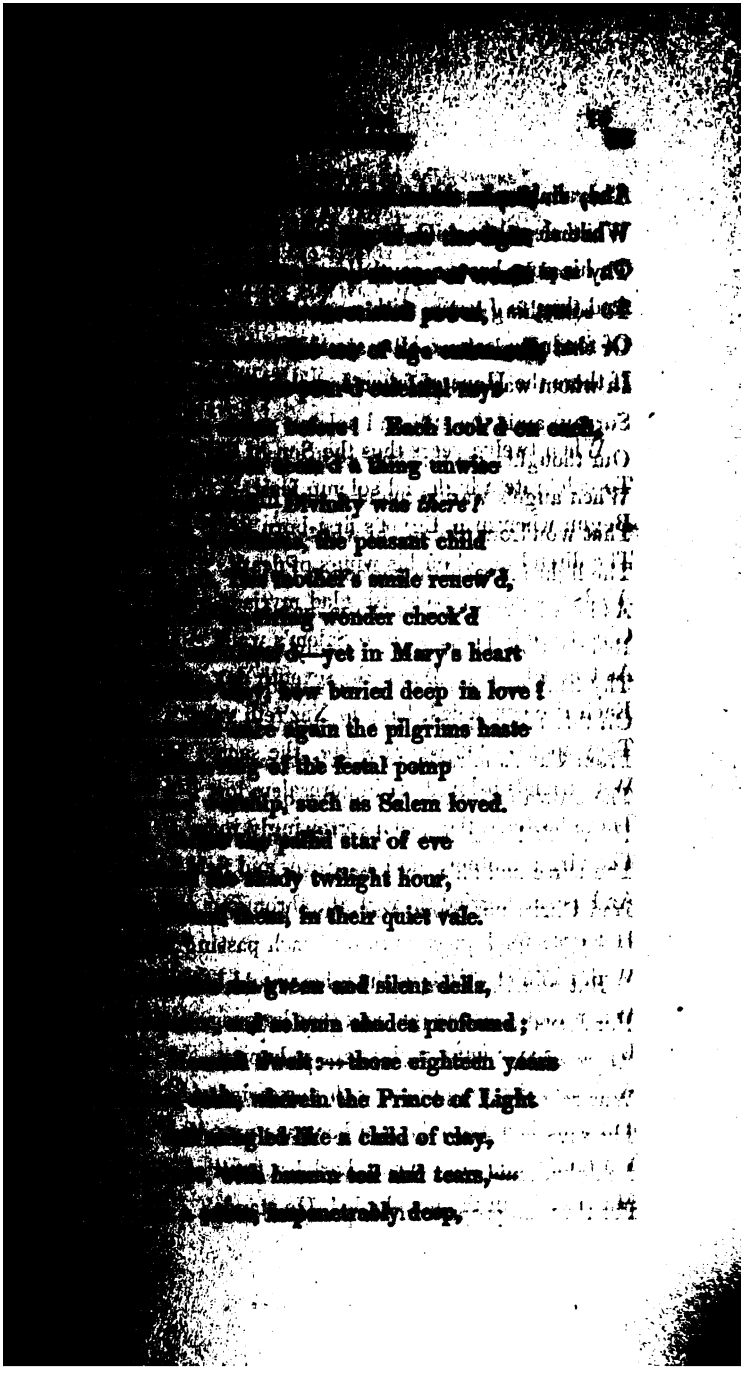
Mysterious time! o'er many realms and lands

Thy shadow broods, which man cannot dispel,
Or brighten; but o'er that most hallow'd scene,
Where dwelt unknown, in human meekness veil'd,
The Son of Glory, lies thy thickest gloom.
For ever hidden, by no voice reveal'd,
How lived, and where, the Galilean blest:
Yet, wafted back on no irrev'rent wing,
Imagination oft her eye would fix
On that green vale, where first our Morning Star
With mildest beauty rose!—By earth unfelt,
Celestial watchers! did ye not descend
And hover round, while grew the wondrous Child
In the fond light of Mary's pensive gaze?—
Maiden and mother! all divinely pure,
When lock'd in slumber the Redeemer lay,
How on his features would thy fancy dwell!

But years departed, and Messiah grew
Strong in the spirit, wisdom, grace, and power[7].
Then, oft at eve, when sultry day was o'er,
And labour nestled in domestic peace,
The holy Infant, by his parent's knee,
The Book of Life with tender awe perused,
And question'd; while in love's delightful dream
Each parent wander'd;—calling back the shapes
Angelic, or the vision Bethlehem saw;
Or, sounding all the dim and mighty depths
Of prophecy, where solemn meanings lay.

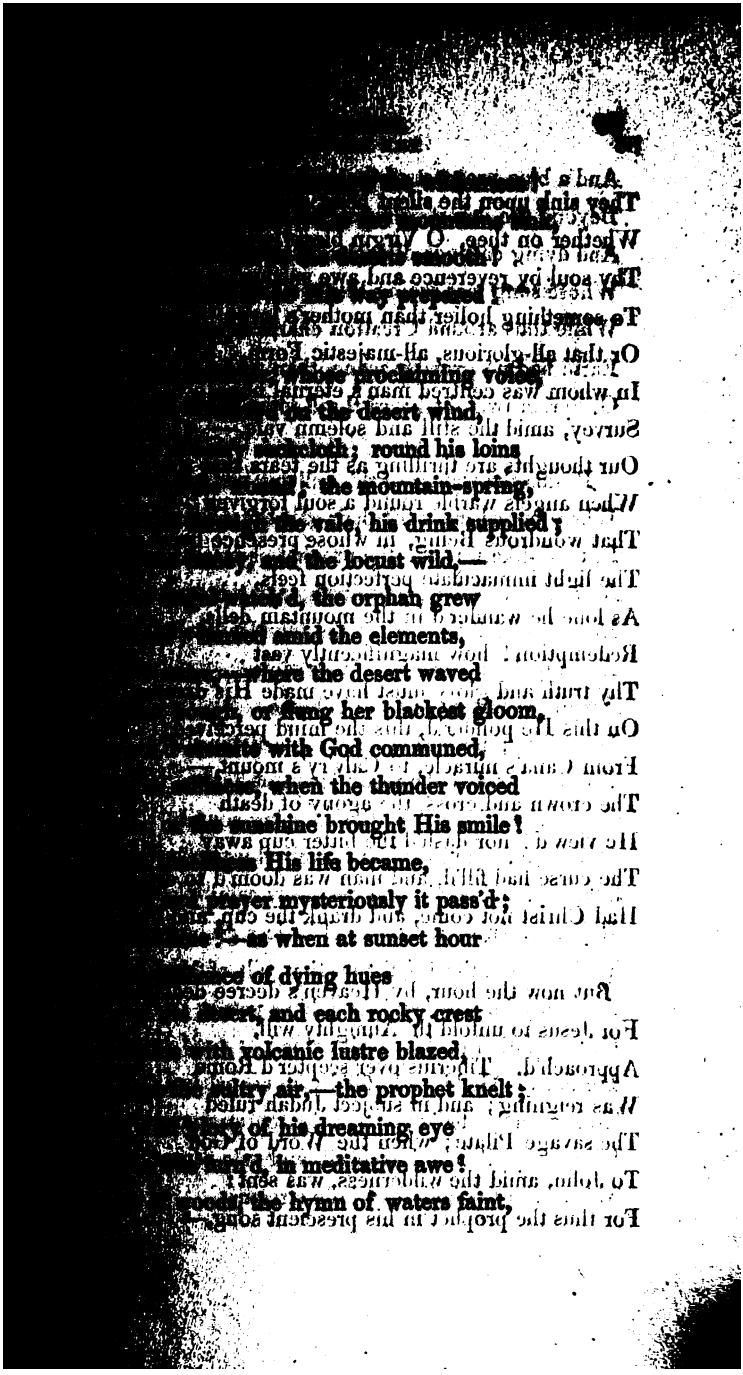
And, ah, [illegible]
While slept [illegible] child, to mark the wedded maid
On his [illegible] a gentle kiss implant,
And then to Joseph, with a speaking look
Of fondness, say—'How wonderful is Heaven,
If there the Hope of fallen Israel lies!'

When twelve years thus the Son of God had spent,
To celebrate a high and solemn feast,—
Begun when over Egypt's first-born flew
The direful angel on his wings of death,
All Israel came; and with glad myriads went
Christ's holy parents up to Salem's walls,
As true adorers. When the seventh day saw
Each rite concluded, back to Naz'reth vale
They speed,—but where is He, the sacred Boy?
With friends beloved, or in Jerusalem lost?—
There hasten'd they, and sorrowingly roam'd
The virgin mother, garden, grove, and field;
And as she hurried through the thronging paths,
Her eye's fond question moved each passing face
With feeling!—such as thoughts untold betray
When look is language, and that language read
By silent sympathy with pangs unknown.
And thus she sought him with unwearied step,
Till tears had gather'd, and her gaze was dim.
Yet found him not; when, hark! a burst of joy
Maternal!—in the temple, lo! He stands,



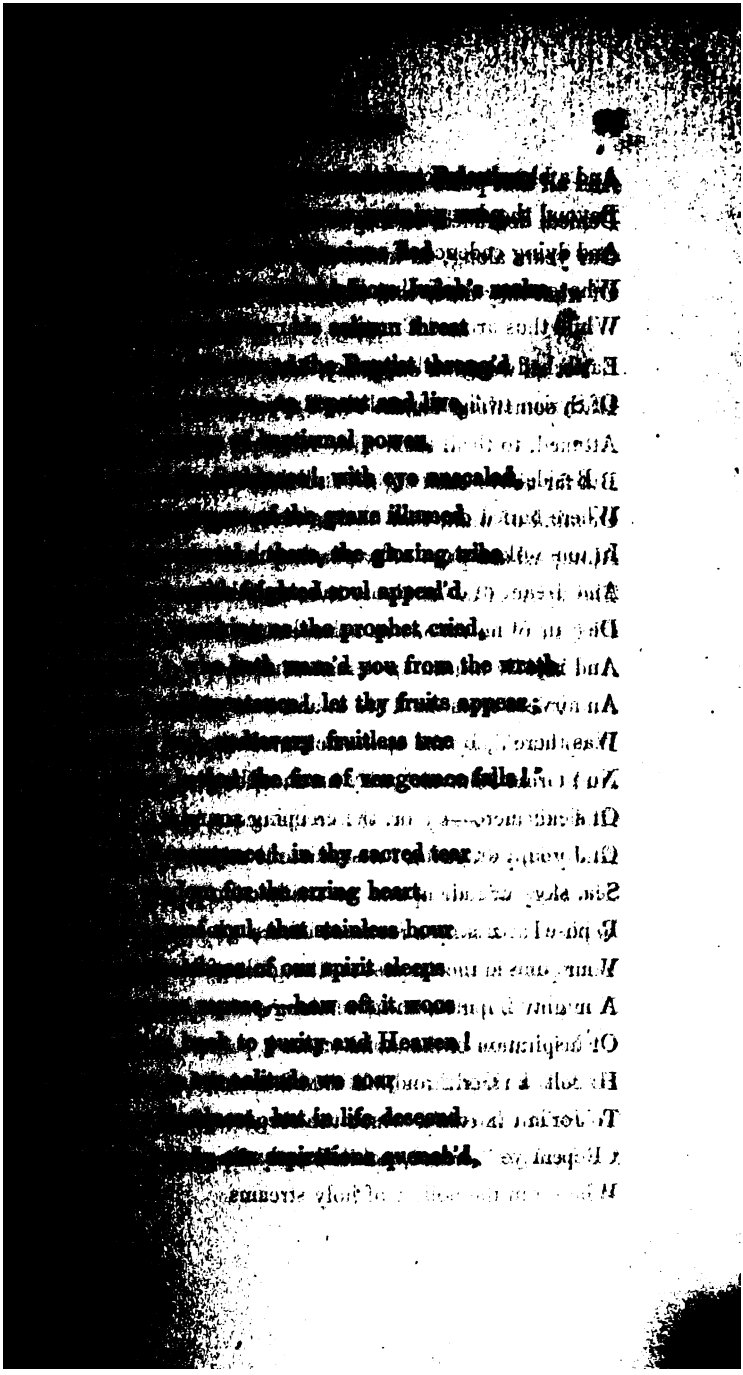
They sink upon the silent heart of man!
Whether on them, O Virgin blest! we muse,
Thy soul by reverence and awe subdued
To something holier than mother's love;
Or that all-glorious, all-majestic Form,
In whom was centred man's eternal hope,
Survey, amid the still and solemn vale,—
Our thoughts are thrilling as the tears that rise
When angels warble round a soul forgiven!—
That wondrous Being, in whose presence lived
The light immaculate perfection feels,
As lone he wander'd in the mountain dells,
Redemption! how magnificently vast
Thy truth and glory must have made His dreams!
On this He ponder'd, this the mind perceived;
From Cana's miracle, to Calv'ry's mount,—
The crown and cross, the agony of death
He view'd! nor dash'd the bitter cup away
The curse had fill'd, and man was doom'd to drink,
Had Christ not come, and drank the cup, and died!

But now the hour, by Heaven's decree declared,
For Jesus to unfold th' Almighty will,
Approach'd. Tiberius over scepter'd Rome
Was reigning; and in subject Judah ruled
The savage Pilate; when the Word of God
To John, amid the wilderness, was sent:
For thus the prophet in his prescient song,—



And a blue streak of the midland sea
Beyond the dusty, glimmering sand waste,
And dying cadence of some distant bird,
Whose song was fading like a silver cloud,—
While thus around Creation charm'd, and look'd,
Earth had no grander scene, than when the hour
Of Syrian twilight heard the Baptist pray!

Beside the waters of th' unliving sea
Where buried cities lift their ghastly wreck
In tomb-like waste*, the prophet chanced to muse,
And dream of dark Gomorrah, and the loud
Despair of millions, when the thunder knell'd,
And rapidly a burning deluge came!—
An airy stillness, solitude sublime
Was there; no bird upon enchanted wing,
No murmur, but the reedy moan of banks
Of sickly herbage; or, the creeping sound
Of Jordan, dragging his sepulchral way;
Sea, sky, and air in one unearthly calm
Reposed! In such a scene of lifeless gloom,
While mused the Baptist on the guilt of Man,
A mighty impulse, an inbreathing power
Of inspiration on his spirit came!
He felt the God! and, fill'd with sacred fire,
To Jordan hasten'd;—soon the region round
'Repent ye!' heard each hill and vale repeat,
Where ran the holiest of holy streams



Denied, degraded, or fought in—Time glides
Our years along, in melancholy dreams
Of what they dare, and what they cannot be!

Yet all we think on, fancy, feel, or view,
Hath something for the soul's mysterious chords
Attuned, to thrill them with religious tone:
But far above each sight or sound of earth,
Or mind of man, that heaven-revealing book
Along whose page of everlasting truth
The spirit of th' Almighty lives and moves!
Oh! there be visions of transcendant blaze,
And heralds bright, embassadors divine,
And voices from the Throne and Seat of bliss
Deep utter'd, by the God-adoring choir,
And Great Jehovah! with his thunder girt,
And radiance,—speaking like the ocean vast,
And you, ye Oracles! whose words relate,
The story of redemption, so sublime!
With what a simple rectitude severe
Your page immortal, moves from change to change!
Nor turn'd, nor daunted, whatsoe'r the gloom
Or brightness of the awful scene it paints:
So rolls a river through a wide domain,
Whate'er the colour which the clouds reflect,
Or hook, or verdure on its beauty flings,

and tumultuous grass

on his wasted cheek

but still the quenchless eye

a burning spirit shone!

book of faded leaves,

with bended brow, he read

my footstep crept,

from his pale lip was brought

mighty speech!

with excess of thought divine,

adoringly he sank,

upon the awful heavens,

there God himself appear'd!

rolling tears ran bright and large,

Exultingly his gasping spirit cried,
'For ever and for ever is Thy Throne
Transcendant, Lord, and everlasting King!'

True adoration, what a voice is thine!
From earth it wanders through the Heaven of Heavens,
There from the Mercy-seat itself evokes
An answer, thrilling the seraphic host
With added glory of celestial song *!—
For prayer is man's omnipotence below,
A soul's companionship with Christ and God,
Communion with Eternity begun!

O love creative! earth itself is heaven
Would man profane it not, by savage tread
And sordid gaze. E'en now, the sun appears
A king of glory, and the breathing world
Like some vast instrument of magic sound
A thousand melodies of life awakes!
The sky is covered with her isles of cloud,
That flash or float as sun and wind command,
The air is balm, her breeze a living joy!—
My heart is dumb with an exceeding bliss
Of light and beauty, pouring in from day's
Enchantment; while beneath you vernal hill,
In shadowy sport reflecting cloud and sky,

* There is joy in heaven, &c.—*Matthew's Gospel.*

elements prepare

bosoms swell;

adorn'd,

eam will stars advance

as there they shine,

Thus will night begin,

in a dim repose,

come down upon the soul,

within her holy spell!

so may sabbaths end

the wings of Time

ETERNAL SABBATH reigns!—

ries begin and end

glorious synonyme of Thee,

th' interminable Heav'ns!

that roll'd down Adam's cheek,

of living bosoms now,

ness,—still our God is Love!

END OF BOOK III.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

O, Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness.—*Paradise Lost, book xii.*

Jesus upon His pregnant words—imagine the awful serenity of His heart—stand by while He calls the dead from the bier—behold Him stilling the winds—hear Him remit sins—follow Him to the mount of death—thus walking side by side with Jesus.—The Mystical History of Salvation.

K THE FOURTH.

———

…infinite, Goodness immense!
…greatest of evil shall produce
…its good; more wonderful
…which by creation first brought forth
…of darkness!—*Paradise Lost*, book xii.

…ment words—imagine the awful serenity of
…while He calls the dead from the bier—behold
…—hear Him remit sins—follow Him to the
…walking side by side with Jesus.—The
…Christian.

ANALYSIS OF BOOK IV.

The glorious manifestation of Truth in the appeal of the Baptist—approach of Christ—to be baptized—Jesus led by the Spirit into the Wilderness—the temptation described—Angels sent to console Him—Luke's account of the temptation—His Ministry as the Redeemer of the world—Power and majesty of His Into and Doctrines.—The Miracle—[illegible] Jesus goes to Jerusalem.—The [illegible] prepared with the ancient glories.—[illegible] at the celebration of which Christ [illegible] in the Temple.—Miraculous expulsion [illegible] Sabbath.—A [illegible] and visit to the Saviour by night.—Jesus at the death of the Baptist hastens to Galilee.—[illegible] through Samaria.—Recovery—Nobleman [illegible] Miracle.—He travels [illegible] word of Christ.—His appearance [illegible] Synagogue [illegible] Jesus [illegible] His attention [illegible] description of a bullock [illegible] Illness [illegible] Synagogue—Casting [illegible] [illegible]—Luke's account of the Miracle—His [illegible] and mercies [illegible] power they exhibited contrast [illegible] they recollect, is to be [illegible] the whole family of Man.

...ERS OF BOOK IV.

...ts of Truth in the appeal of the Baptist,—... be baptised.—Jesus led by the Spirit into ... Temptation described—Angels sent to com... served. He commences His Ministry as the ...—Purity and majesty of His Life and Doc... —The Marriage in Cana.—Jesus goes to ... state of Jerusalem, compared with her ... Passover described, at the celebration of ...—His entrance to the Temple.—Miraculous ... Nicodemus, his character, and visit to ...—Jesus, on the death of the Baptist, hastens ... the Jews.—His journey through Samaria—... —Interview with the Woman of Samaria. ...—The Nobleman's Son healed by a word ... in the Synagogue—is expelled from ... countrymen—led to the brow of a hill.— ... instant destruction.—Capernaum—Lake ...—Miraculous Draught of Fishes.—Confes... of the Crowd who witnessed the Miracle ... an innumerable number of divine deeds ... adduced from Miracles—The power they ... be fathomed; but the principle which they incul... —for it teaches boundless Love to the whole ...

BOOK IV.

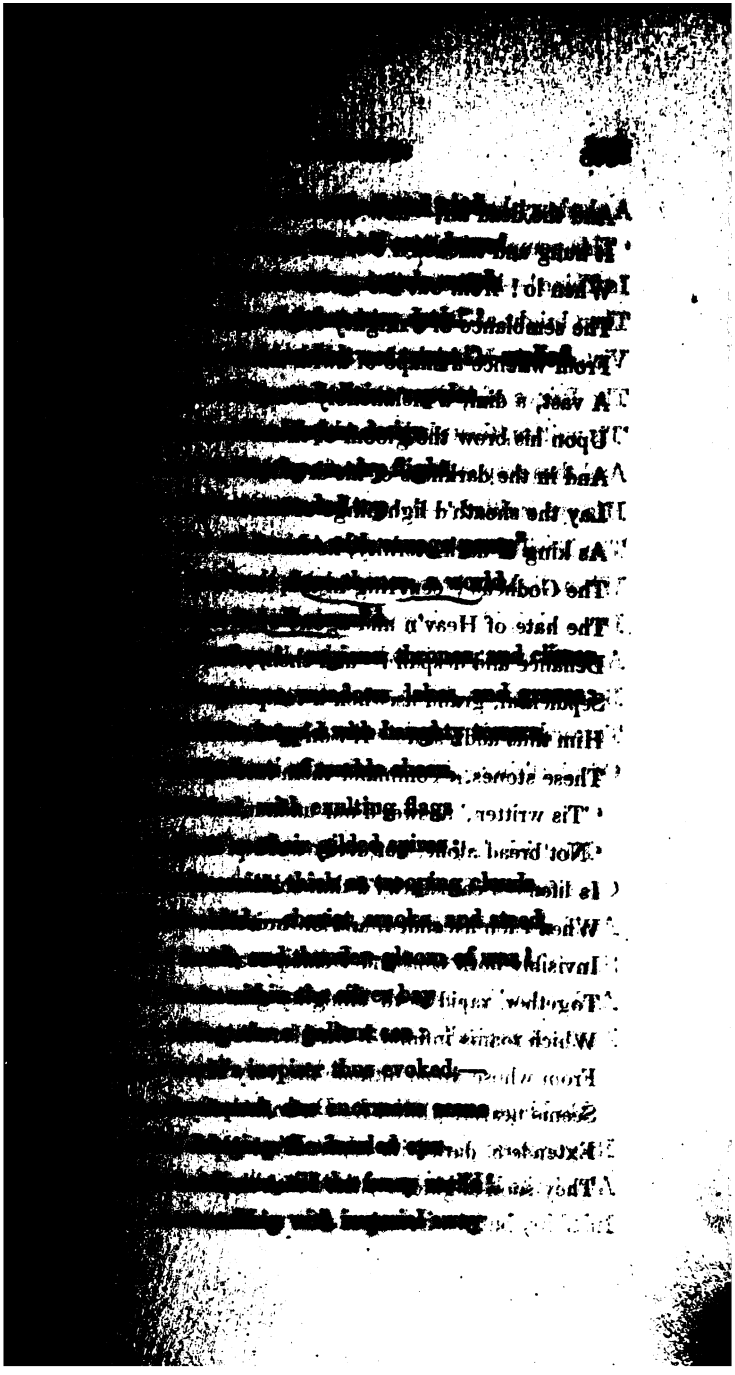
O, who can measure the exalted might
Of truth, deliver'd by a daring soul,
Till conscience trembled, like the world's great sire
At that ' Where art thou ?' earth's Creator spake !—
A brow irradiate with divinest thought,
An eye majestic, and a voice like Heav'n's,
Were his, who usher'd in th' expected God!
From out to palace rose his high reproof;
Wherever wander'd in the realm of vice
The heart of man,—' Repent ye !' sounded there.

Then marvel then, Messiah's self appear'd
In John embodied, till the people cried,
With loud impatience,—' Art thou Christ, the true ?'
With water I indeed baptize and bless ;
But One shall come, transcendently sublime,
Of me, the very latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unbind !—with fire,

BOOK IV.

[redacted]

Or choral fairness, but with shade as dire
And cold, as Death on youthful spirit blows;
Sad grew the air, and soon th' affrighted leaves
And branches from the crouching forest send
A wizard moaning, till the wild-bird shriek'd,
Or flutter'd, and in dens of deepest gloom
The lion shook, and dreadful monsters glared!
Tremendous are ye, ever-potent storms,
In wild magnificence of sound and scene!
Watch'd on the mountains, in convulsive play,
Or from the ocean-margin, when the sea
With her Creator wrestles! and we hear
The fancied wings of everlasting Power
In wrath and gloom fly sweeping o'er the world!
But when hath tempest, since a deluge roar'd,
The pale earth shaken, like that stormy rage
That tore the desert, while Messiah mused!
Then God to hands infernal seem'd to trust
The helm of Nature, while a chaos drove
The elements to combat!—night and storm,
And rain and whirlwind, in their frenzied wrath
Triumphant, while aloft unnat ral clouds
Hung o'er the sky the imag ry of Hell!—
Not hence alone tempestuous horror sprung;
To aid the Tempter, shapes of ghastly light,
With phantoms, grim beyond a maniac's dream,
To thunder, darkness, and dread midnight given!



to roam,

tracks of peaceful light,

from the book divine

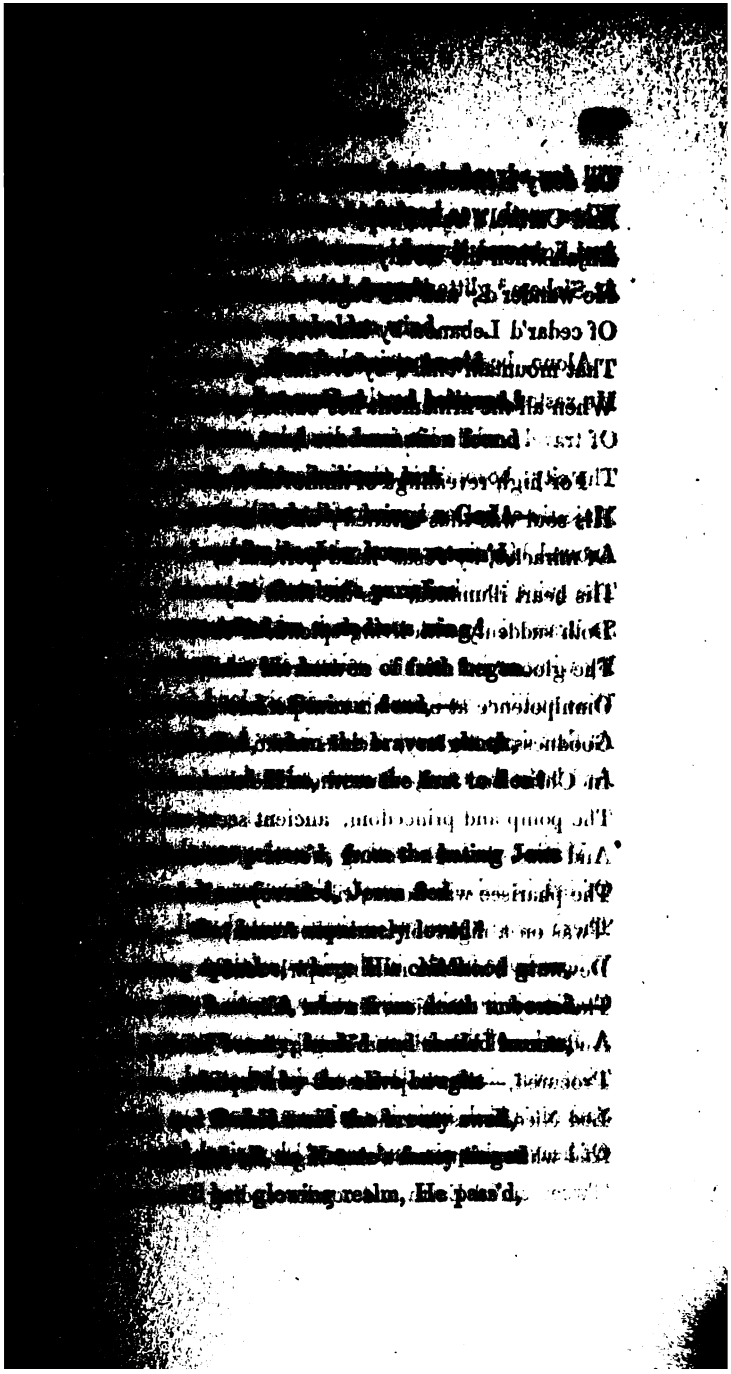
beyond ambition's jar,

beside her Saviour die.

Or Rome, the miracle of mighty arms,

To such high city came Salvation's Prince,

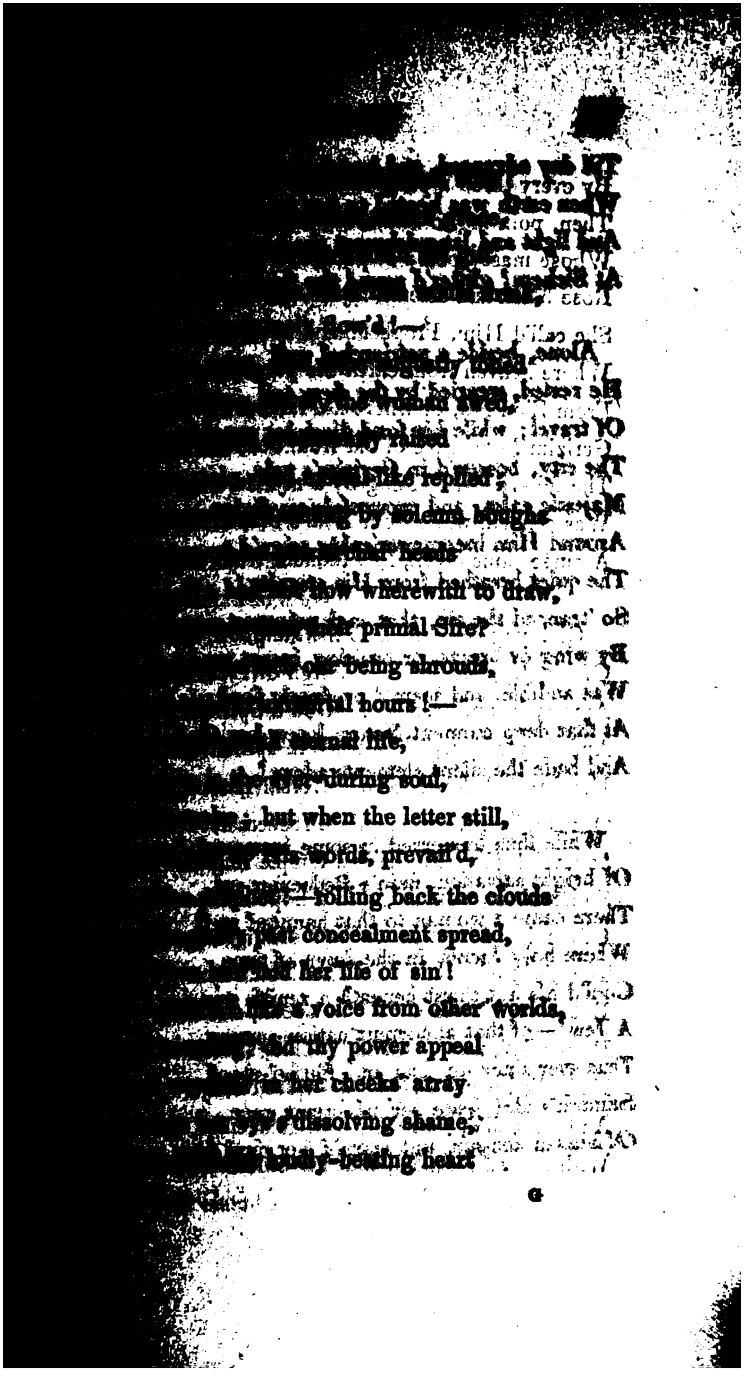
forsaking the God!



The day advanced, and hot the breathless noon
When earth was hushed to her inmost core, [illegible]
And light and languishment the lovin [illegible]
At Sichem's glitter'd round the Saviour's form [illegible]

Alone, beside a patriarchal well
He rested, wearied by the fiery toil
Of travel; while his fond disciples sought
The city, bosom'd in Gerisim's vale.
Majestic calm, and mournfulness divine,
Around Him incommunicably reign'd,
The quiet breathed from His eternity!
So 'tranced the air, that each minutest sound
By wing or breeze, or basking insect made,
Was audible, and seem'd profanely loud
At that deep moment Nature knew her God,
And bade the silent elements adore!

While thus immersed in some immortal dream
Of bright salvation, man's Redeemer sat,
There came a woman to that haunted well
Whose holy Jacob, in the dawn of time,
Cool'd his hot thirst beneath a zenith sun—
A Jew!—of that abhorrent nation sprung,
That ever since on Dan and Bethel stood
Samaria's idol, bade her miscreant race
Of heaven despair, and scorn'd her rival fane.



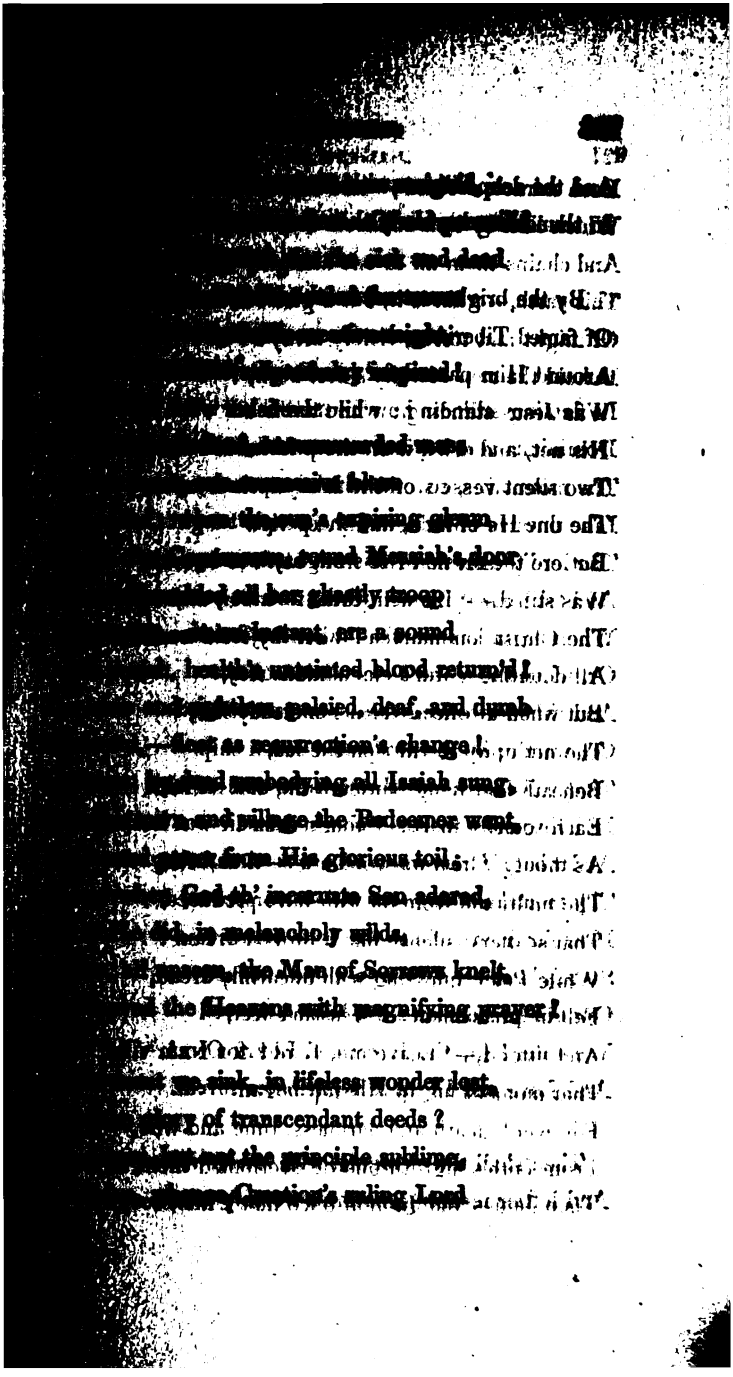
A nobleman, around whose only child
The shades of death were deepening, as His feet
With all the father mirror'd in his eyes,
Sunk prostrate; and in tones that tore the heart
With dreadful truth, His healing power besought
To sooth the madness of parental woe,
And back to life a dying son recall!
'Thy son is living!'—so the Godhead spake,
And he who trusted, found his faith's reward.
And thus for ever His unwearied arm
Is present; wheeling forth the worlds of night,
Or waved in mercy round the fate of man.

But His it was, though all divinely meek
Each virtue shone, to drink the bitter cup!
As in the synagogue, when call'd as wont
From out th' assembly, to unroll and read
The haphtoroth, a deadened language now
To life upon His lips!—there all in vain
The fulness of angelic wisdom spake,
By Him commanded, and the Christ declared.
Their eyes were dark, they saw but Joseph's son.
But when of miracles for Gentiles work'd
Alone, while famish'd Israel droop'd in dust,
And on the heavens immitigably seal'd
From dawn to midnight turn'd her mournful gaze.
When such he mention'd, to convict the age,
The living frame of that assembly shook

With passion! not an eye but glared revenge!
And, fell as tigers, savagely they sprung,
And bore Him upward to the rocky hill
Where hung their city; down whose awful depth
To atoms they had hurl'd the Saviour-God!
But, in a moment, by its dizzy brink
Each eye was dazzled! and a Pow'r unknown
Invisibly the human chaos quell'd:—
In the full whirlwind of their fiercest ire
They soften'd to a breeze-like calm, that died
To utter stillness, when the crowd beheld
Their Victim, passing through the parted throng
Unhurt!—as he who faced a fiery death,
And walk'd the furnace with the Son of Man!

To thee, Capernaum! by Messiah blest
And haunted, turn we now our solemn gaze.
There, mead and hamlet, mountain, shore, and plain
His presence felt, His mighty works enjoy'd;
While Nature to each theme of glory lent
Her own sweet magic, imag'ry, and power.
And seest thou, girdled in by barren wilds,
Yon blue expanse?—Gennesareth is there!
Quiescent now as meditation's hour,
Yon lake of beauty in the noontide laughs;
But when a hurricane with Syrian roar
Descends the mountain, and her calm defies,
Then, Chinnereth! thy sleeping might awakes,

And the deep [illegible]
In thund'ring [illegible]
[illegible]
By the bright [illegible]
Of famed Tiberias, whose a wondering [illegible]
Around Him panted for immortal truth
Was Jesus standing; while the fisher wash'd
His net, and dried it on the pebbled shore:
Two silent vessels on the lake reposed;
The one He enter'd, and the people taught;
But ere the music of His mighty words
Was still'd,—'Launch forth! and let your nets down
The Christ commanded: worn by fruitless toil,
All doubtingly did Peter's hand obey:
But when at once, with its enormous load
The net uprose! till e'en the laden ship
Beneath her living burden sank, and reel'd,
Each sound departed! tongueless air was hush'd,
As though Creation wonder'd!—then, a cry
The multitude from off the shore produced,
That scatter'd silence like a broken dream!
While Peter, quiv'ring with unearthly thrill,
Fell in amazement at Messiah's feet,
And utter'd,—'Leave me, Lord! for I am vile!'
That moment his apostleship began
For ever! death and darkness, time and woe,
From faith's high throne he overlook'd them all!
Then James and John at once that Christ revered,



Each miracle derived;—and that is love,
Which link by link connects a thousand worlds,
And chains them all to *one* almighty Throne!
This earth,—what is it, but a glorious mass
Of might and terror, visibly array'd?
Behold the sun, eternity's first-born,
In flaming stillness how he travels on
Dominions vast beyond extent to name!
The mountains, cover'd with mysterious calm,
Like thrones of immortality, or view
The lordly hills that rise from earth to heaven,
And take our spirit with them!—moon and star,
When night has marshall'd her majestic worlds,—
Or, when the storm's ejaculations rise,
And thunder bellows from his cloudy lair,
Go, wander by the antiquated sea,
That rolls her music through the soul of man
In living echo to her Maker's voice!
And what, if thus when all are seen and felt,
Thy mortal nothingness with terror prove,
How far from Infinite the finite stands!—
So might it be, if Power alone subdued
Our comprehension: but behind the veil
We enter! lo, the High and Lofty One!
And Love and Light His attributes reveal.

Then shall the elements, with louder voice
And loftier meaning, nature's worship teach,

Then shall the elements, with louder voice,
And loftier meaning, nature's worship teach,

BOOK THE FIFTH.

——— All the stars
Thou know'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea.—MILTON.

ANALYSIS OF BOOK V.

...OF BOOK V.

...employed when devoted to a contemplation of Redemption.—The Sermon on the ...necessary of its doctrines—The measureless ...in the world since first promulgated.—...A leper cleansed—Escapes from the mul... Him to be their king—Passage over the ... and affright of the disciples—Jesus rebukes ...calm.—The demoniac—A description of ...—The demons are expelled, and their victim ...impossible for human pen to paint or express ... of the Redeemer's actions and character.—The ...His youth, education, sickness, and death.... ...Arrival of the Saviour—His miraculous dis... ...the spirit to life.—From hence Messiah ... a night in prayer, and on the morrow ...—Then pass in retrospective view their triumphs ... are recalled by the associations and scenes of ... between the Saviour and Mahomet.—Jesus ...Calls to life the widow's son—Description of the ... on the tenderness of Christ in His conduct to ...—Christ again at Jerusalem.—Cures a ... of Siloam.—The Jews' mock observance of the ... but by imitation of Christ.—Messiah enters ...—Feeds a multitude—Reflections on this ...—Our strange neglect of the wonderful love ... God to man.—The disciples embark on the lake ...ance of Christ walking the waters—Peter's faith ... taught by his presumption.—The Transfigu... ...the dominant principle in the disciples' souls.— ...children, and proposes them as examples of ... should be.—The woman taken in adultery—Her ... and subdued by conscience.—The feast of ... of Lazarus.—Christ's triumphant entry through ...—The widow's mite.—The Saviour's last fare... ...—His prediction of its terrible fate—A vision

BOOK V.

Devolved, to thine all-wondrous plan,
Redemption?—vast beyond the vastest dream,
That circles round the comprehending soul,
Thy power extendeth!—nature's utmost bounds,
From earth to heav'n, from heav'n to higher worlds,
And higher still, till gasping wonder fails!—
Immensity, and all Eternal Mind
Created, fills, or may hereafter frame,
Redeemer! Thou wilt reign as Lord of all!

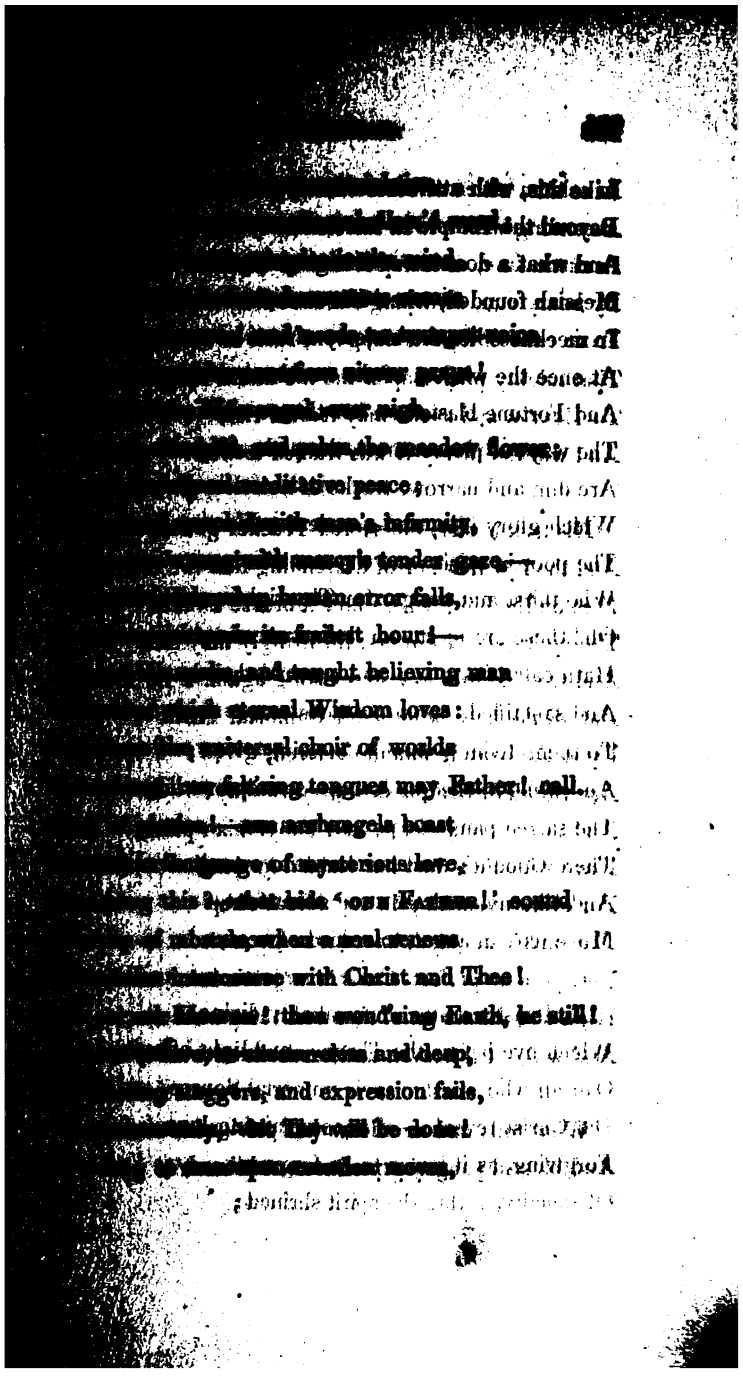
But lo! the mount, whereon Messiah sat
And taught; while multitudes, with lifted gaze,
And soul that listen'd with suspended breath,
Beneath Him swarm'd, to drink eternal life,
Whose fountain issued from the throne of God!—
The spring was forth; young loveliness and bloom
Her reign attested; trees and meadows flash'd
With verdant lustre, while the shaken flowers
Their scent and beauty to the breeze resign'd,
With playful murmur. From its snowy top,
A bright extent of ever-changing view,
The beatific mount o'ergazed: from thence
Gilboa, where amid the chariot rush
Of Philistines, the dying Saul despair'd,
Was seen to lift her Pyrenean crags
And cloudlike spires; Gennesaret's

* Vide Wilson's Travels; and Maundrell's Journey.

endowed

Like this, with exultation of holy delight,
Beyond the Temple in her earliest bloom,
And what a doctrine of almighty depth
Messiah founded, when His truth declared,
In meekness lies the majesty of man!
At once the wisdom of the world was dimm'd,
And Fortune blasted on her throne of lies!
The ways of pleasantness, the paths of peace,
Are dim and narrow, tracks of noiseless gloom,
Which glory flies, and grandeur seldom walks!
The poor in spirit, and the meek in heart,
Who thirst and hunger for Thy righteous Word,
Oh! these are blest, for Thine unerring voice
Hath call'd them so; and crown'd their lowly lot,
And sanctified the unrebellious tear:
To them divinely was the blessing given;
And while in shed or cottage, swamp or wild,
The sacred pangs of poverty endure,
There Goodness and her Lord may constant meet,
And Charity, with soft and silent foot,
Move like an angel, to a deed of heaven!

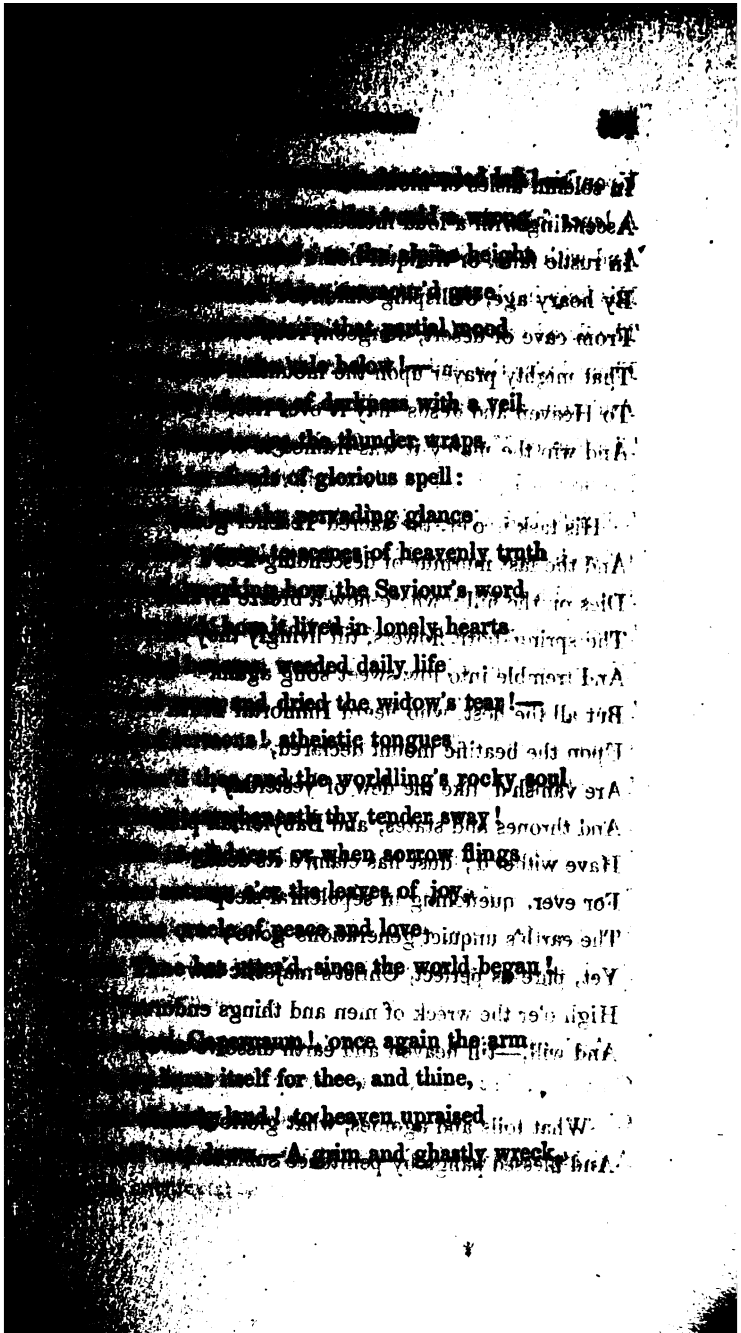
And vaster truths, unspeakably divine,
Which live before the Throne, and light effuse
O'er all who worship their immortal Source,
Did Christ reveal—of uncomplaining love,
Forgiving, as it hopes to be forgiven;
Of sanctity, within the spirit shrined;



In solemn tones of monumental glory
Ascending with a loud melodious story
In rustic fane, or tranquil home beloved
By hoary age, or sleeping childhood breathed
From cave or desert, dungeon, rock or sea,
That mighty prayer upon the mountain taught,
To Heaven and Jesus may it ever rise,
And win the mercy it was framed to woo!

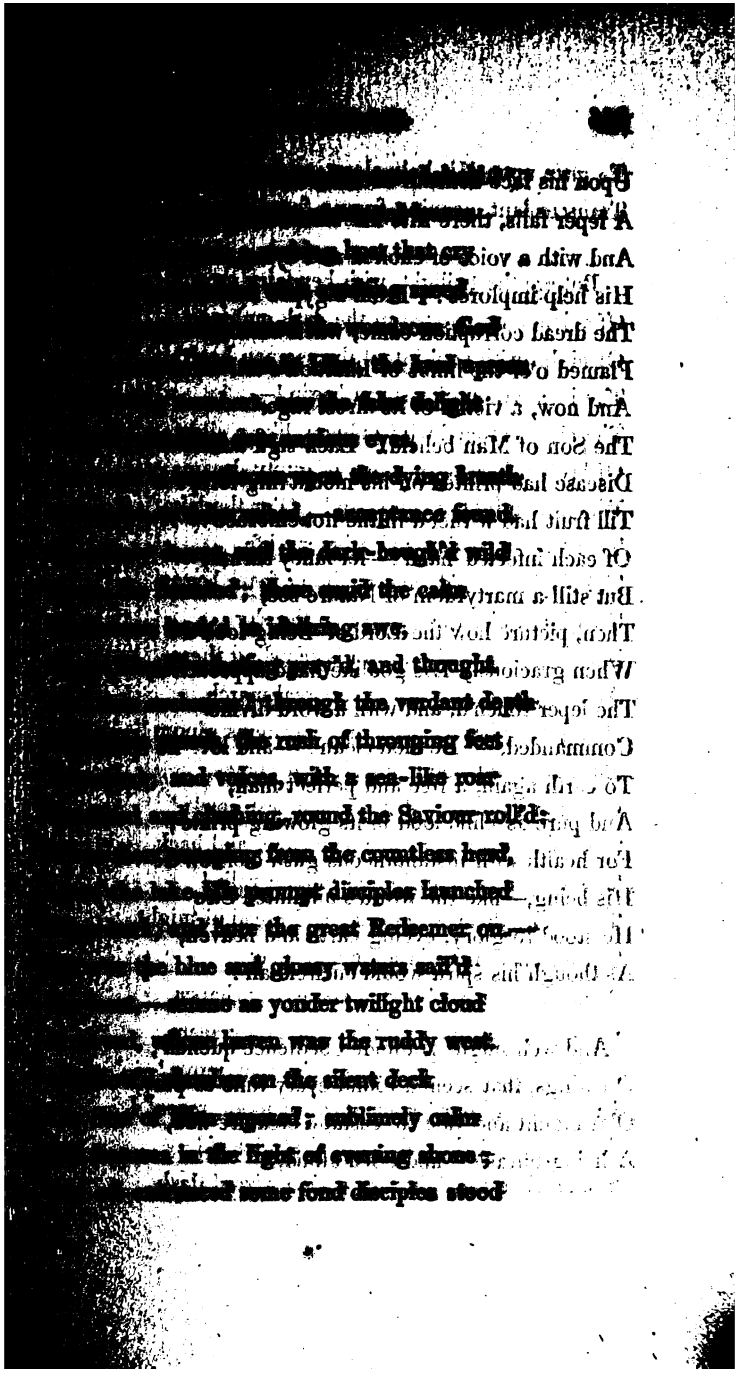
His task is o'er, the sacred Teacher gone,
And the last murmur of descending feet
Dies on the hill; where now a breeze awaked
The spring-born flowers, till livingly they stir,
And tremble into low sweet song again.
But all the host, who heard Immortal Truth
Upon the beatific mount declared,
Are vanish'd, like the dew of yesterday!
And thrones and states, and Babylonian piles
Have wither'd, dust has claim'd its deads
For ever, quenching in sepulchral sleep
The earth's unquiet generations gone!
Yet, pure as perfect, Christ's majestic law
High o'er the wreck of men and things endures!
And will,—till heaven and earth dissolve away!

What toils and agonies, what glorious trials
And blessed pangs by penitence sublimed,



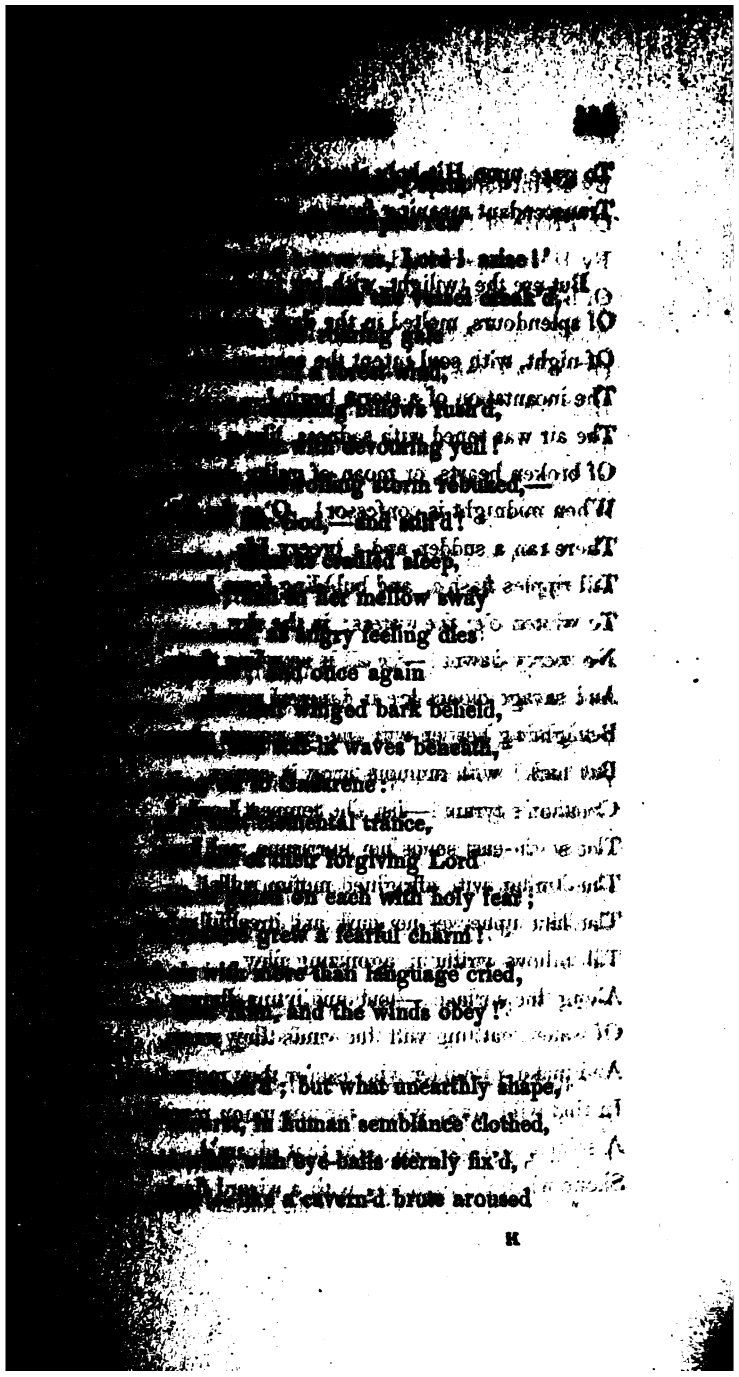
Upon his fate [illegible]
A leper falls, there [illegible]
And with a voice of [illegible]
His help implored:—From [illegible]
The dread corruption came, when burning [illegible]
Flamed o'er the limbs of Pharaoh's [illegible]
And now, a victim of its direst rage,
The Son of Man beheld. Each sign accursed
Disease had printed on his mould'ring form:
Till fruit had wither'd in the hot embrace
Of each infected hand:—let fancy shrink,
But still a martyrdom of Nature see;
Then, picture how the Lord of Being look'd
When graciously His godlike hand approached,
The leper touch'd, and with a word divine
Commanded,—"Be thou clean!"—and lo! he sprung
To earth again, a free and perfect man,
And pure as childhood in its glowing prime,
For health with instantaneous gush o'erflow'd
His being,—like the world's untainted Sire
He stood in glory, eyeing earth and heaven,
As though his spirit would encircle all!

And well might gratitude obedience quickly,
On wings, that seem'd round every limb to play,
O'er mount and vale th' ecstatic creature bear,
A living miracle! and cried aloud,



To gaze upon His holy sleep, and draw
Transcendant meaning from a face divine!

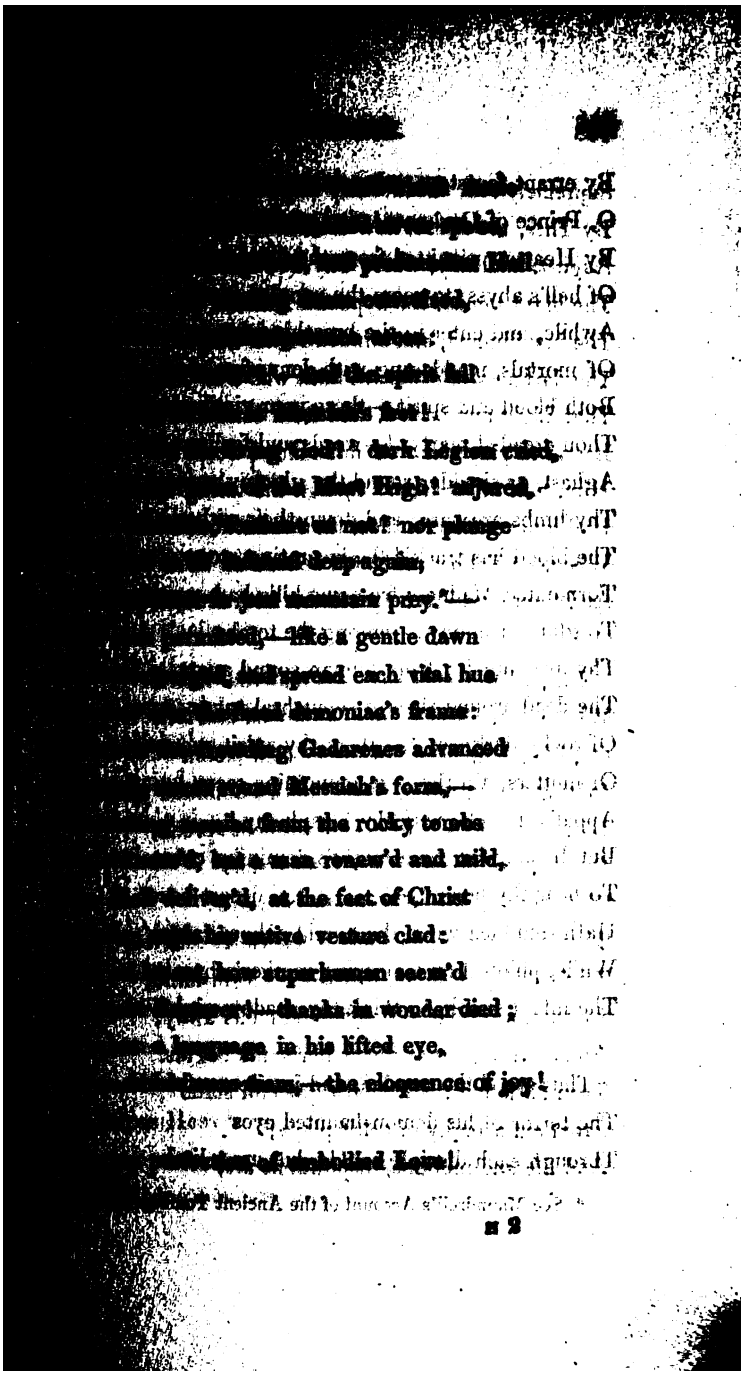
But ere the twilight, with her fairy crowd
Of splendours, melted in the dark embrace
Of night, with soul intent the seaman heard
The incantation of a storm begin!—
The air was toned with sadness, like a sigh
Of broken hearts, or moan of guilty dreams
When midnight is confessor! O'er the lake
There ran a sudden and a breezy life,
Till ripples flash'd, and bubbling foam began
To whiten o'er the waters: in the sky
No mercy dawns!—for all is scowling there,
And savage clouds are in funereal march,
Benighting heaven with one enormous gloom!—
But hark! with ominous array it comes,
Creation's tyrant!—list, the tempest howls!
The south-east sends her hurricane, and back
The Jordan with affrighted motion rolls!
The lake upheaves her dark and dreadful might,
Till billows writhe in agonizing play
Along the surface!—loud and living shapes
Of water, battling with the winds they seem,
And make a thunder wheresoe'er they move!—
In that wild hour, when star nor moon reveal'd
A solace, and the only light that gleam'd
Shone when the lightning with a wizard flash



By errant footsteps, when the whelps are nigh
O, Prince of Darkness! and ye Powers of hell
By Heaven permitted from the fiery deep
Of hell's abyss, to roam the peopled earth
Awhile, and enter in the breathing frame
Of mortals, maddening with demonian rage
Both blood and spirit,—there your victim stands,
Thou dreaded martyr!—words and feelings fly
Aghast, or shudder round thy gloomy pangs!
Thy limbs are bare, and down their wither'd length
The blood has track'd the lacerating stone
Tormented Madness from the hills hath wrung
To glut her agony!—among the tombs
Thy dwelling is; from human sound apart,
The dead around thee in sepulchral caves
Of rocky darkness *,—there thy spirit mocks,
Or mutters, till the very mountains seem
Appall'd to echo with thy blasphemy!
But dreader far, when night's dominion comes,
To hear thy howlings!—e'en the desert beast
Hath trembled when the horrid echoes rang
While, pillow'd on a sleeping mother's breast,
The infant shook, to think thy shadow might

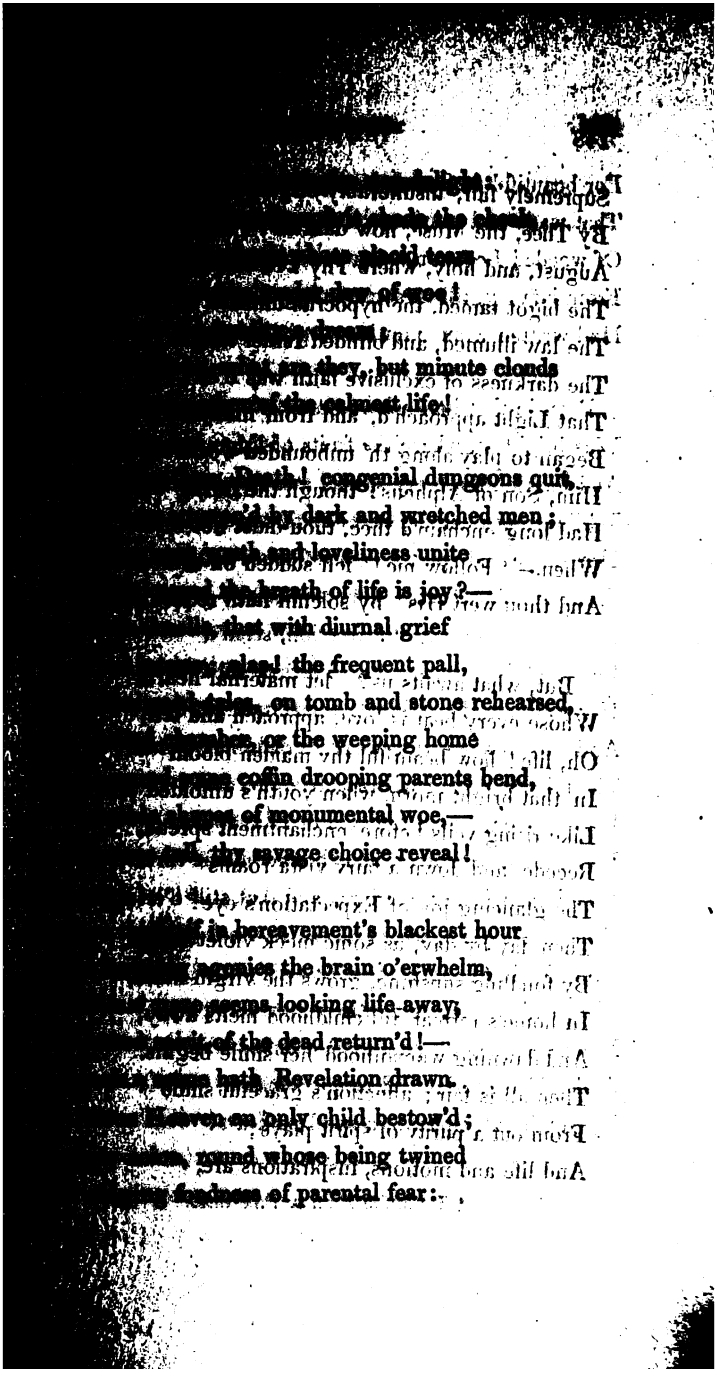
Thus stood the maniac, and in silence drank
The terror of his demon-haunted eyes
Through each disciple soul!—but ere a limb

* See Maundrell's Account of the Ancient Tombs, &c.



Supremely fair, insufferably bright,
By Thee, the Muse, how dazzled!—all is deepened
August, and holy, where Thy Presence rules;
The bigot tamed, the hypocrite unmask'd,
The law illumed, and blinded Israel taught
The darkness of exclusive faith was o'er,
That Light approach'd, and from immortal depths,
Began to play along th' unbounded world!—
Him, Son of Alpheus! though the luring world
Had long enchain'd thee, thou didst not refuse,
When,—'Follow me!' fell sudden on thine ear,
And thou wert His! by solemn faith redeem'd.

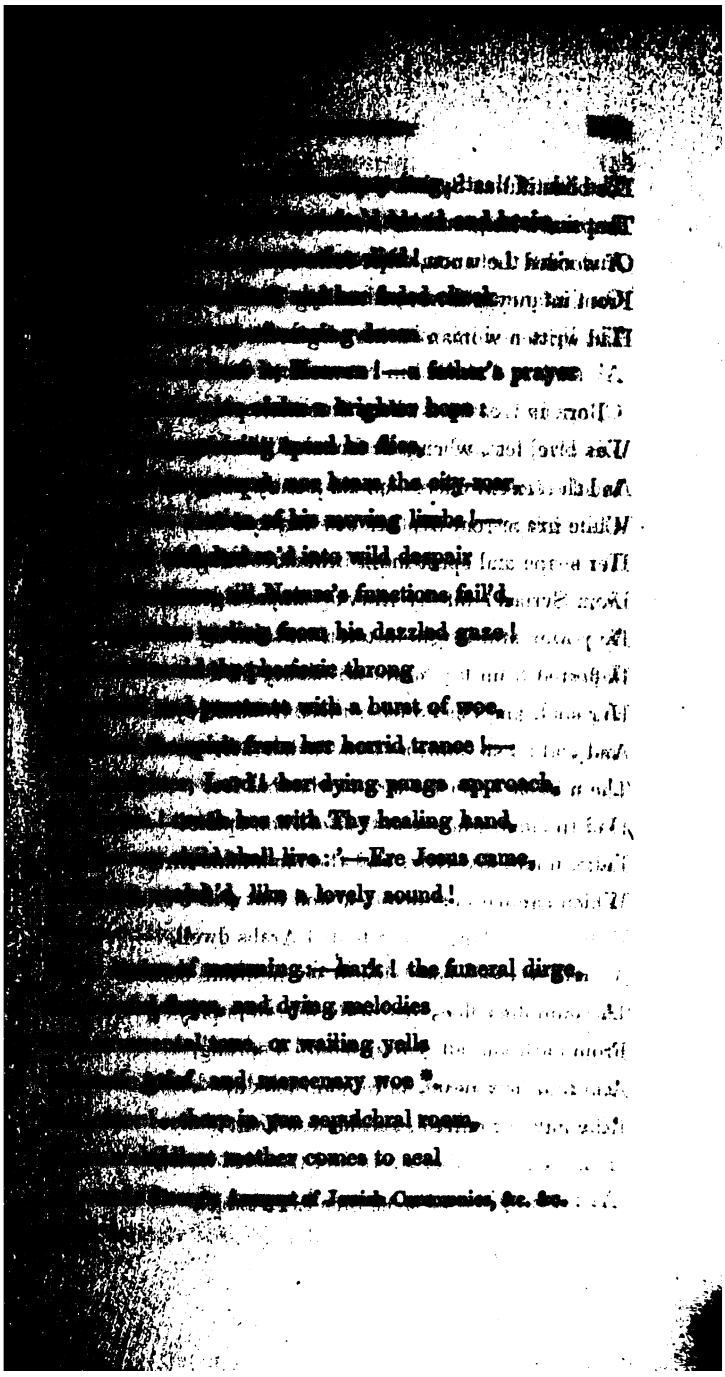
But, what awaits us?—let maternal hearts
Whose every beat is love, approach and tell,
Oh, life! how beautiful thy maiden bloom
In that bright morn, when youth's unfolded years,
Like rising veils before enchantment spread,
Recede, and down a fairy vista roams
The glancing joy of Expectation's eye!
Then day by day, as some meek violet rear'd
By fondling sunshine, grows the virgin mind,
In home's retreat, till childhood melts away,
And dawning womanhood her smile begins.
Then all is fair; affection's graceful shine
From out a purity of spirit plays,
And life and motions, inspirations are,



For beautiful as Syria's beauty flushes
That wave and summer on the shady slopes
Of wooded Lebanon,—her form had grown
From infancy, till now, revealing Time
Had written woman on her virgin cheek.

Born in that land where Summer's pregnant bosom
Was brightest, where the fruits of Eden hung,
And the rich mulberry spread a snowy blossom,
While grapes empurpled ev'ry terraced hill,—
Her shape and spirit magic influence caught
From Syria's clime of glory;—nature's grace,
By power of exquisite attraction, seem'd
Reflected from it; light and beauty fill'd
Her soul, and flash'd from those irradiate eyes.
And walk'd she not, as Israel's daughter would,
The mighty scenes where patriarchal feet
Had trodden, where the God of Zion spake!—
Lake, fount, and river, and the mountains through
Which camp'd her warriors, and that still o'erlook
Esdraelon's plain, where tented Arabs dwell,
Around whose home, when dewy nightfall comes,
The gambling flocks to reedy murmurs play,
From each and all pure inspiration sprang,
And told how beautiful religion look'd,
By youth enteroped in a spotless heart?

See Malte Brun on Palestine.



The lids of death, and on the marble lip
Imprint a long-laid kiss,—the parting kiss
And shun the worm of putrefaction feeds
On that young form, of beauty's finest mould
The light and life of twelve enchanted years
All sunk and shaded in remorseless dust!
O, agony! could thawing tears the soul
Dissolve, let suff'ring nature shed them now
While o'er thy cheek, so eloquently pale,
Once full of rosy life, her bending eye
With dreadful speculation broods,—beloved,
And blessed! all thy winning ways and smiles,
Thy look and laugh, in one sweet throng return
Upon her, till thy warm and living breath
Again is playing round affection's heart!
But, ah! her frame's convulsive heave, the spirit
As if in that chaotic gloom of mind
When feeling is our only faith, the soul
Would rive the body, and at once be free,
Betokens thou art death, and she despair!

Believe, and fear not! in the blackest cloud
A sunbeam hides; and from the deepest pang
Some hidden mercy may a God declare!
There as she stood, delirious, rack'd, and wild,
The Saviour enter'd, and his soothing glance
Fell on the mother's torn and troubled heart,
As moonlight on the ocean's haggard waves

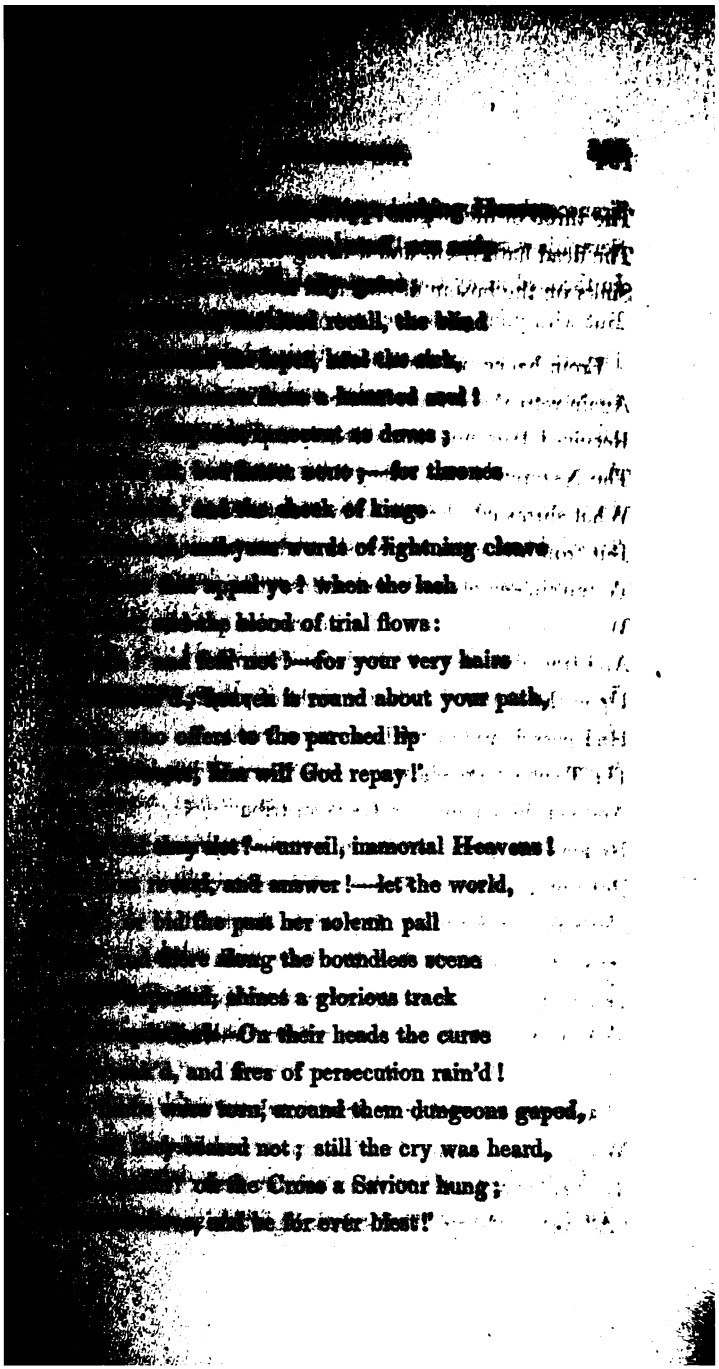
enough for man to know,

dying fall,

The [illegible]
The dead hath risen, and a living child
Sinks on the bosom of maternal love!

From hence, to Galilee the Prince of Life
Again retreated: there His own beloved
Received Him not, but savagely repell'd
The Nazarene: alas! they little dreamt
What shrouded glory lived in Mary's Son!
But from the vain, whom pomp alone allured,
To multitudes of meek and aidless men,
Who faint and scatter'd for instruction pined,
And tractable, the mild Redeemer turn'd.
Upon the mountain when a night of prayer
Had pass'd, and awful Invocation knelt,
The Twelve were chosen,—gifted, arm'd, inspired;
And yet, how poor!—a Galilean tribe
By man untaught, to wisdom's ranks unknown:
But not as ours, are Thine unfathom'd ways,
Jehovah! in the mean Thy might display'd
Its vastness; on the low Thy lofty truth
Descended; out of weakness wisdom sprung;
So light from darkness, worlds from nothing, caused.

And these were living oracles, whose voice
Was power,—whose doctrine, an eternal life!
To them was portion'd this almighty task:
'Advance! though Hell's dark legions rise, oppose



Transcendant [illegible]
Seraphic wreaths are twined, and ye above
In throned array the Co-eternal Three
But with your presence, not your power dubbed
Departed; still around us in their might
Recorded, mercies, miracles, and love
Divine are breathing;—by whose vital aye
Are sanction'd all that daily life enjoys
Of charity, protection, truth, and peace
The light of laws, the liberty of home,
Content, and all that makes a country dear

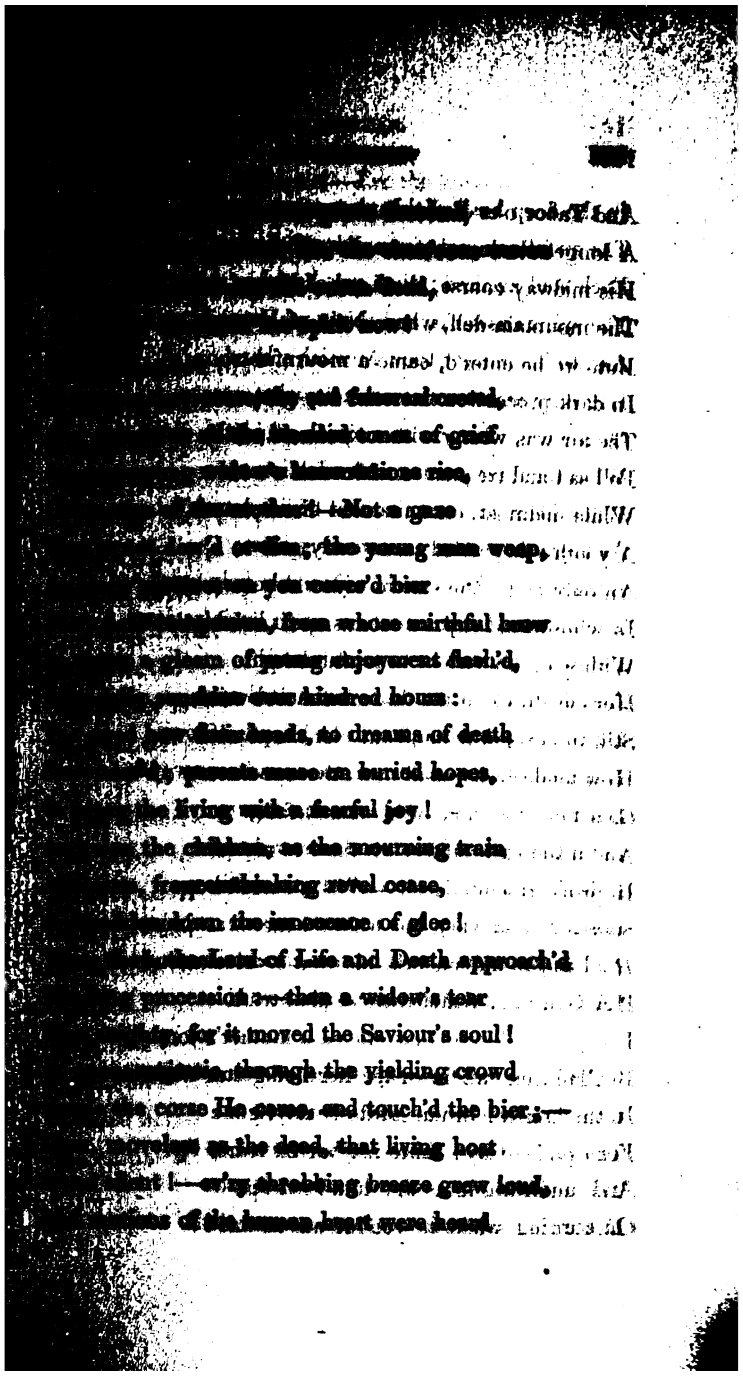
From what high armory, celestial band!
Were your bright weapons taken? Was your mouth
A pliant courtier, bending to the will
Tyrannic?—culling from each varied clime,
Or doctrine, some accordant hue to please
A passion, flatter doubt, or sooth despair
Or, did ye with the mind's undaunted truth
Condemn the vices of corrupted man?
Against the passions, wheresoe'er they ruled,
Ye march'd! and fought them in their fiercest hold,
Of lust and pride, and dark ambition's dream,
And hopes which make eternity a lie,
By moulding heaven to each infirm desire!

O, trav'ller! far from England's stirring clime,
To Syria wafted, in the trance of reason

based on earth indeed,

and to the heart alone appeal

And Tabor o'er [illegible]
A longer shade, when cooling [illegible]
His midway course, the Lord of Mercy [illegible]
The mountain-dell, where Nain of Hermon stands—
But, ere he enter'd, came a mournful troop
In dark procession from the city-gates:
The air was wrung with anguish; and the dirge
Fell sad and frequent on Messiah's ear!
While midmost, on a mantled bier upborne,
A youth was carried to an early grave;
An only child, the star of widow'd home,
In whose fond ray a mother's spirit lived!—
With what a sense of beautiful delight
Her ear drank in the father's fancied voice,
Still in her son triumphant o'er the tomb!
How tenderly her soul's creative eye
Gazed on the glory of his manly face,
And made each feature all the sire restore
In proud resemblance!—while a sacred hope
Survived, that when her widow'd race was done,
His hand would smooth, his gentle voice attend
Her dying bed; and tears of filial truth
Fall on the flowers that graced a mother's tomb!
But Heaven had frown'd,—her living star was [illegible]
In the bright morning of its beauty, gone
For ever!—Pity! thine are barren tears,
And unrefreshing as the thunder-drops
On burning sands, to woe intense as this!



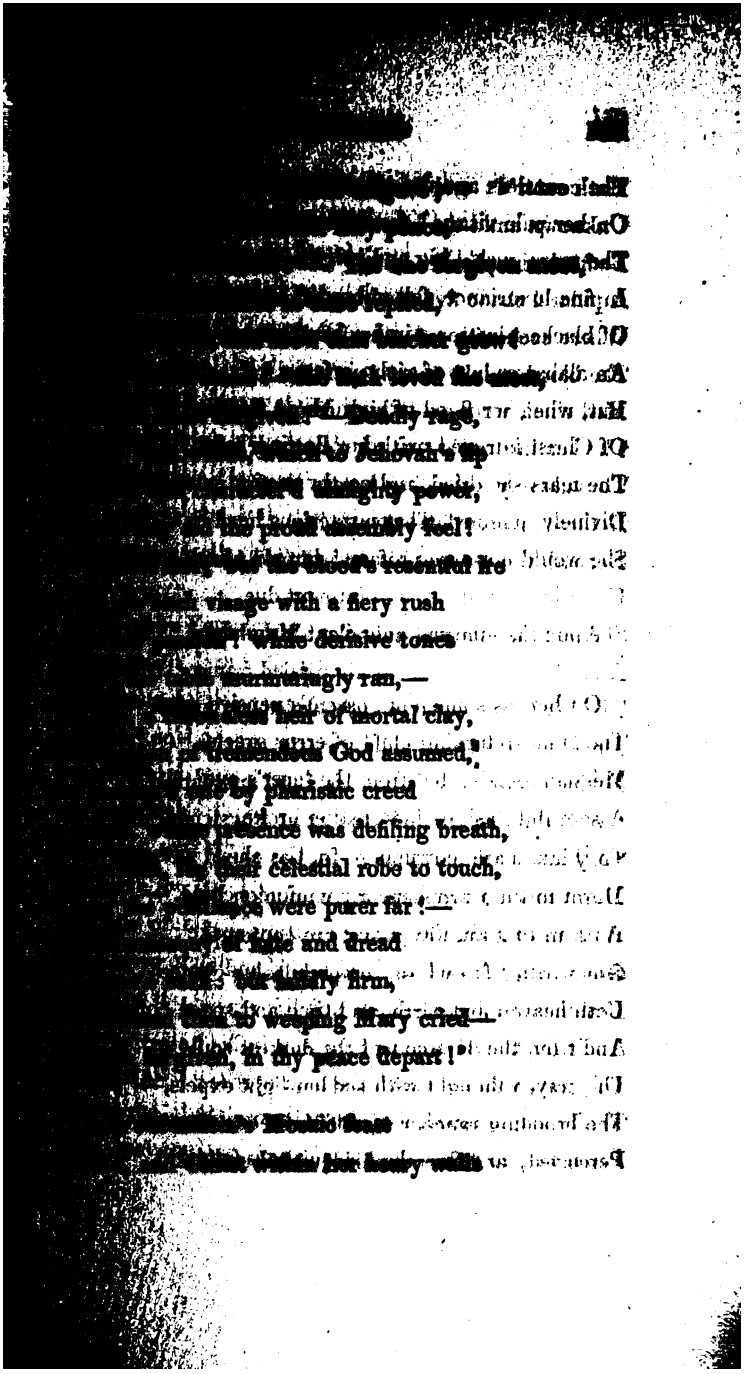
In the deep hush of this portentous hour!
The awful coming of some dread display
Each soul awaited; then was heard—'Arise!'—
The spirit answer'd, and the youth arose!
And to his mother took Messiah's hand
Her only child!—oh! ask not, what excess
Of rapture, what ecstatic shriek of joy,
What thrilling fires of new affection rose,
When heart to heart the heat of life return'd,
As there they stood, unutterably blest,
Each twined round each, affection's holy pair!—
The mountain-top, though daring clouds retreat,
Below it, oft victorious feet ascend;
And down the ocean have undaunted eyes
Descended; but the height and depth of love
Maternal,—who shall meet its boundless sway?
But rather witness, how one eager gaze
From the vast multitude's concenter'd awe
Is bent on Jesus!—dreadful light enrobes
His form, divinity His features wear,
And as He moves, in loud hosannahs rise—
'A God hath visited His people now!'

And thus, whene'er the tears of woman fall,
Compassion! in the Lord of pity view
Thy godlike semblance; never from His lip
The unfeeling language of a loud rebuke
Descended, when the soul of woman cried!

Redeemer; as He lay,

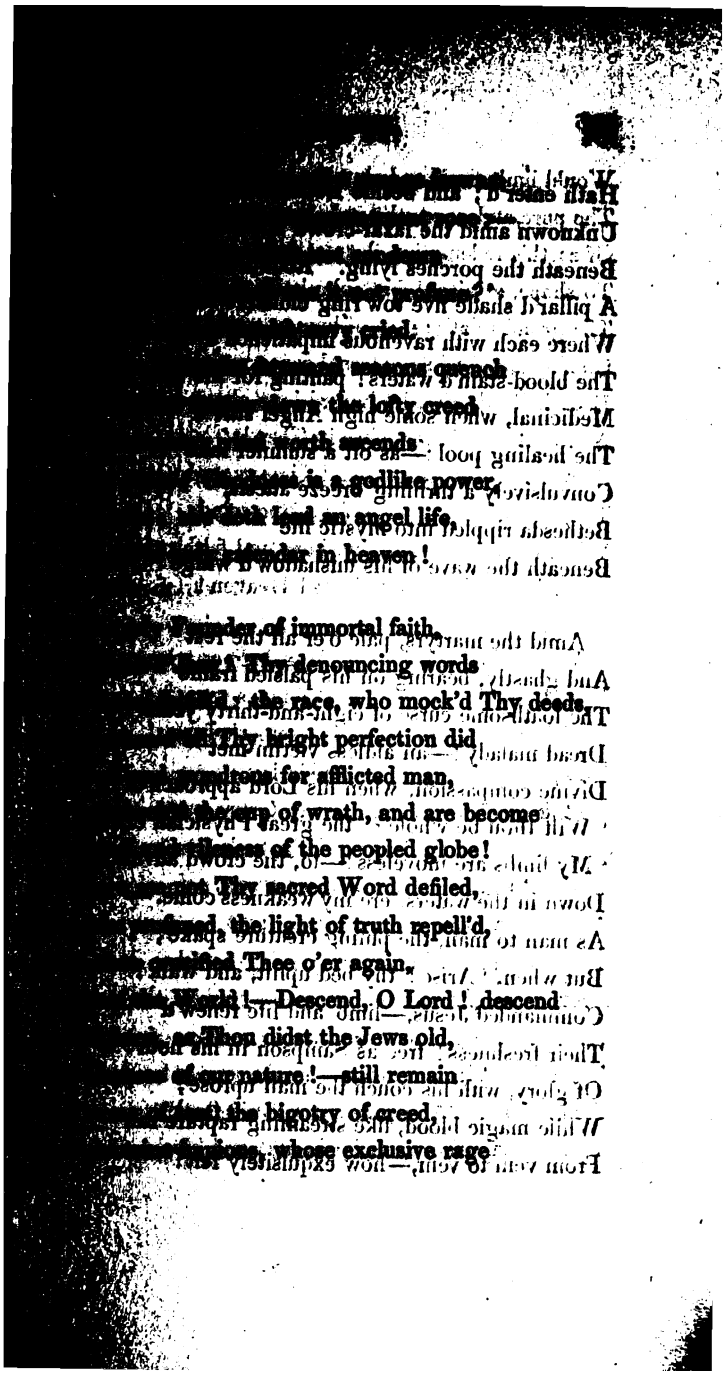
The countless agonies of guilty woe
On her pale visage! from whose haggard eyes
The tears gush'd big and bright, while down her face
In fine luxuriance, fell unheeded locks
Of blackest lustre:—in her hand appear'd
An alabaster box of rich perfume.
But, when her flood of anguish on the feet
Of Christ intruded, with her flowing hair
The tears she dried, and costly unction pour'd—
Divinely humbled, That mysterious head
She would not dare profane! but sin-abash'd,
Upon his feet alone, an ointment due
She pour'd,—the sad and silent Magdalene!

On her, as some meek parent's pensive gaze
The home-returning child of error greets,
Messiah look'd; but from the leper's eye
A scornful flash of indignation broke,
To think, a vile corruption, frail as she!
Might touch a prophet, or communion hold
With mortal sanctity:—yet ere contempt
Grew vocal, He whose comprehensive glance
Both heaven and earth, and time and space comprised,
And from the dungeon of the darkest soul
The craven thought with sudden light expell'd,—
The brooding rancour of self-righteous pride
Perceived, and thus the hidden soul unriddled,



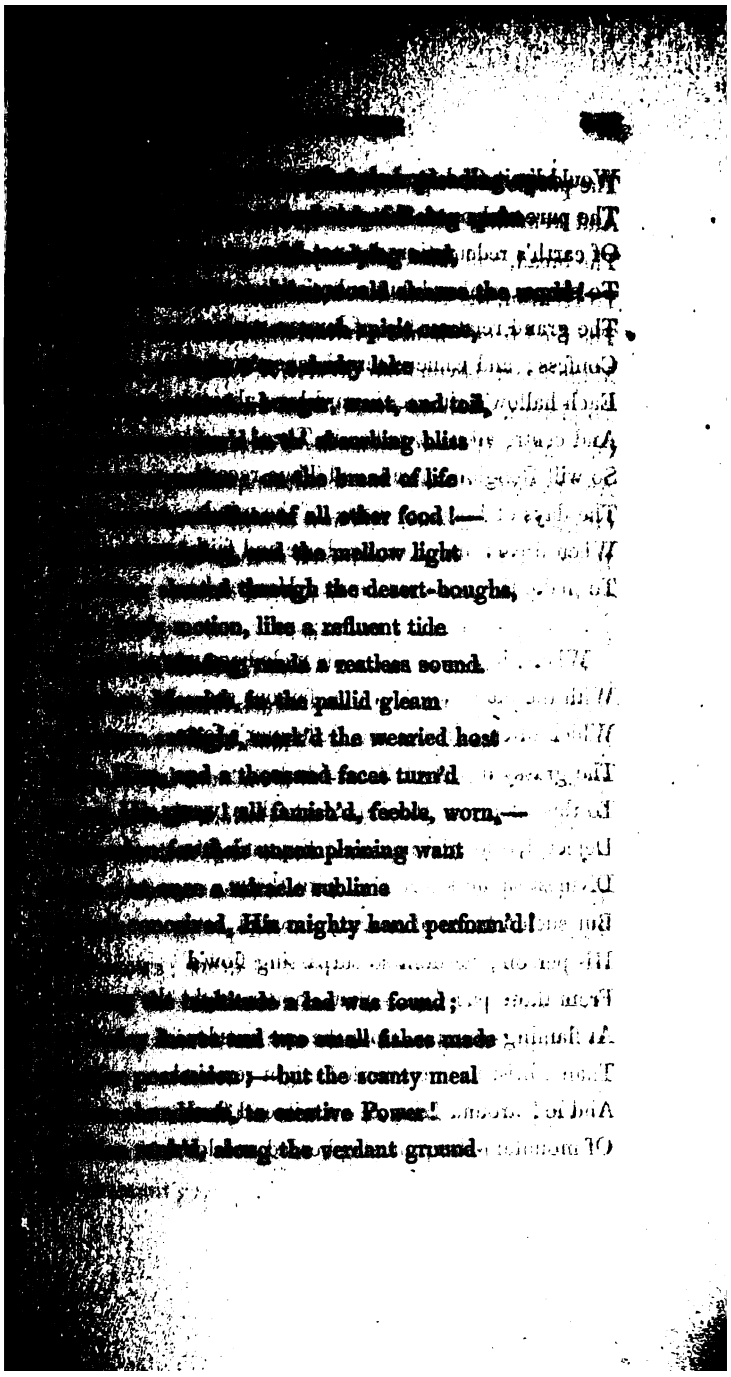
Hath enter'd, and stable Bethesda's pool.
Unknown amid the latter crowd appears,
Beneath the porches lying. Round the bath
A pillar'd shade five sorrowing cloisters threw,
Where each with ravenous impatience eyed
The blood-stain'd waters! panting for the hour
Medicinal, when some high Angel curl'd
The healing pool:—as off a summer lake
Convulsively a thrilling breeze affects,
Bethesda rippled into mystic life
Beneath the wave of his unshadow'd wings.

Amid the martyrs, pale o'er all the rest
And ghastly, bearing on his palsied frame
The loathsome curse of eight-and-thirty years
Dread malady!—an aidless victim met
Divine compassion, when his Lord approach'd.
'Wilt thou be whole?' the great Physician cried.
'My limbs are moveless!—lo, the crowd advance
Down in the waters, ere my weakness come.'
As man to man, the pining creature spake;
But when, 'Arise! thy bed uplift, and walk!'
Commanded Jesus,—limb and life renew'd
Their freshness! free as Sampson in his hour
Of glory, with his couch the man uprose,
While magic blood, like streaming rapture ran
From vein to vein,—how exquisitely felt!



Would limit God, and shut the gates of Heaven
The pure and open, the unbounded ocean
Of earth's redemption, let not Man presume
To shape, or plan! but submissive faith
The grand relationship of human souls
Confess; and while external senses receive
Each hallow'd rite, let inward love abound,
And centre all its paradise in Thee!
So will Religion spread, and Time record
The days of Eden, Sabbaths of the mind,
When dream and doctrine, hope and faith, unite
To make the heart anticipated Heaven!

Where Jordan mingled his melodious wave
With the blue waters of that famous sea,
Which often mirror'd the Redeemer's form,
The grassy desert of Bethsaida lay.
To this deep wild the Prince of Glory went,
Dejected,—for the murder'd Baptist's fate
Divinest sadness o'er His spirit threw.
But such a blaze of sanctity enwrapt
His person; wisdom so surpassing flow'd
From those pure lips,—that sooner might the sun
At flaming noontide from the eye recede,
Than Christ in unregarded night remain
And lo! around Him, like a wilder'd flock
Of mountain-sheep, unshepherded and



The people sat; with [illegible]
And trembling with delightful awe [illegible]
The bread, and [illegible]
To Heaven, the Saviour [illegible]
The food from whence a miracle would rise [illegible]
Magnificent, beyond our [illegible]
To picture, when they paint [illegible]
Oh! when His eye's immensity o'ercame [illegible]
And travell'd through the infinite expanse [illegible]
Of worlds on worlds, His own almighty [illegible]
It witness'd!—then, pavilion'd [illegible]
With clouds and waters*, in array'd excess
Of unimagined glory, He beheld
Jehovah!—then the mortal bread He broke,
And bade disciples to the awe-struck multitude
The food bestow, till that enormous host
Were fill'd!—and fragments of abundance [illegible]
Around them scatter'd from the glorious [illegible]
As though a seed of earthly nature [illegible]
Rose from the ground, and like a fire [illegible]
From that meat-food miraculously [illegible]
The glory of a great increase, that grew
And multiplied beneath Messiah's [illegible]
Till famish'd [illegible]

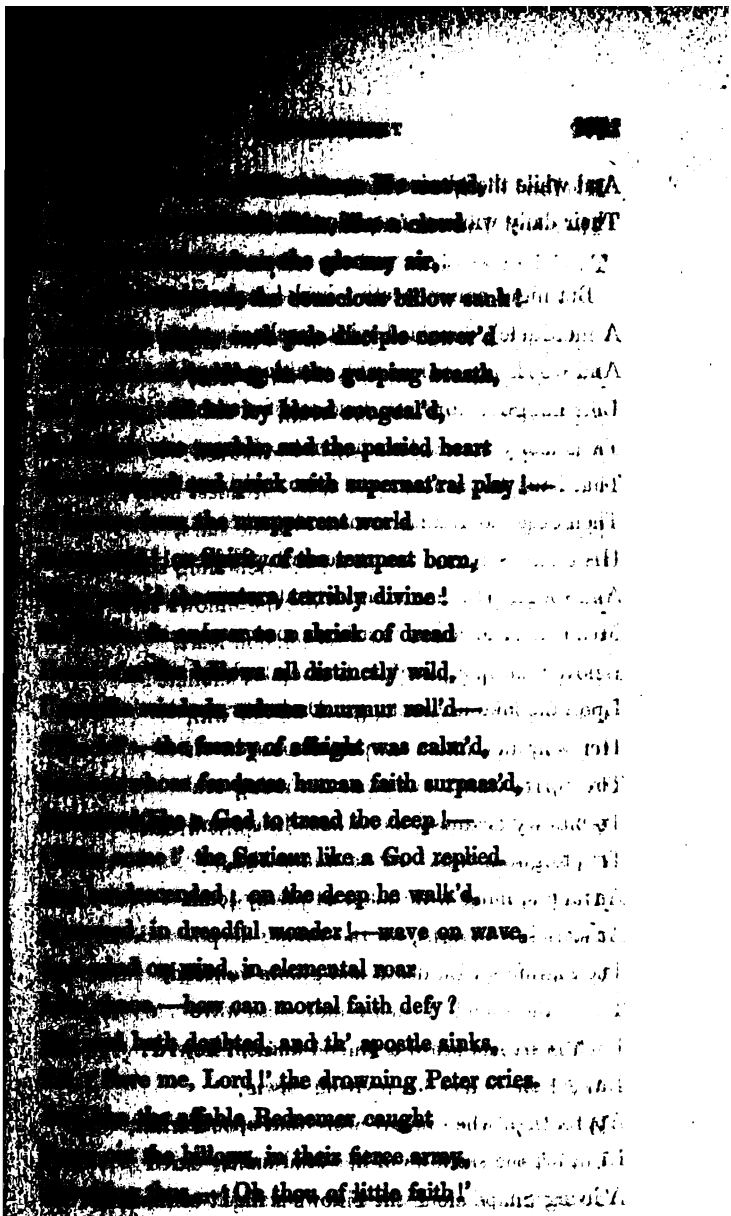
Was ever banquet so sublime [illegible]

—

* [illegible] Psalm.

And while the glories of creation [illegible]
Their daily witness, [illegible]

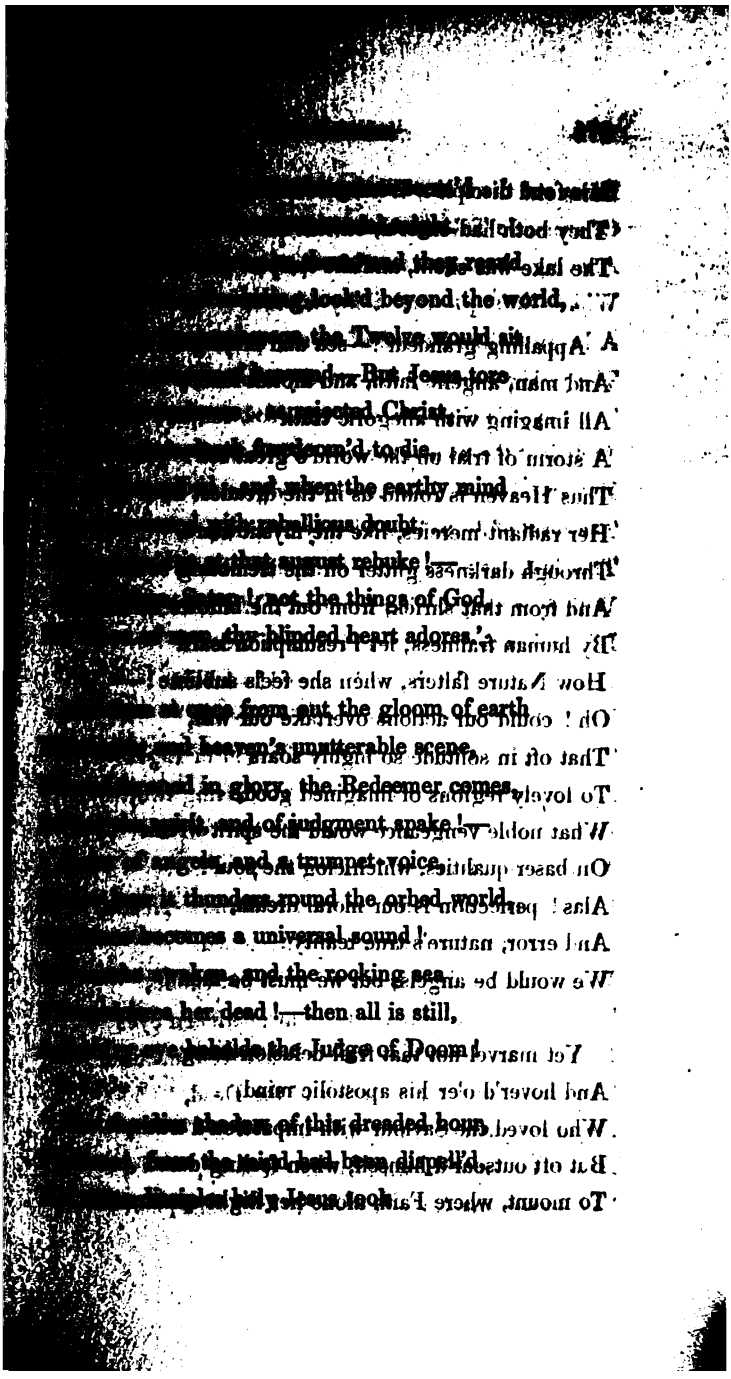
But night commenceth [illegible]
A multitude's delighted spirit speaks,
And woods are shaken with exulting sound!
Like mingling torrents, loud and far ascends
Their many voices, blending into one,
That hails Him, Monarch! who had blest the [illegible]
Then Jesus to Bethsaida bade depart
His own disciples, from the crowd withdrew,
And sought His mountain solitude again.
Meanwhile, obedient to a high command,
Beloved disciples, in their boat embarked,
Upon the lake are rocking: Darkness weaves
Her veil, and, like a tempest-demon, howls
The horrid wind! and tears the rising sea
To billowy madness, o'er whose heave and swell
Th' affrighted vessel, like a weary bird,
Advances, hung with flakes of plumy foam,
At starless midnight, on the yelling deep
The mariners with death and gloom contend,
Till in the sound of each remorseless wave
Each heart has heard a funeral anthem howl!
But ere the redness of reviving dawn
Approach'd, when nature wore that special hue
In which the shadows of her dead arise,
A living Shape along the billows stalk'd:—



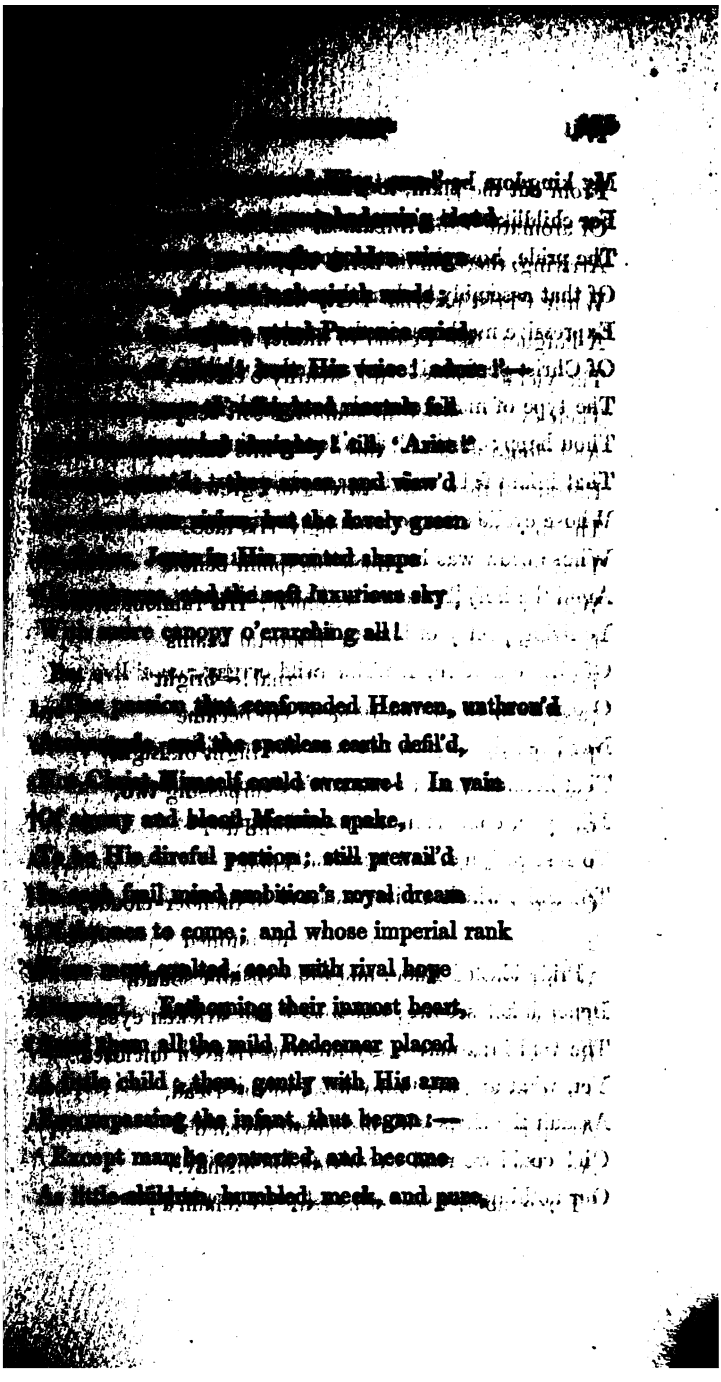
His fond disciples [illegible]
They both had [illegible]
The lake was silent, and the tempest gone [illegible]

Appalling grandeur!—sea and midnight, God
And man, angelic faith, and mortal fear,
All imaging with allegoric truth
A storm of trial on the world's great sea!
Thus Heaven is round us in the dreadest hour,
Her radiant mercies, like the mystic stars,
Through darkness glitter on the trembling soul.
And from that shriek, from out the billows' [illegible]
By human frailness, let Presumption learn
How Nature falters, when she feels sublime!—
Oh! could our actions overtake our will,
That oft in solitude so highly soars
To lovely regions of imagined good,
What noble vengeance would the spirit wreak
On baser qualities, which clog the soul!
Alas! perfection is our moral dream,
And error, nature's true reality.
We would be angels, but we must be men!

Yet marvel not that frail delusion [illegible]
And hover'd o'er his apostolic mind,
Who loved the Saviour with impassion'd [illegible]
But oft outsoar'd himself, when feeling [illegible]
To mount, where Faith alone her flight [illegible]



From out the plain, to where the [illegible]
Of aromatic Tabor breathed. Aloft
Arriving, there on its aerial top,
While Christ paternal Deity adored,
A languor, like a cloud of music, wraps
The yielding sense; till, wearily o'ercome,
Their eyelids closed in slumber's soft eclipse,
And slept the mortal three.—While such repose
Entranced them, into awful glory grew
The form of Jesus! dazzlingly His face
That lustrous mien which Seraphim behold
With eyes wing-veil'd! assumed; His raiment shone
Like robes that whiten in immortal beams
Emitted from the throned Eternal!—bright
Beyond imagined brightness, He became
Transfigured; God of God, and Light of Light
Apparent!—round Him earth's surpassing two,
In type of law and prophecy fulfill'd
By Jesus,—Moses and Elias knelt,
Communing; and like the talk of thunder-clouds,
The rolling of each voice the air intoned
With terror!—deep, unearthly, distant sound,
That woke the sleepers, whose awe-stricken eyes
Reel'd in the blaze, as though in Heaven uncloud
The Cross, and Resurrection of the Dead,
Appallingly distinct they heard reveal'd:
And Peter, burning with sublime dismay,
'Three tabernacles let us rear!' exclaim'd,



My kingdom be
For childlike is the
The pride, how
Of that assembly, when they thus behold
Expressive meanings in the mighty soul
Of Christ perfected, and an artless child
The type of man's eternal glory made!
Thou happy mother! at whose nursing breast
That infant fed; still happier child, wert thou
Whose eyelids fell beneath the Saviour's gaze,
Whose brow was hung with innocent clustering
Amid the holy Presence Fairy things
Ye living poetry of human life,
Of airlike motion, glittering wild as gay,
O teach us, as around ye sport and smile,
Nor heed the clouds, nor hear the mustering
That heralds what to-morrow's doom may be,
Like you, content in uncomplaining hope
To rest resigned, and confidently rare
The smile which Universal Love bestows

Pride blasted Eden, and the world has been
Beneath her sceptre, which to break in dust
The God incarnate every meekness wore!
Yet, what are we, that our Titanic dreams
Assault the skies with their incessant aims!
Oh! could we read Creation's book aright,
Our nothingness on each vast page would shine

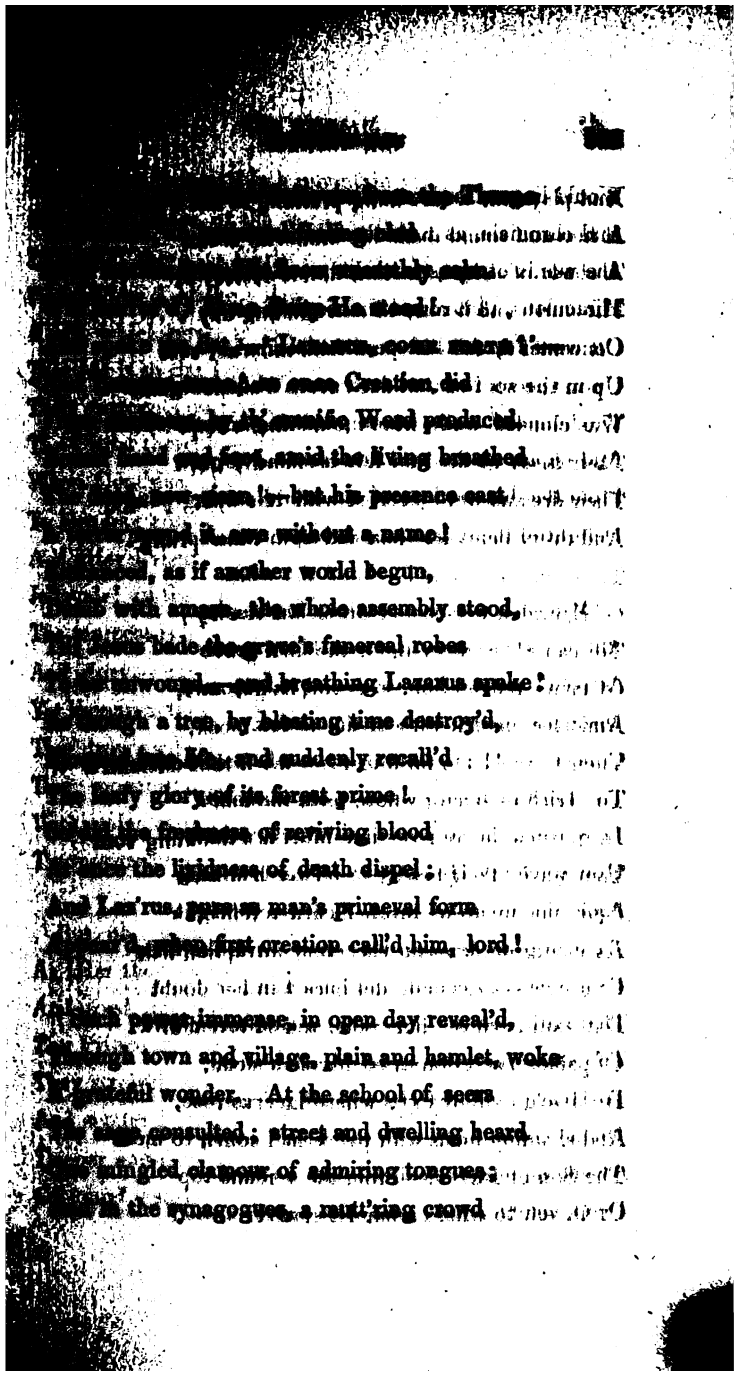
* Olivet.

With bloodhound fury tracked His glorious [illegible]
Before Him now, as there the people stood
And drank His words, like inspiration's breath,
A poor adulteress they rudely dragg'd,
For judgment: should He dare condemn
Her frailty, Rome would see rebellion rise,
And dungeon Him for slaughter; should He [illegible]
Her guilt, upon His soul her crime devolved!—
But Christ their black attempt at once unveil'd,
And answer'd not, but, bending to the ground
In mute abstraction, with His finger wrote;
Till once again His awful soul they tried
For judgment; then, with look divinely stern,
He rose! and in a voice of withering tone,
'Let him among you who is sinless, cast
A stone, the first!'—the Son of Man replied.
Then, Conscience! thou that in the deadly night
Dost wring the soul, and mar the murd'rer's sleep,
Or people solitude with shapes of hell!—
The vile accusers Thy terrific power
O'erawed; till one by one, as though unseen
A hand compell'd their motion,—dumb like death,
And slow, each follow'd each, till all were gone.
But on the hush of that deserted hall
A sigh, as though some heart had heaved, and [illegible]
Distinctly fell;—the Saviour's solemn eye
Was lifted, and beheld a guilty shape,—
A woman!, on whose burning cheek the blood

From many a [illegible]
When [illegible]
Beneath the [illegible]
Messiah [illegible]
Compell'd Him, [illegible]
To seek shelter [illegible]
Had lived, [illegible]
He heralded Redemption. There he taught
Believing thousands, till from Mary [illegible]
A sudden messenger [illegible]
That Lazarus, whom Messiah loved, was sick.
But from that sickness sprang a glorious power
The sisters dream'd not. Both did Jesus love
Yet still he rested, till the night of death
Advanced, and Lazarus in the tomb [illegible]
Then bravely went, to write in mourning [illegible]
The fond and brotherless, with mingled tears
His presence waited. Ere the olive trees
Of Bethany [illegible] His meadow's walk
Rush'd Martha forth to meet her mighty Lord.
'Hadst Thou been here, my brother had not died,'
Was her sad greeting. 'He shall rise again,'
Responded Jesus. 'All in the dead awake
And time is ended,' [illegible] she replied:
'I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.
And whoso liveth, and in Me believes,
Shall never die!' The Son of God Thou art,
The Christ to come, the Everlasting Lord,

And playsome lambs bleating to the wind.
If the evil sound made life immortal seem,
A shade of sadness mellow'd, not destroy'd,
The mirth and beauty of surrounding day.
Oft would the eye of some fond mourner rest
On the green rock, whose cavern'd silence made
The home of death, where generations slept!
And haply, as the wild flowers meekly grew
From the dim verdure of sepulchral stone,
Delightful thoughts from sad memento sprung!

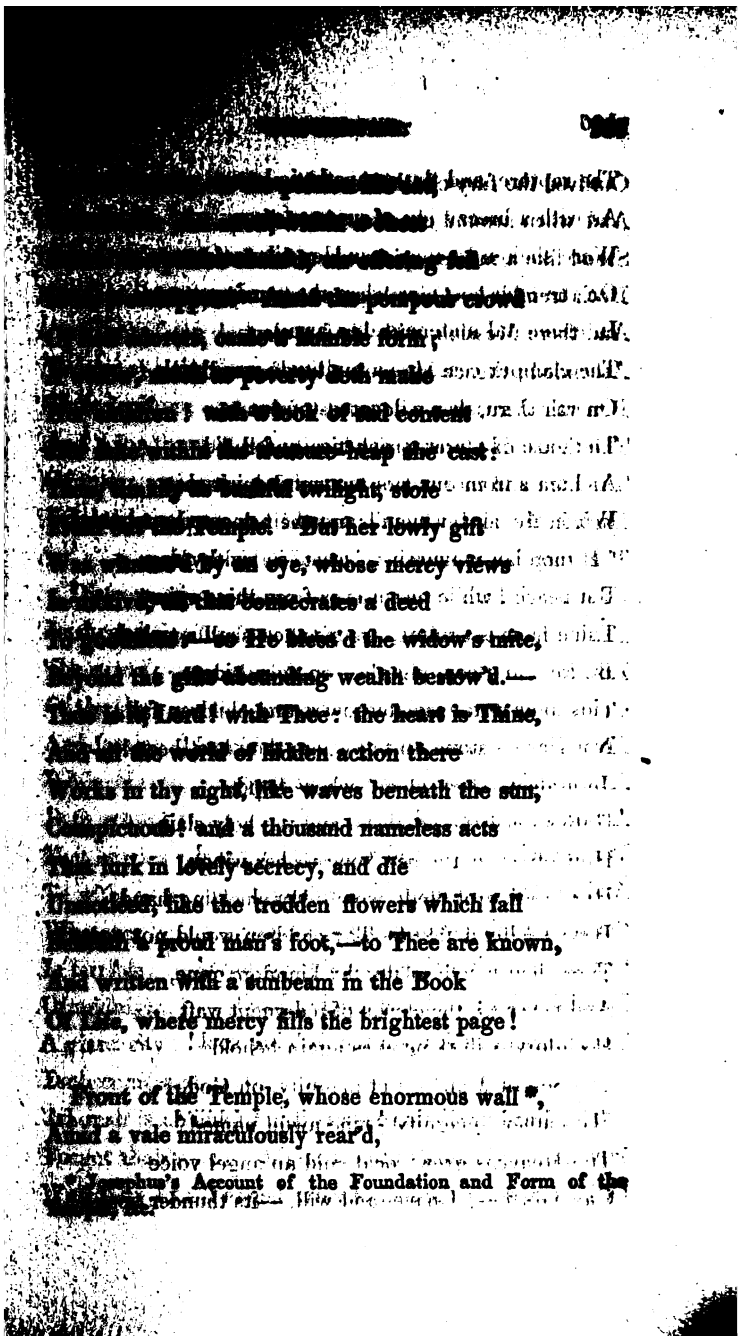
'Mid such a scene departed Laz'rus lay;
And lo! Messiah by the rock-hewn grave
Arrived! Around him, with unspeaking awe,
Disciples, mourners, and the sisters meek,
Collect.—'The tomb unbar!'—when thus entomb'd
The Lord of Resurrection, from the tomb
They roll'd the stone; then Martha's doubting soul
How solemnly He chided!—Time had seen
Four suns upon her brother's grave reflect
Their brightness;—on his frame corruption fed,
E'en now she deem'd, and buried in her doubt
That faith, whose glory soon a God reveal'd.
The stone removed, apart Messiah stood,
To Heaven uplifted His appealing gaze,
Divine communion with the Vast Unseen
Awhile he mutely held, till with a sound
Deep, audible, and grand, His prayer ascend



Would linger, to peruse each other's face,
And chronicle, as Rumour told her tale,
The words of age, or wisdom.—But the maid
Miraculous, that round the risen dead
Concenter'd, fell like pestilential fire!
Upon the soul of that dark sect, whose reign
Was clouded, and whose mould'ring sceptre shook:—
Their fancy gloated on His bleeding form,
Their dreams were pictured with His dying pangs,
And every heart had hoarded up a curse
To mock His agony!—Amid the wilds
Of Ephraim, persecuted Christ withdrew,
Till came the moment, for the final scene
Of man's redemption, to unroll its gloom;
Amid the capital, with dreadless foot
Then march'd He forth to meet the fated hour!
To Jericho,—along whose plain immense
In greenest lustre rose unnumber'd palms,
That waved their beauty in balsamic winds,
Amid the breath of roses, flush'd and bright
As clouds of damask when they drink the hues
Of sunset,—Jesus and disciples went.
But soon from out her walls, and stately crowd
Of palaces, and domes of marble sheen,
He pass'd to Bethany; where Laz'rus rose,
And shouting hosts with palms had come, to meet
The Son of David!—From the verdant top
Of Olivet, to where a hamlet smiled

The rapture, a[illegible]
Would linger, to perfect [illegible]
[illegible]
And chronicle, as Rumour [illegible]
[illegible] keen eye
The words of age, or wisdom.—[illegible]
[illegible] they found
Miraculous, that round the [illegible]
[illegible] burden bore,
Quenched, fell like penitential [illegible]
[illegible] heavily hung
Upon the soul of that dark sect, whose [illegible]
[illegible] sacred back, and placed
Has clouded, and whose mould [illegible]
[illegible] Thus Zechariah sang,
Their fancy elated on His bleeding form,
[illegible] in their darkest slumber bound,
Their dreams were pictured with His dying
[illegible] creatures rose,
And every heart had boarded up a curse
To mock His agony.—And the wilds
[illegible] the whirlwind,—Thou art there!
Of Ephraim, persecuted Christ withdrew,
[illegible] Thy language, sea, Thy path,
Till came the moment, for the final scene
[illegible] but the shadow of Thy shade!
Of man's redemption, to unroll its gloom;
[illegible] by completing words
Amid the capital, with dreadless foot
[illegible] aside the veil of time, and roll'd
Then march'd He forth to meet the fated hour!
[illegible] ening down the depth of years unborn,—
To Jericho,—along whose plain immense
[illegible] mighty as Creation speaks
In present hues rose mountain'd palms,
That waved their beauty in balsamic winds,
[illegible] attest, Thy ruling hand pourtray!
Amid the breath of roses, flush'd and bright
As clouds of damask when they drink the noon
[illegible] what jubilant hosannahs rose,
Of sunset.—Jesus and disciples went,
[illegible] they sang, magnificent, and great,
But soon from out her walls, and stately [illegible]
[illegible] and glorious,—Israel's promised King,
Of palaces, and domes of marble sheen,
[illegible] ance of Peace!—Beneath His path their robes
He pass'd to Bethany; where [illegible] rose,
[illegible] r'd, and round Him waved triumphant palms,
And shouting hosts with palms had come, to meet
[illegible] scatter'd branches, while a choral shout
The Son of David!—From the verdant top
[illegible] and deeper, like colossal waves
Of Olivet, to where a hamlet smiled
[illegible] succeeded! till the air partook

The rapture, and the [illegible]
As with a breezy jog of [illegible]
Were shaken!—then a sudden silence came
On the loud host, as when the passing storm
In elemental muteness dies away.
The clamour ceased—a multitude was dumb
On vast Jerusalem's devoted towers
The gaze of Christ prophetically fell,
And tears from out His mournful spirit rose
While He beheld them! and their doom pronounced.
'If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day,
But peace hath vanish'd ever from thine eyes!
Thine hour is coming! round thee shall a trench
Be cast, and compass thee on ev'ry side,
Till, tomb'd in dust, thy tow'rs and children fall,
Nor leave a stone, to tell where thou hast been!—
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! whose hand
Hath stoned the prophets, and the holy slain,
How often, as the hen beneath her wings
Her brood protecteth, would My shielding hand
Have shelter'd thee!—Thy children would not [illegible]
Thine house is desolate, thy kingdom gone,
And never till the clouds of judgment waft
His glory, will thine eyes again behold
The Son of Man!—But magnify, oh God,
My Father! magnify Thine awful name!'
The Heavens grew vocal, and an angel voice
Came forth—'I have, and will,'—its thunder



Front of the Temple, whose enormous wall *,
Amid a vale miraculously rear'd,

* Josephus's Account of the Foundation and Form of the

Outlived the fury of Chaldean times,
And when around the [illegible]
Stood like a [illegible]
Doth tremble [illegible]
And there Messiah, [illegible]
Ascended [illegible]
Beneath them, [illegible]
The thousand-streeted city lay, and roll'd
The hum and murmur of her myriad crowds
High in the air [illegible]
The guardian mountains, bathed in ruddy hues
Of sunlight, while the peaks of countless spires
Flash'd from the midst, like pinnacles of flame
But, lone in glory, pillar'd, proud and huge,
Colossal as some architectural dream
Embodied,—Isaac's massy Temple blazed
And seem'd, in her immensity of shape,
A wonder that defied Eternity
When each disciple had around him gazed
And feasted with magnificent delight
On such a miracle of pomp and scene,
'It all shall wither!—not a stone endure!
Messiah cried; and like a dying knell
That murmur sank upon the listening soul!

The dread prediction—was it not fulfilled
Beyond imagination's utmost flight
Of horror, when the hell of earth began

Of warriors, charioted by burning steeds
That vanish in commotion,—paint the cloud
With omens!—then a starry weapon clothes
The sky, and flashes with descending might,
As though 'twere wielded by Eternal hands
While day and night, Jerusalem's ghastly eye
Looks up, and sees a blood-red comet blaze,
Fix'd like a curse of fire above the scene,
To agonize whate'er its flashes meet!—
And once at midnight *, with appalling burst
The massive portals of an inner shrine
Expanded, and the shudd'ring fabric heard
A Voice that issued with a dread farewell,
Whose thunder was,—departing Deity!

The hour of judgment! lo, at length it comes,
And God is in it, with devouring wrath
That deepens, till the stricken world despairs!—
The Queen of Zion, beautiful and vast,
Glory of nations! who shall paint thee now?
Enwrapt with horrors,—famish'd, weeping, faint,
And fallen, round thee like a circling flood
Doth rise a wall of Babylonian height,
And thou, a captive in the centre art
For martyrdom!—and list! in whirlwind rush
A roaring flame around the Temple sweeps!
Moriah, like a seething furnace, glows

* Vide Tacitus' Hist., book v.; Josephus, &c.

END OF BOOK V.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

But who is He with tortured brow,
Degraded, bleeding, dying now;
His visage marr'd beyond despair?—
Thou quaking Earth! thy God is there!
The sun appall'd hath sunk away,
And darkness hides the guilty day;
Avaunt, oh world, thine impious eyes!
The curse is o'er,—but Jesus dies!—*MS.*

ANALYSIS OF BOOK VI.

The Book commences with an apostrophe connected with the sad and weighty events which the conclusion of the Saviour's life unfolds; and, previous to detailing them, a retrospective view of His character, guidance, and doctrine, is attempted; the order of time is then preserved to the Ascension.—The sanhedrim take council against Christ—Judas agrees to betray Him—The Last Supper—Institution of the same—Terror and sadness of the disciples when Christ announced that He was about to be betrayed—The new Testament founded—The Redeemer's farewell—The garden of Gethsemane—Jesus in His agony—Is traduced—The dawn of the day of Crucifixion—Jesus brought up for trial—Peter's bitter reflections on his faith and weakness—Jesus is condemned—Led to Caiaphas—Pronounced guiltless—Pilate makes his third attempt to acquit the Redeemer—Barabbas preferred to Jesus—At last is led forth on the judgment seat in sight of the multitude—The repentance, horror, and destruction of Iscariot—The Crucifixion and its attendant scenes—The miracles which attend His Godhead at His death—The burial of Christ—Night-scene—Moonlight on the tomb of Jesus—The Roman watch, &c. &c.—The Resurrection—Affright of the soldiers—Vision of the Angels—Jesus reveals Himself to Mary—Journey of the two disciples to Emaus—Appearance of Christ—Discovered by the breaking of bread—His second appearance to the Eleven—Miraculous draught of fishes—Peter thrice questioned—Previous to His Ascension, Christ takes the Eleven with Him to a mountain—Explains the Scriptures, gives His final charge, and ascends to Heaven.

Though here the life of the Messiah is included, the Poem ends; but the second Advent is the hope, faith, and glory of a Christian, and could not be omitted. Previously to this, however, some reflections on the subjects of the Poem, state of the human mind, the condition of man, and the spirit of Poetry, viewed in connexion with the establishment of Christianity, are offered: these naturally conclude in a contemplation of the immortality which was brought to light through the Redeemer.—His second Advent—The Resurrection of the dead—Last judgment of men and angels—Conclusion.

BOOK VI.

Prepare, O Earth! with solemn gloom invest
Thy glories; bid the fading sun retire,
The sky be sad, the winds be tongues of woe,
And a sea-anthem with accordant swell
Arise;—let time, and scene, and living man
In one vast fellowship of grief unite,—
An hour is coming, black with dreadful fate,
Whose darkness palls a Saviour's agony!

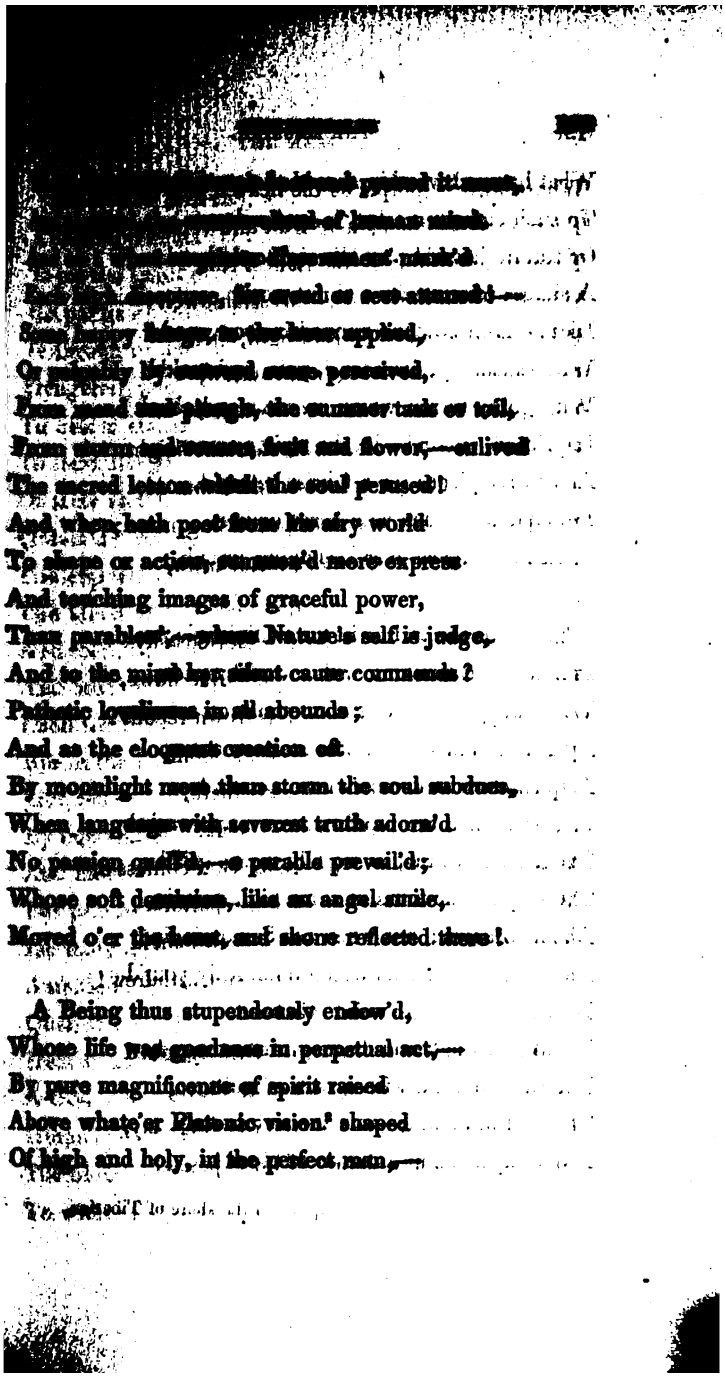
But ere the ghastliness of nature prove,
By direful confession, man's Redeemer dies!
Behold the beauty of His matchless life,
Where deed and thought connecting earth with heaven!—
All every virtue which the mind conceives,
Or view Perfection in sublime excess
Of glory, such as dreams of God pourtray,—
And what can paragon the Prince of Peace!

Where once the seasons, in luxuriant strife
Reign'd on the shore of that immortal lake

Whose wave is purple as the heaven it loves;
There in that clime, where fruit and verdure bathed
Their tinted beauty in the richest sun,
Where all is dreary now,—Messiah dwelt!—
What alternation of eternal light,
And mortal dimness of a low estate *,
The sacred drama of His life reveals!
Born in a manger,—yet by guardians bright
And wing'd adorers, heralded and hymn'd!
The Heir of all things—yet possessing, none;
Surrender'd now to tears of mortal truth,
Or, ministrant at some disciple's feet;
Then,—thunder-greeted by the glorious sky!
Here from the flower a lovely doctrine flows,
And now,—a tempest from His frown recoils!
Hung on the cross, a malefactor's doom
He suffer'd,—yet a paradise was there,
By Him accorded to the felon's soul!
While bleeding clay,—incarnate God confess'd,
Whose pangs the aching universe partook!
And from those agonies, which man beheld
And mock'd, the terror-blighted sun withdrew!

Man never spake, in words divinely toned,
With tenderness beyond a tear to move,
Like Him!—to whom unutter'd feelings lay,
Free as the clouds before a sun, exposed!

* Vide Josephus' description of the shore of Tiberias.

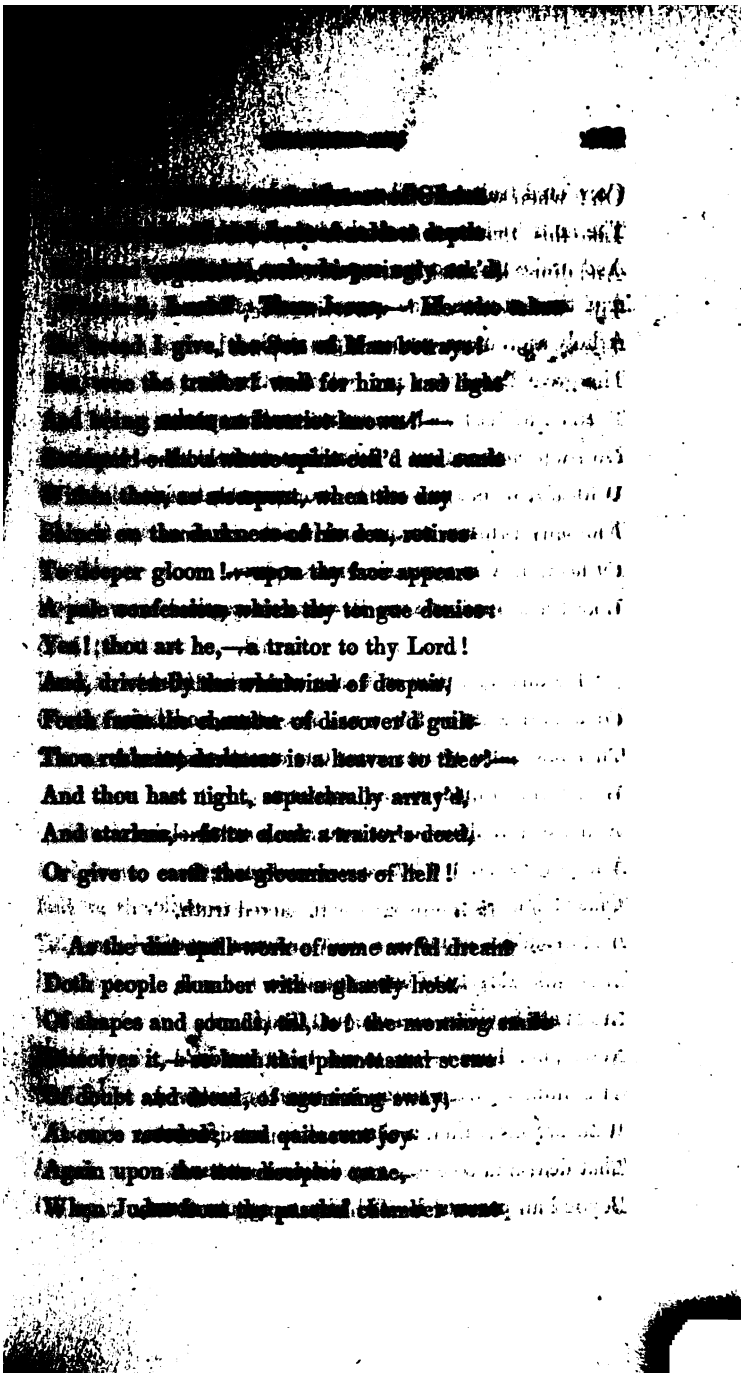


What hymned worship should the earth have paid
To such embodied Glory!—yet a doom
Of torture hover'd o'er His righteous head;
A sinless offering for a sinful world
Dies!—E'en now the Sanhedrim convened,
When suddenly, disorder'd, pale, and rack'd
With guilty terror, which on brow and cheek
Imprinted, villain!—lo, the traitor comes,
And thirty pieces for a Christ betray'd,
Demandeth;—then with fierce delight
Their fancy revels o'er His dying form!

There, as the traitor in the twilight gloom
Is homeward skulking with a stealthy pace,
While ev'ry breeze like condemnation sounds,
By Nature mutter'd with mysterious scorn,
A spirit, dark as demon's love, behold!—
He, ever when the proffer'd crown approach'd,
The head of Christ, in worldly vision hail'd,
The sceptred honours of some high domain,
About to dawn; but when the Saviour's lip
Blest the meek hands which ominously pour'd
Balsamic odour to anoint His head,
Rebuke was felt, and disappointment raged
Till Satan enter'd, with a rush of guilt
The soul of Judas;—and the traitor rose
A dark apostate in a dream of blood!

Oh! when was loneliness dreadfully sublime
Like this, that dwarfs at once degree and time,
And dims the splendour of all outward things,
Till, like the radiance of a dying eye,
The waning glory of the world departs!

But why hath sadness with a sudden gloom
On each descended? What hath blanch'd the cheek
With terror, in the eye dejection pour'd,
And stirr'd the calm of countenance with fear
Of feeling, working into restless play,
Like breeze-moved water!—Eye to eye, and brow
To brow, in horrible dismay upturn'd,
Each reads the other with unspoken dread
Of something buried in the soul's abyss,
That now must be untomb'd! to stand condemn'd
In the full light of God's unearthly gaze!
And yet, though terror-struck, with sad exclaim
Each utters 'Is it I?'—eleven are pure;
Their souls are ramparted with sacred truth,
They tremble wildly, but with guiltless fear;
And one there was, o'er all the rest beloved,
Whose tender mildness and devoted faith,
With childlike fervour, to the Lord endear'd
His guileless nature,—him whom Jesus loved,
The meek St. John! Beyond expressive words
The tearful language of his eye reveal'd
A yearning spirit! while his drooping head,



Convicted traitors! Then, with mingled
And then of both bade each disciple
A holy sacrament, whose
The great Passover was but
The rite of Jesus, whose
No single nation, but a
Deliver'd, saved, and free!
The body nourish, so the
By faith, in this
Wherein is shadow'd the

'Do this, and thou wilt then
Remember Thee!—the Way, the
On whose pure eyelids hung our
Who wert so inaccessibly
In the bright plenitude of
And yet, so dimm'd by
That childhood gazed upon
And deem'd it heavenlier than
Thou sole Reality of
Incarnate Saviour, and
Remember Thee!—oh, if the
Of honour'd parent round the
With aye unweaken'd
That dear and solemn
Beyond all parents'?—Till

'I tell thee, Peter, ere the cock shall crow
This very night wilt thou deny me thrice.'
Yet more impassion'd, with a louder voice,
And lip that quiver'd with exulting truth,
'Deny Thee! unto death my soul is fix'd!'
The fond one answer'd, and on Jesus glanced
A mild reproach,—like one who felt his wrongs
But pleaded only by a look that spake!

A sadness, deep and holy as the heart
Ere felt, came o'er the mute assembly now,
When the meek Saviour with angelic truth
Began—'Believe in God, in Me believe,
For in my Father's everlasting House
Are many Mansions, and your Lord departs,
That ye may follow to a place prepared:
The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, shall come,
And all I utter'd, memory shall teach,
By Him instructed: peace, immortal peace
Beyond the world to give, with you I leave:
Abide in Me, as branches in the vine
Endure, and ye shall bear celestial fruit!'
And then, as o'er Him in its dark array
A vision of their sad desertion swept:
Messiah added,—"Do ye now believe?
Behold! it cometh, yea, the hour is come!
When all are scatter'd, and the Son of Man
Is left,—yet not alone, for God is there!

Was founded,—I ascend with Thee to share!'

Thus ended, Lord! thy first and last farewell!
When rose the parting hymn, devoutly deep,
And all o'er Kedron to the Olive Mount
Departing, wait upon Thy steps divine*.

Did even pathos from the soul demand
A deeper homage, than a scene like this?—
Oh! there be minds of adamantine calm,
That nothing ruffles!—Let creation bring
Her brightest hues of fascination forth,—
Let sunbeams revel on the weedy shore,
The clouds be beauteous, shaped like molten cars,
To waft an embassy from orb to orb,

* The hymn that they sung was Ps. 116, 117, 118, which was the last part of the *great Hallel*, as they called it, which was usually sung at the Passover and their other great solemnities; and with this latter part was this solemnity concluded.—*Lightfoot's Harmony.*

And the soft dialect of speaking flowers,
And airy language of the woods and winds,
When all exulting on a summer's day,
While billows carol with a bird-like glee,
Their ocean rapture!—let a scene display
Such earthly heavenliness, that nature seems
A living spirit form'd for human love,—
And some will view it with impassive eyes!—
And thus, in all the Galilean did,
Proclaim'd, or suffer'd, there be souls
Who see no godhead!—But, forbid it heaven!
That one of human semblance, ere perused
The dying truths, by him whom Jesus loved,
Recorded, nor himself the scene partook,
Till brain and bosom, heart and spirit thrill'd
With something holier than language speaks!

But, veil thyself, Imagination! veil,
And worship! put thy shoes from off thy feet,
Thou mortal gazer!—for on hallow'd ground,
More consecrate than he of Horeb saw,
When the bush burn'd with unconsuming fire,
Thou tread'st,—the garden of Gethsemane!
The moon, pale hermitress of heaven, hath found,
With no bright fellowship of starry orb,
Her midway sphere; and now, with conscious dread,
Shrined in a cloudy haze, she disappears,
While motionless those patriarchal trees

And the soft dialect of speaking flame,
And airy language of the woods and waves,
When all exulting on a summer's day
While billows carol with a bird-like voice
Their ocean rapture!—let a scene display
Such earthly heavenliness, that nature seems
A living spirit form'd for human love—
And some will view it with impassive eyes!
And thus, in all the Godlike did
Proclaim'd, or suffer'd, there be souls
Who see no godhead!—But, forbid it heaven!
That one of human semblance can be versed
The dying truths, by him whom Jesus loved
Recorded, not himself there sweep unstirred
Till brain and bosom beat and pant and burn
With something holier than language speaks
A shadow of His future glory caught,
Gethsemane's most awful gloom declares
The dread, intolerable curse of sin!
Which then, through pardon from the earth recall'd,
By inspiration on the spotless soul
Of Jesus, frown'd itself from God!—and pass'd
For ever!—In that soul-appalling scene,
His manhood suffer'd all that flesh endures!
God unappeased, and Satan unsubdued,
With no bright halo-girdle of starry orb
The death and darkness of accursed sin
Her midway sphere;—and now, with conscious dread
Shrined in a cloudy haze, she disappears,
While motionless those patriarchal trees

* Vide Barrow's remark on the agony of Christ.

Upon the cross of agony to die,
That Heaven might open on forgiven men,—
All this oppress'd Him with the pangs of hell!
Exceeding sorrowful His soul became,
E'en unto death; till from the Throne, His cry
Of anguish brought a soothing angel down!
But in the passion of this dreadful hour,
O! where are they, whose eyes so oft beheld
His wonders, in whose hearts His voice had pour'd
The balm and blessing of immortal truth?
Alas! one hour they could not watch, nor pray;
And they were sleeping, when the Saviour thrice
From prayer arose, and thrice their sleep forgave!

Yet now, sleep on! and take unthinking rest;—
The Son of Man, Messiah, is betray'd,
The traitor hath his traitrous work fulfill'd!
For hear ye not the sound of rushing feet
And ruder voices, through the moonless air
Advancing?—stir'd, as by a tempest-wing,
Around the olive-branches creak and bend,
And light comes flashing with a fierce intent,
Till on the countenance of Christ it falls,
And lights His features!—marr'd and pale they [illegible]
Beneath it, as he met the midnight band,
With torch and lantern, sword and stave arrived,
To seize Him: Him they sought, and [illegible]
found.

The dusk of morning!—with a dim uprise,
Pale as a prophet, when his eye foresees
Unutter'd woes upon the future throng,—
The sun awakeneth from his cloudy sleep
To usher in this all-tremendous day!
Already, in the judgment-chamber meet
The fell accusers; there, aloft upraised,
Their holy victim in the upper hall!
His trial watcheth:—not a shade of fear
The tenderness of that calm brow defiles!
In shape a man, in dignity a God
He seemeth! But around the palace fire
Beneath Him, from the council-seat apart,
What curses, loud with wrathful meaning, roll?—
A damsel, when the Galilean voice

Of Peter sounded with betraying tones,
His true discipleship at once declared,
Then, he who hail'd Him 'Son of living God!'
Adored His presence, saw His glory shine,
And vow'd eternally, with changeless love,
Through life and death to hold His mighty name,—
The sacred knowledge of his Lord denied!
But when, with horrid malediction rang
The fierce denial of his furious lip,
Till his eye glitter'd with a ghastly fire!
While falsehood, cowardice, and guilty fear
All met and mingled with terrific clash
Within,—a second time the cock then crew!
And Jesus,—who shall paint the glance He gave,
When pity, pardon, and subdued reproach
Came in a look of such celestial power,
That Peter trembled, and his soul was tears!

Impassion'd, bold, beyond thy strength sincere,
Sublime apostle! but a sinful man,
As in thy faith, so in thy fall, we find
A truth which bids the yearning bosom feel,
E'en as thou wert, how half the world has been
Forgiven mourner! while with manhood face,
In groaning penitence without the pale,
Thou weepest,—and from unforgotten scenes
A radiant vision of the past returns,
With blighting splendour, to condemn thy soul,—

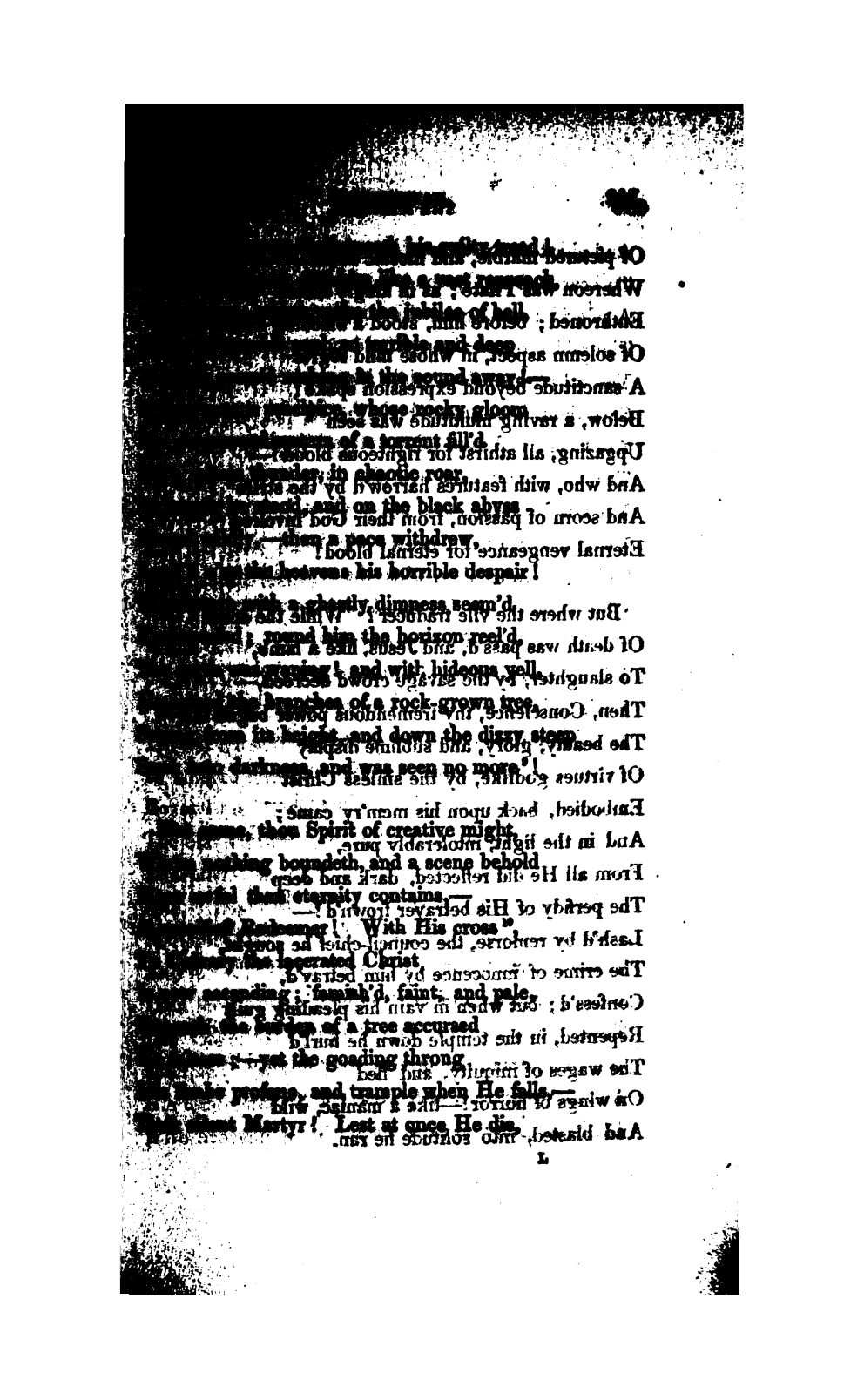
Girt like Jehovah, are the Sons of Men!'
Then,—'Let Him not!' throughout th' assembly rung.

The morning comes; and with unfolding day
The tragedy a deeper dye assumes.
Again did Pilate, with proclaiming voice,
To elder, priest, and multitude pronounce
The Saviour guiltless, 'Let Him be released!'
In vain he cried; for hark the savage yell,—
'A pris'ner! be our wonted right perform'd,
A captive freed!'—'Twas in that stormy hour,
The dark confession of a hideous dream
The wife of Pilate in her slumber saw,
Was then reported:—but His hour had come!
'Barabbas!' was the universal shout
By thousands echoed, when their judge prefer'd,
To free Messiah,—'Let Barabbas loose!'
But Christ,—what evil hath the Glorious done?
Again, did 'crucify!' in one fell sound
Rise on the air so murderously loud,
That Pilate trembled on his judgment-throne!

Then Jesus, by the soldiers dragg'd, endured
The mockery of reed, and robe, and crown,
Of platted thorns, upon his temples press'd;
There, as He bled, before Him bow the knees
Of scoffing worshippers, who shout, and hail,
'King of the Jews!'—they smite His awful head,

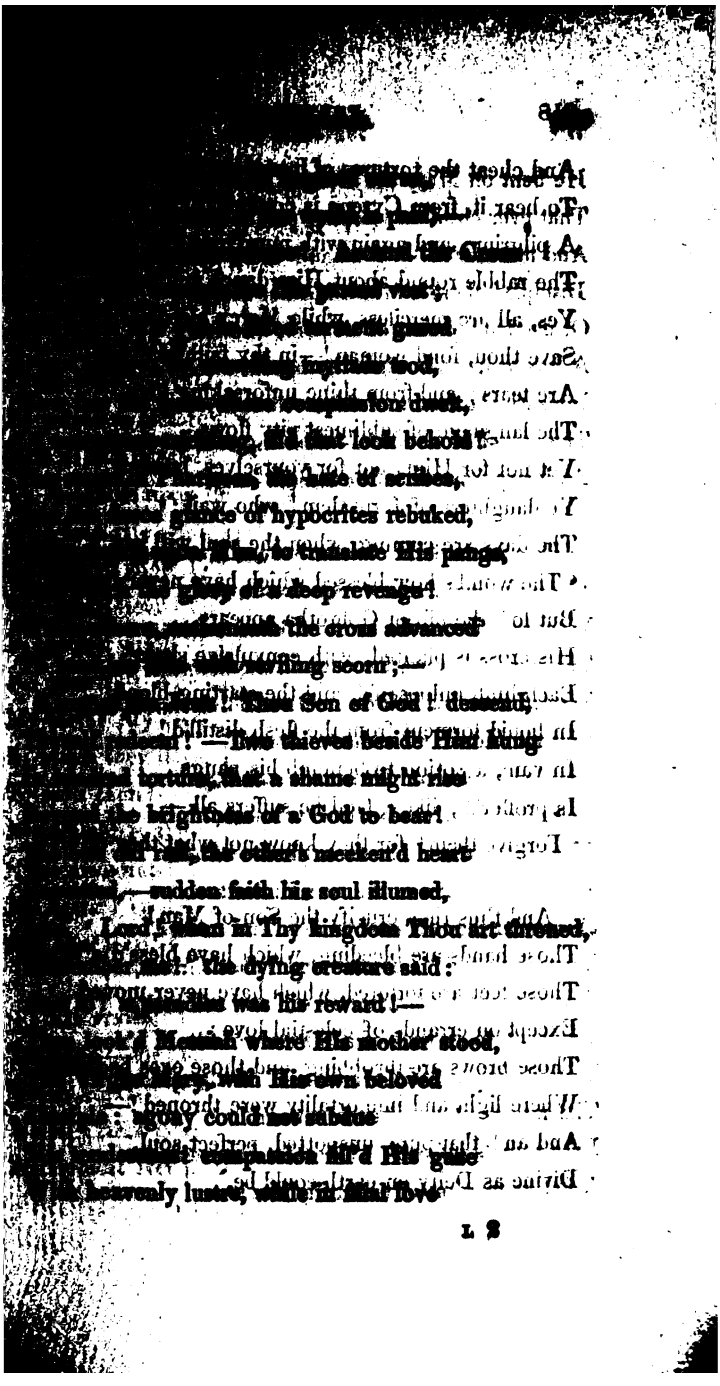
Of pictured marble, and mosaic sheen,
Whereon was Pilate; as in kingly state
Enthroned; before him, stood a bleeding Form
Of solemn aspect, in whose mild regret
A sanctitude beyond expression spake!
Below, a raving multitude was seen
Upgazing, all athirst for righteous blood!—
And who, with features harrow'd by the strife
And scorn of passion, from their God invoked
Eternal vengeance for eternal blood!

But where the vile traducer? While the doom
Of death was pass'd, and Jesus, like a lamb,
To slaughter, by the savage crowd decreed,—
Then, Conscience, thy tremendous power began!
The beauty, glory, and sublime display
Of virtues godlike, by the sinless Christ
Embodied, back upon his mem'ry came;
And in the light, intolerably pure,
From all He did reflected, dark and deep
The perfidy of His betrayer frown'd!—
Lash'd by remorse, the council-chief he sought,
The crime of innocence by him betray'd,
Confess'd; but when in vain his pleading guilt
Repented, in the temple down he hurl'd
The wages of iniquity, and fled
On wings of horror!—like a maniac, wild
And blasted, into solitude he ran.



And cheat the [illegible]
To bear it from Cyrene to [illegible]
A pilgrim; and again with [illegible]
The rabble round about Him dance and [illegible]
Yes, all are merciless, while Mercy bleeds
Save thou, fond woman! — in thy faithful [illegible]
Are tears; and from thine unforsaking love
The language of sublimest pity flows.
Yet not for Him, but for yourselves, lament
Ye daughters of Jerusalem! who wail
The days are coming, when the seal will [illegible]
'The wombs how blessed which have never [illegible]
But lo! the hill of Golgotha appears,
His cross is planted, with convulsive [illegible]
Each limb malposed, and the starting blood
In lingering torment from the flesh distils!
In vain, a potion to benumb his pangs
Is proffer'd; like a God he suffers all —
'Forgive them! for they know not what they [illegible]

And thus they crucify the Son of Man!
Those hands are bleeding, which have [illegible]
Those feet are tortured, which have never [illegible]
Except on errands of celestial love;
Those brows are throbbing, and those [illegible]
Where light and immortality were [illegible]
And all! that pure, unspotted, perfect [illegible]
Divine as Deity on earth could be,



He bent on Mary the divinest look
That ever child on weaning parent cast!
And murmur'd,—'Woman! there a Son behold!
Disciple! there a future Mother see!'
O, maiden! purest of all pure, who felt
A love maternal, when thy bosom throbb'd
Beneath the pangs of thine Almighty Son,
The sword of anguish,—then thy soul it pierced,
As hoary Simeon in the temple sang.

Thus in the light, 'tween heaven and earth suspended,
Upon the malefactors' cross was nail'd
Was crucified,—the Lord of living worlds!
Till came the sixth hour, when the noontide sun
Waned from his throne, and sudden darkness fell
O'er all Judea, till creation seem'd
By God forsaken! Whose averted face
Bade darkness emblematically speak,
How dreadfully a gloom of death and sin
Lay on the spirit of the Son Divine!—
Jerusalem, her temples, domes, and towers,
Were darken'd; Lebanon and Tabor shrunk,
And wither'd; Carmel, Gilead, and the rocks
By ocean tow'ring,—shadow cover'd all
With night's terrific semblance! in the gloom
The mutter of a multitude uprose,
Like sounds infernal, while their features wore
A fell expression of unearthly hue!—

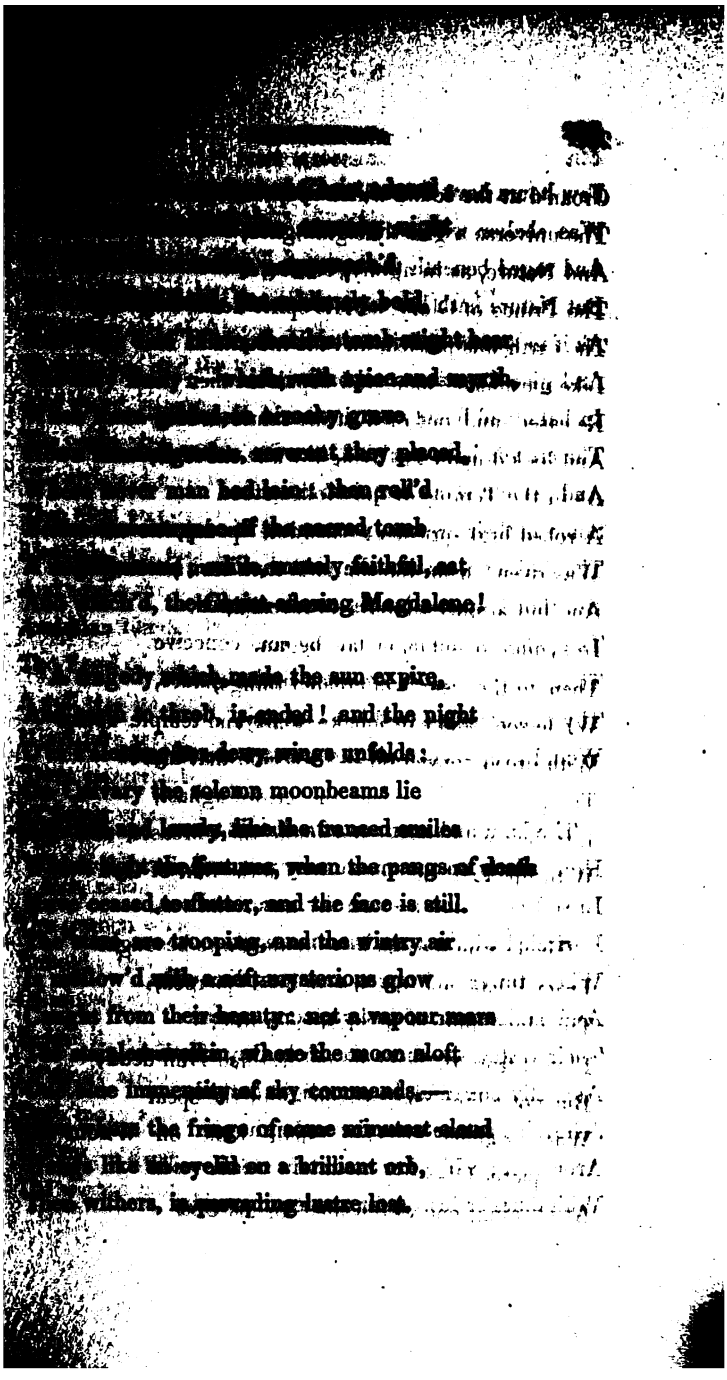
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Groan'd at [illegible]
The universe a ghastly ghost gave up
And Nature, as in agony, [illegible]
The Prince of Glory, as His spirit fled,
The earth was pallid, and the mountains [illegible]
Like garments! tomb and sepulchre their [illegible]
Released, and out of dust the saints arose,
And look'd upon the living! while the Veil,
As in the Temple of the Holies stood
A robed high-priest, in sacerdotal pomp,
Was riven! from the top to bottom torn
And full at once the Oracle reveal'd,
In symbol of sublimer law began.
Then, in the tremor of created things,
While rock and earthquake, tomb and temple
With dread conviction,—'tis a God that
The pale centurion, with the crowd aghast,
Lift their wild looks, and smote their
With lips that shudder'd,—'Tis the Son of

Then came the soldiers, by the Jews
From Pilate, and the side of Jesus pierced,
Till blood and water, mystically true,
Flow'd from the wound, and testified
But not a limb was broken!—for the
Was destined,—'They shall look on
pierced!'—
At evening, one who waited for his

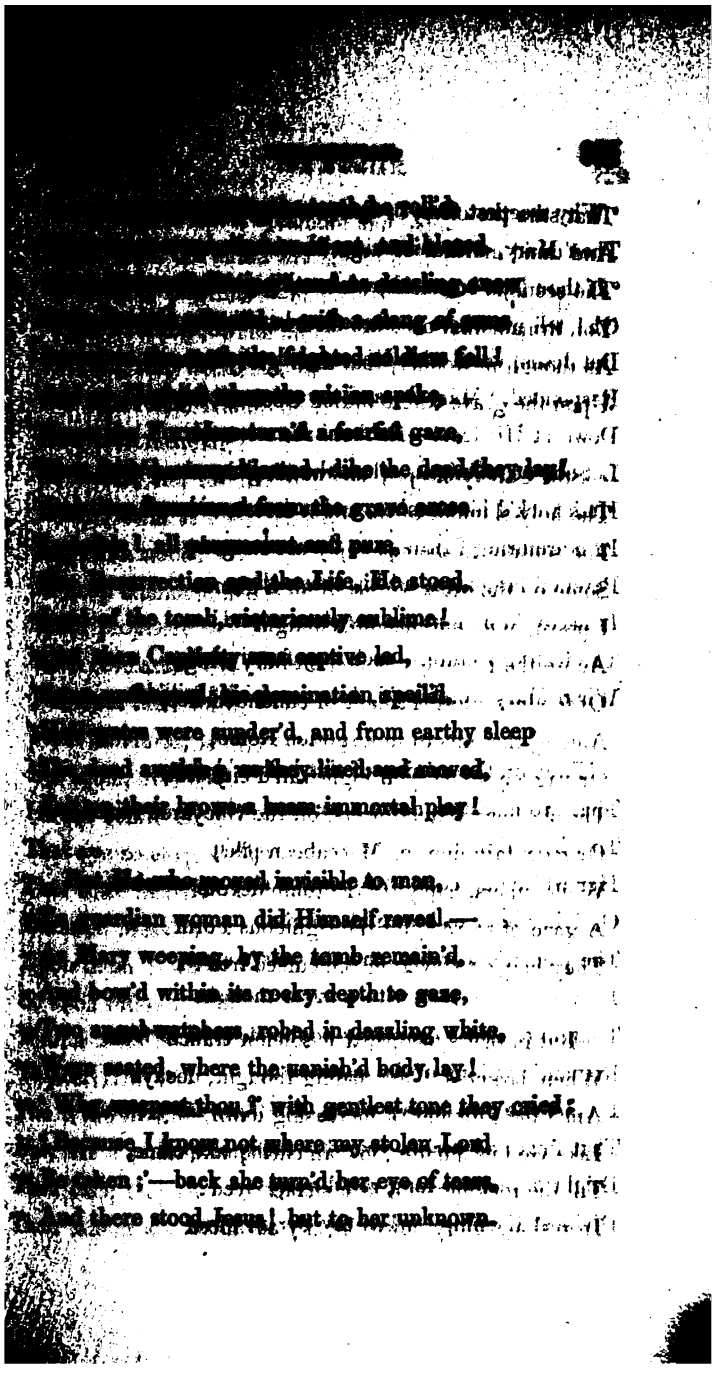


* The Passover.

That stirs the [illegible]
And timid [illegible]
The scene is voiceless; while on high [illegible]
Yon firmamental orbs are fix'd and bright,
As though in wonder, that their glory [illegible]
Upon the grave where buried God and [illegible]

Still Calv'ry sleeps; and nothing [illegible]
The holy slumber of the night [illegible]
The sentries in their panoply are [illegible]
Some on the orbed worlds of air [illegible]
Upturn, and with inaudible delight
Adore their beauty; some, on fairy wings
Of fondness, to the haunt of childhood fled,
Among the hills of unforgotten Rome;
Or vaguely round yon high-wall'd city flow
The shadowy watch-towers, on the vineyard
Or mountain dim, or Maccabean pile;
While others, haply, to the tomb devote
A gaze of sorrow, for the righteous Form
They help'd to rivet on the cursed tree!

But in that syncope, that solemn trance
When darkness, like a fading thought, decays
Amid the glimmer of increasing dawn,
Like God in thunder, lo! an earthquake [illegible]
Till the rock quiver'd as a shaken reed!
In rushing glory down the sky advanced



'Why weepest thou?' again, and still, and still,
Then Mary, with mistaking love, replied,
'If thou hast borne Him from this earthly bourne,
Oh! tell me where;—these hands will take Him hence.'
But Jesus, vocal with His wonted voice,
Responded, 'Mary!'—and the mourner fell
Down at His feet!—Rabboni she adored!
Let one at midnight, when the cradling sea,
Hath rock'd his slumber, and a dream of home,
In murmuring faintness to the soul renews
Parental language, till his ocean-sleep
Is harrow'd by that too delicious sound!—
The feeling picture,—such may faintly tell,
When Mary worshipp'd, *how* her spirit thrill'd!

'Twas on the ev'ning of this hallow'd day,
That two disciples, down a western vale,
To where Emmaus in the sunset show'd
Her whitening cots, with pensive step approach'd,
O, dying hour of beautiful delight!
The painter's worship, and the poet's song,
How few adore thee with a purer thought
Than one, whose dreaming boyhood loved to frame
Romantic visions of the unreveal'd,
From thine own hues; when, like those fairy
That float and perish, yearning fancy,
Bright unrealities long roll'd away!
Divinest Evening! when thy Syrian glow

letting in the light of Heaven!

shading to partake their meal,

and the blessing gave,—

so eloquent with awe devout,

That calm majestic mien,

Messiah!—lo, at once He gazed

featured like their living Christ,

worshipp'd,—and forsook!

each wond'ring heart had burn'd,

Him like an oracle reveal

Life, and Everlasting Will!—

a vision of the soul He fled.

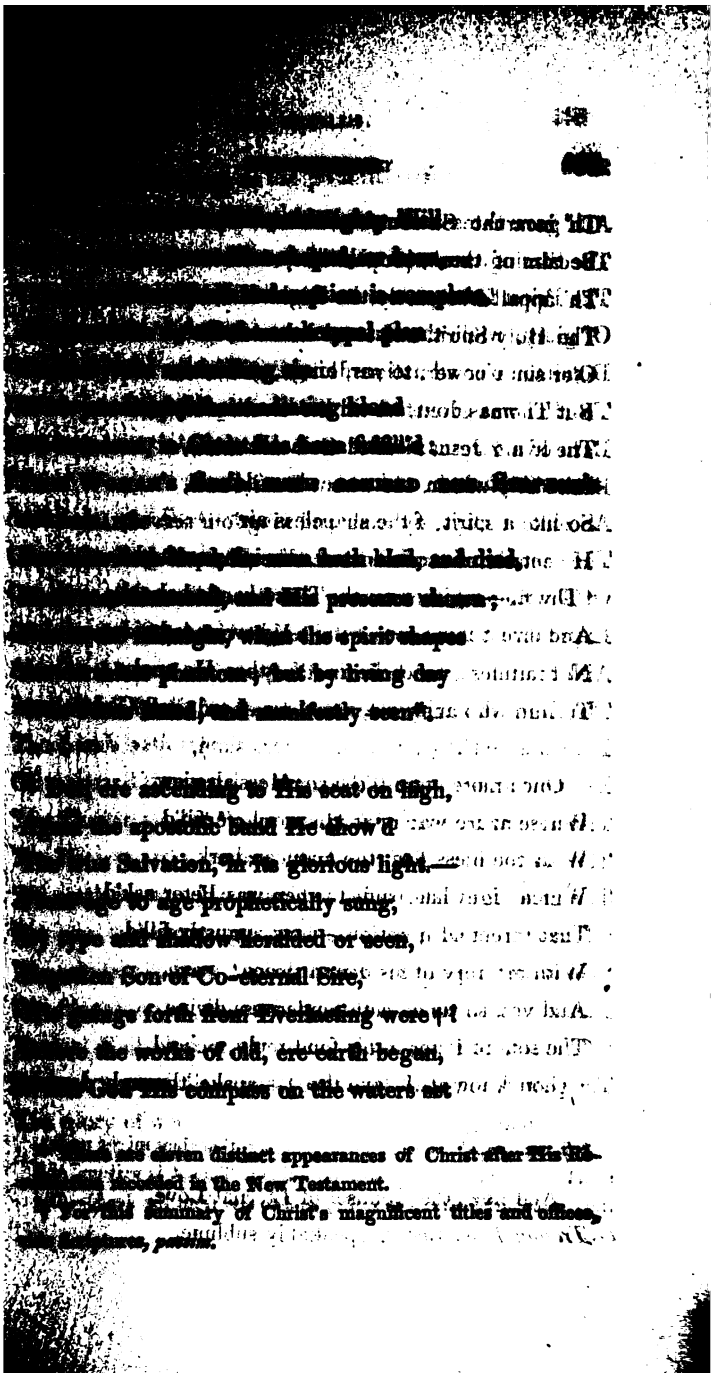
they speeded, to th' Eleven rehearsed

tale of wonder; when, again, behold!

Th' incarnate Saviour [illegible]
Becalming thus [illegible]
Th' appall'd [illegible]
The Holy Spirit, and to [illegible]
O'er sin a power, to pardon [illegible]
But Thomas [illegible]
The living Jesus [illegible]
[illegible]
So like a spirit of the shapeless air
He enter'd, that with dread, disciples [illegible]
'Thy finger hither reach. These hands behold,
And thrust thine own within My [illegible]
Not faithless, but believing [illegible]
To him who answer'd, 'Saviour, Lord, and God!'

Once more upon the lake, Messiah view,
Whose azure waters at His word o'erfill
With countless fish, the Galilean bark,
Which night had baffled: then was Peter's [illegible]
That threefold question,—how augustly [illegible]
With memory of his denial thrice!
And yet, so toned with tenderness divine,
The soul of Peter in his fond reply,
'Thou know'st I love thee!'—spake [illegible]
tears!

And now, the Counsel of Eternal Love,
Tremendous, vast, unspeakably sublime,



And gave the sea
The Star of Jacob,
The Priest for ever, on the Right Hand placed
Of glory, while the
Dominion o'er all nations, kings, and
To Him was given, whom the Gentiles sought,
Born of a Virgin, blended God and man,
Desire of Nations, He whom Daniel saw,
Ancient of Days, by King and Kingdom served,
The Heritor of Heathens, and the Throne
Of David,—higher than the Heaven of
Expressive Semblance of the bright
And Morning Star* of
The Light of Light, unspotted Lamb of
For sin an offering, and for sinners
But now arisen,—from the tomb to
Triumphant Saviour of forgiven
Thus in the beams of revelation
The great Messiah! thus the
Of error from their souls he
'Go forth! repentance and remission
Baptizing nations in the
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
The power, the spirit, and the grace shall

of our great Redeemer sing!

* Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day. *Luke, Gospel.* REV. CHAP. V.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost the

The power and glory, and

of our great Redeemer sing!

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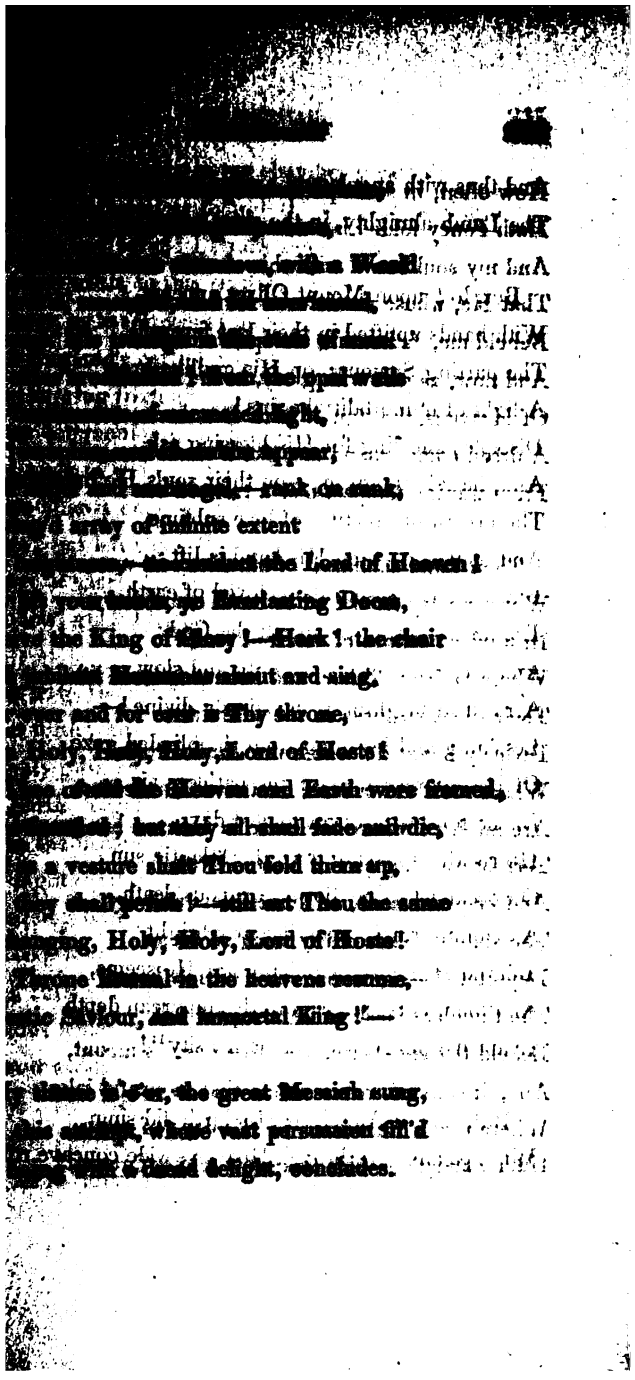
Rev. chap. v.

Chapel.

And thus with [illegible]
The Lamb almighty, in the clear cloud [illegible]

But, lo! upon Mount Olivet appears
With hands uplifted in their last farewell
The parting Saviour: on His quelling host
A light of immortality begins!
Disciples kneeling for His blessing sink,
And, hark! 'tis given,—on their souls He breathes
The breath of sanctity, of love sublime,
And endless:—then His hand is lift;
But while it blesseth the beloved of earth,
The air is waiting to upraft the God;
And see, He riseth! solemnly and slow,
Array'd in brightness, dazzlingly divine!
Less'ning and less'ning from the blinded gaze
Of His adorers, through the pathless air,
In the full lustre of unclouded day
He riseth!—leaving, like th' Atlantic sun
On ocean when he dies a gorgeous death,
A beaming track, magnificently bright
Behind Him! till a radiant star He seems,
And then, is trackless,—in th' empyrean depth
Evanish'd, mix'd with far immensity!

But, oh! if Angels at His birth did sing,
What peans now through Heaven's wide concave



How often, in some pause of holy fear,
Hath Fancy folded her advent'rous wing,
And my soul bow'd with this unutter'd thought!—
That He, whose mediatorial love I sang,
Beheld me, fathoming the spirit's depth!
And now, as girt with glory, in the Heaven
Of Heavens, the Son of Man His throne resumes,
A dread comes round me, like a shadow cast
From waning tempest o'er a tranced sea!

Thou Land sublime! of miracles and men,
Where poetry from God to earth came down
In warbled echoes of celestial song!

Where Hebron, Tabor, and Mount Carmel lift
Their silent vastness in the sultry air,
Divinely haunted; where the Jordan rolls,
Where rock and cavern, grotto, cell, and cave,
Are mighty; where the curse of Heaven has grayed
Terrific warning on thy blasted trees,
And haggard vales, all fountainless and dry,—
The stately vision of thy mingled scene
Departeth!—He whose spirit oft has heard
The thunder-music of thy tempest roll,
Beheld thy sun-blaze, seen thine eagles mount,
And, dream-led, roved beside that mournful lake
Where man's Redeemer, in His days of earth,
Hath wander'd,—bids thee now a long farewell!

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In warbled echoes of celestial song!
Where poetry from God to earth came down
Thou Land sublime! of miracles and men,
A dread comes round me, like a shadow
From waning tempest o'er a tranced sea!
Of Heaven, the Son of Man His throne
And now, as girt with glory, in the He
Behold me, fathoming the spirit's d
And my soul bow'd with this
That He, whose mediatorial love
How often, in some hours of

To light the [illegible]
As when at morning, o'[illegible]
A stream of splendour through the [illegible]
Of temple vast, to shine its hues [illegible]
And on the gloom of monuments to [illegible]
To glitter, like a resurrection [illegible]

Thus life is cherish'd for a nobler [illegible]
Than glory, by the breath of man bestow'd [illegible]
A living world reflects a living God, [illegible]
Morn, noon, and night, with everlasting [illegible]
And who can dim the universe, o'ermaster [illegible]
The elements, unrent the sun, or mar [illegible]
That mighty Poem which the heavens and earth
Exhibit, written by Eternal Hands? [illegible]
The sense of beauty, which is so divine, [illegible]
Lives in the spirit like a burning spoke [illegible]
And while the wonders of creation [illegible]
To love and worship their majestic power, [illegible]
Can lift the spirit into purer light [illegible]
Than ever canopied the dreams of [illegible]

And cold the heart, whose aspirations [illegible]
Their flight from thee, my own invisible [illegible]
Whom night and beauty have apparell'd [illegible]
Thy heaven, in glory as the mighty [illegible]
Of ocean, in the noontide's dazzling [illegible]
Thy starry [illegible]

And the young moon looks on the quiet sea,
Tranced like a mother, with her doating eye
Intently fix'd upon a cradled child!
While, round, and full, and ravishingly bright,
A planet, here and there, the sky adorns:
A path of lustre has o'erlaid the deep,
And heaves and glitters, like a wizard shore
For sea-enchanters, when they rise and walk
The waves in glory:—voice nor foot profanes
This dreaming silence; but the mellow lisp
Of dying waters on the beach dissolved,
Makes ocean-language for the heart and hour!

Now thought is heavenlike; and our earthly frame
Of purity beyond the day to bring,
Is conscious:—from the uncreated fount
Of glory, may not emanations steal,
By night absorb'd, and mystically felt?
Or creatures,—such as once the mental eye
Of seraph-haunted Milton[15] saw descend,
Like sunbeams darted from a riven cloud,
On Eden's mount,—with viewless wing career
Around us?—charming with a gaze unseen
Whate'er the beauty of their glances touch!

But oh! dark Spirit[16], whose unquiet shade
Our fancy visions in reflected gloom,
Again thou comest! and thy frown declares,

What penal agonies, what ghastly [illegible]
What spirits rotting [illegible]
In this calm [illegible]
E'en now the curtains of [illegible]
Are shaken, by the blasts of [illegible]
For Self [illegible] has overshadowed [illegible]
In dread oblivion, till our [illegible]
To behold the universe, and guide the [illegible]
Of human fate, have awfully [illegible]

A mind that glories in the world of man,
And graves [illegible] on the [illegible]
Oh! how it loves the universe, and longs
To see the spirits whom Redemption [illegible]
Annihilate the hopes of Hell! Shall [illegible]
So highly destined, that a smile of [illegible]
Heaves o'er the harps of Heaven's [illegible]
When Sin repents, be [illegible]
No! let us, as the [illegible]
A cloudy tempest with [illegible]
So learn to vanquish with [illegible]
Our sin and [illegible]
To shapeless [illegible]
Our vices with [illegible]

Amid the energies that now unfold
Like harmonies from some awaking [illegible]
Wilt thou, divinest of all arts divine!

interprets with a vocal spell.

A mind that glories in the world of man,

Oh! how it loves

Amid the sacrifice

Like harmonies

With thee, divinest of all arts divine!

All moods are thine, all melodies of the
By thee are visited with healing wings
Oh! there be moments, when a blessing
Of dimness, woven by some demon
Lies on the world; when love itself is
And earthy, and the tone affection breathes
Falls fruitless on the mind, as ocean
That dies unheeded on the savage
When Nature is untuned, and all things
The coarse reality derision loves.
And then, how often thine assuasive balm,
Spirit of beauty! intellectual
Is worshipp'd,—melting over heart and brain,
Like dew upon the desert, till the soul
Reviveth, and the world is exorcised!—
And thou canst hallow with ennobling
Deep impulses, of undiscover'd source,
That come like shades of pre-existent life
Athwart the mind, when superstition
For is not man mysteriously begirt
By something dread, imagination feels,
Yet fathoms not? Dare human creed
That mortal feeling in its finest mood,
May be some thrill of sympathetic
That link our nature to a world unknown?

* Man can never altogether turn aside his
nity; and some obscure recollections will
his original home.—M. Schlegel.

with acts, the Soul shall live.

Behold him!—how magnificently dread!
From the huge mountain into embers sunk,
To the last billow of expiring sea,—
O'er all, the terror of his ruin frowns
Sublime, who battled with Omnipotence,
And *will* be fearless in the fires of hell!

Another gaze! ere earth and nature die:
The Spirit of eternity descends,
Seven thunders speak *, to heaven he lifts his arm,
And utters,—'Time and earth shall be no more!'
Creation withers at his dread command,
And like a shade, the Universe departs!

Oh! in this agony of Nature's death,
May he, who dared from erring fancy's gloom
To lift his spirit to the Light of Light,
And shadow forth the lineaments divine
Of God Incarnate, by redemption seen,
Unblasted look upon the Lord he sang!
And in some world unutterably bright,
Where thought is holy as the heaven it breathes,
By angels taught, around The Throne renew
The song eternal fleeting time began.

* See Revelations.

END OF THE POEM.

NOTES.

tation. Apt from the which invited them to [illegible]

Patrick [illegible]

In Vitringa, on the 'Tree of the Knowledge of [illegible]' reader will find some profound and vigorous remarks that 'the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was so because, from the divine institution, it was a [illegible] knowledge,—*i. e.* it was a visible, familiar, and [illegible] by which man was not only admonished of the eternal [illegible] between good and evil, but was put upon his guard as to [illegible] ter from which alone evil could assail him.' Concerning [illegible] mand itself, it is observed, 'the prohibition answered [illegible] fold purpose of trial, instruction, and of a [illegible]' We will venture to extract his eloquent comment on [illegible] of these purposes:—'Placed in the midst of the [illegible] meeting the eyes of our first parents, it (viz. the [illegible] ledge') would hardly fail to teach them such [illegible] That God is the Lord of all things, and consequently [illegible] dominion was neither absolute nor independent; [illegible] enjoyment of God alone is the satisfying good; [illegible] judging of good and evil, man is not to be [illegible] means or pleasure, but by the revealed will of [illegible] had not yet arrived at his highest happiness, [illegible] earnest and desire a more perfect state, yet in [illegible] which God had appointed; that if he would retain [illegible] avoid the cause of it—*i. e.* sin. How much further [illegible] mind of the first man might have carried his [illegible] forbidden tree, to what sublime conceptions of the [illegible] and works of Providence it might have led him, [illegible] tored state, with our discordant affections and [illegible] poorly qualified to judge. Yet, disabled as we are [illegible] from taking such rapid, capacious, and elevating [illegible] ger is dark, and good, and magnificent, in the [illegible] Creator, as were competent to a sinless being [illegible] enough to persuade us that the tree of knowledge of [illegible] evil must have been to an innocent man a rich [illegible] lectual improvement and moral joy.'—Observ. Gen. [illegible] v. c. 12.

Note 2, p. 8.

Let nature hope, and while her blessings fly,
To secret Heaven resign the vast unknown.

A beautiful illustration of our limited apprehension [illegible] the origin and destiny of things occurs in one of [illegible]

Note 4, p. 11.

where Christ actually suffered.

Note 5, p. 15.

Seven altars.

It is well known that, in the oriental style, the perfection of any quality is expressed by the application of the number seven, a figure probably derived from the history of the Creation, which was completed in six days, and the primeval holiness of the seventh day. But, however this may be, the number seven was considered a most dignified and sacred number. It occupies a conspicuous place in the religious and political institutions of the ancient Persians, who had derived many principles of primitive revealed religion, and undoubtedly a patriarchal source: and it was adopted in the sacred phraseology of the Hebrews. Thus the Apostle, when he denoted by seven troubles the most complete affliction, which is called a being purified seven times; a character of perfection, which is represented by the number seven, and shows that in the mention of seven evil spirits, the number is not to be taken literally, but as a mystical number, implying completeness, is applied by seven men that can speak with understanding, as the perfect assemblage of wisdom by the phrase of the seven spirits of God by seven eyes, and seven lamps, and still more remarkably, in this book of mysterious import, in the action of the Divine government, in different parts of the world, in connexion with the seven churches, seven spirits, seven seals, seven thunders, seven plagues, seven vials, and the perfection, and power, and wisdom of Christ, and the protection and government of the Church, and the

those of the Roman philosopher:— 'If virtue be sought for its own sake, it is considered as formed or perfected.'

Note 6, p. 16.

Seven sounding letters, the names of the Immortal God, the Almighty Deity, Father of All, that cannot decay, be victory, [illegible] I am the Eternal Vial of all things, Whereby the melody so sweetly sings Of Heaven's music which so sweetly sings

those of the Roman philosopher :—' *If virtue be excel-*

this great relation of, it is considered, be allowed to have

it we might indeed have been what the world terms

the passive subjects of a series of agreeable sensations;

but what is it to be magnanimous, to have the toil, the

and the victory; to exult that we have something within

is superior, not to danger only, but which can vanquish

Round Jesus all the prophets shed their [illegible]

Instead of loading the text with prophetical references, the author has thought it more convenient to introduce, [illegible] note, a table of prophecies relative to the kingdom, [illegible] character of Christ. This summary was originally [illegible] Hartwell Horne, to which invaluable introduction the [illegible] to acknowledge infinite obligations.

TABLE OF PROPHECIES

RELATIVE TO

THE MESSIAH AND HIS KINGDOM.

I.

PROPHECIES CONCERNING THE LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, [illegible] REIGN OF THE MESSIAH.

1. *That a Messiah should come.*

PROPHECY.	FULFILMENT.
Gen. iii. 15. xii. 3. xxii. 18. xxvi. 4. xxviii. 14. Ps. lxxii. 17. Isa. xl. 5, 10. Hag. ii. 7.	Gal. iv. 4. Rom. xvi. 25. [illegible] Rev. xii. 5. Matth. i. [illegible]

2. *When he should come.*

Gen. xlix. 10. Hag. ii. 6–9. Dan. ix. 24. [illegible] Mal. iii. 1.	Luke ii. 1–6, 8. [illegible] [illegible] 10–14. [illegible] [illegible] 40. Luke ii. 25—32. John i. [illegible]

3. *That the Messiah should be God and man together.*

Ps. ii. 7. cx. 1. Isa. ix. 6. Micah v. 2.	Heb. i. 5. Matth. i. 23. Matt. i. [illegible] Rom. ix. 5. Col. ii. 9.

4. *From whom he was to be descended.*

From the first woman, Gen. iii. 15; from Abraham, Gen. xii. 3. xviii. 18; from Isaac, Gen. xxvi. 4; Jacob, Gen. xxviii. 14; Judah, Gen. xlix. 10; Jesse, Isa. xi. 1; David, Ps. cxxxii. 11. Jerem. x. 24; Isa. vii. 13, 14. Ix. 7; Jer. xxiii. 5. xxxiii. 15, 21.	Gal. iv. 4. Acts iii. 25. [illegible] vii. 14. Rom. xv. 12. [illegible] [illegible]

5. *That the Messiah should be born at Bethlehem.*

Micah v. 2.	Matth. i. 24, 25. Luke ii. 4–6, 11. John vii. 42.

6. *That he should be preceded by a messenger.*

Isa. xl. 3. Mal. iii. 1.	Matth. iii. 1–3. Luke i. 76. iii. 4. John i. 23.

Luke vii. 21. Matt. iv. 23, xv. 30, 31. Acts ii. 22, and many other

12. *In what manner he should enter Jerusalem.*

Matt. xxi. 4, 5, 7, 10.

...and that he should be betrayed and sold by one ... which the potter's field should be purchased.

Luke ix. 22. 2 Cor. viii. 9. John xi. 33. Luke xviii. 3, 4. Matt. xxvi. 14. xxvii. 3—10.

...that the Messiah should suffer pain and death for the sins of the world.

John xix. 1, 2. Matt. xxvii. 29—31. Mark xv. 19, 25. 1 Pet. ii. 22, 24.

...the Messiah should be cruelly mocked and derided.

Matt. xxvii. 39—44. Mark xv. 31—32. Luke xxiii. 35—36.

...be offered to the Messiah on the cross, and lots cast for his vesture.

John xix. 23. Matt. xxvii. 34, 35. Mark xv. 36. John xix. 23, 24.

...of him should be broken, but that his side should be pierced.

John xix. 33—34.

...that the Messiah should his enemies, but be buried honourably.

Matt. xxvii. 38, 57—60.

...the Messiah should rise from the dead and ascend into heaven.

Acts ii. 32, 33. xiii. 33, 37. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6. Luke xxiv. 5, 6. 1 Cor. xv. 4.

...the Messiah should send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Acts ii. 1—4, 16—21. iv. 31. viii. 17. xi. 15.

PROPHECIES RELATING TO THE OFFICE

1. *That the Messiah was to be a Prophet and Lawgiver like unto Moses, but*

should change the law of Moses into a new and more perfect law, extending

tion, which should last for ever.

Deut. xviii. 15. Acts iii. 22. Mark vi. 4. Luke iv. 24. John iv. 44. Matt. xxi. 11. Acts vii. 37.

1. Heb. vii. 22.

Isa. lxi. 1. Rev. xix. 10. Ps. xlv. 2. Matt. v. 1, 2. Mark i. 21. Luke iv. 15. John vii. 46. Heb. ii. 3. 1 Pet. i. 11. Luke xxiv. 27. John i. 45. Acts x. 43. Heb. x. 7—10.

4. *That the Messiah was to be the Christ or anointed of God.*

Isa. xlii. 1. Ps. cxxxii. 17. Dan. ix. 24. Matt. xii. 18. John i. 41. Acts x. 38. Heb. i. 9.

5. *That the Messiah was to be a Priest.*

Ps. cx. 4. (cited Heb. vii. 17.) Zech. vi. 13. (see Acts iii. 26.) John iii. 16. Heb. ii. 9. x. 20—10. 1 Tim. ii. 6.

6. *The Messiah was, by the offering of himself as a sacrifice for sin, to make an end of*

reconciliation for iniquity; to make men holy; and to deliver the power of the

Eph. v. 2. 2 Cor. v. 21.

Isa. liii. 6, 10, 12. Dan. ix. 24. Gen. iii. 16. Acts v. 3. 1 John. i. 7.

Col. v. 12. Col. i. 20. Heb. v. 9.

Mark xiv. 24. Luke xxiv. 47. Acts x. 43. Matt. xxvi. 28. Luke xxii. 20. Mark xiv. 24.

7. *The Messiah was to be a Saviour.*

1 John iv. 14. Luke ii.

Acts. xiii. 23. John iv.

Matt. xx. 18. Mark x. 33. Luke xviii. 32. Matt. xxvi. 2. Mark xiv. 10. Luke xxii. 4—6. John xii. 4. Matt. xxvi. 15. Mark xiv. 10. Luke xxii. 5.

8. *The Messiah was to be a*

Ps. cx. 6. Dan. ix. 26. Isa. liii. 8. Matt. xxvi. 64. John xiv. 2. Eph. ii. 6. Heb. x. 12. Ps. lxxx. 17.

John xv. 16. xvi.

9. *The Messiah was to*

Isa. liii. 12. Matt. xxvi. 56. Mark xiv. 50. Luke xxiii. 34. 1 John ii. 1. Heb. ix. 24.

10. *Messiah was to be a Shepherd.*

Isa. xl. 11. Ezek. xxxiv. 23. xxxvii. 24. John x. 11, 14. Heb. xiii. 20. 1 Pet. ii 25. v. 2, 4.

11. *Messiah was to be a King.*

Ps. ii. 6. cxxxii. 11. Isa. ix. 6, iv. 4. Zech. vi. 13. Jer. xxiii. 5, 6. Isa. xxxii. 1. Ezek. xxxvii. 24, 25. xxxiv. 23, 24. Jer. xxx. 9. Hos. iii. 5. Zech. ix. 9. Mich. v. 2. Matt. ii. 2, 6. xxi. 5. John xii. 15. Luke xix. 38. i. 32, 33. John i. 49. xviii. 33, 36, 37. Matt. xxvii. 11. Acts v. 31.

12. *Messiah as a King was to be above all others, and Head of his Church.*

Ps. lxxxix. 27, 36. Dan. vii. 13, 14, 27. ii. 44. Rev. i. 5. 1 Tim. vi. 15. Rev. xvii. 14. xix. 16. Eph. i. 21—23. Phil. ii. 9. Col. i. 18. Eph. iv. 15, 16. 1 Cor. xii. 27.

13. *Messiah the King was to be exalted more particularly after his sufferings and resurrection.*

Ps. ii. 6, 8. viii. 5. Isa. liii 10, 12. 1 Pet. i. 11. Luke xxiv. 26. John xvii. 1. Rom. i. 4. 1 Pet. i. 21. iii. 22. Acts ii. 32, 33. Phil. ii. 8—10. Heb. ii. 9. xii. 2.

14. *That there is salvation only in Christ.*

Isa. xlv. 21. Zech. xiii. 1. Mal. iv. 2. Isa. liii. 11. lix. 20. (see also, Rom. xi. 26.) Ps. cxxxviii. 22. Isa. xxviii. 16. Mark xii. 10. John iii. 16. 1 Thess. v. 9. John xvii. 3. Luke xxiv. 47. Acts x. 43. xiii. 38, 39. iv. 11, 12.

15. *Of the necessity of believing in Christ, and the danger of rejecting him.*

Deut. xviii. 15, 19. (see Acts iii. 23.) Numb. xv. 30, 31. Ps. ii. 12. John iii. 18. Heb. ii. 3. x. 26—29. 2 Thess. i. 7, 8.

NEW TESTAMENT PREDICTIONS, WITH THEIR FULFILMENT.

I.

PREDICTION THAT THEY WOULD FIND THINGS ACCORDING TO HIS WORD.

Matt. xxi. 1—3. Mark xi. 2. Luke xix. 30, 31. Mark xiv. 13—15. Matt. xxvi. 18. Mark xi. 4—6. Luke xix. 32. xxii. Mark xiv. 16.

II.

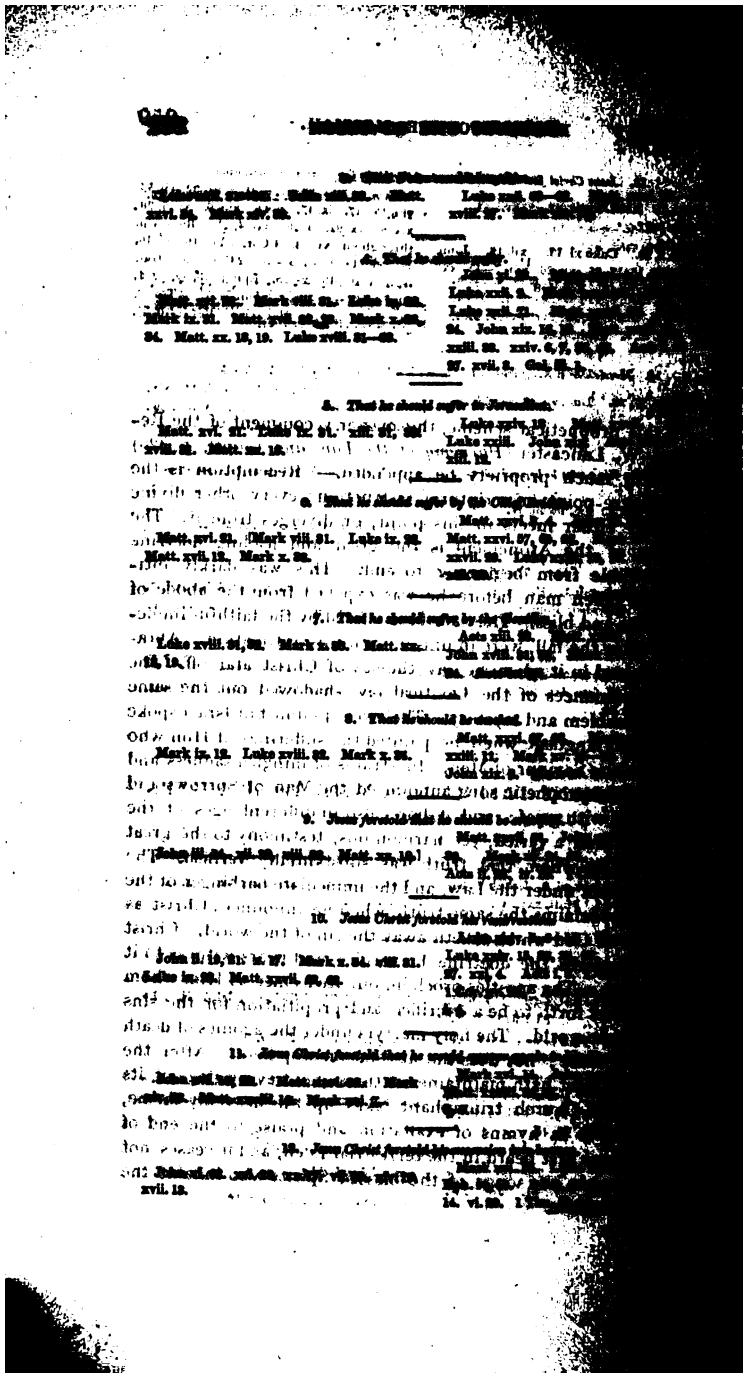
PREDICTIONS OF JESUS CHRIST RELATIVE TO HIS SUFFERINGS, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ASCENSION.

1. *That he was to be betrayed by one of his disciples, Judas.*

John vi. 70, 71. Matt. xx. 18. xvii. 22. Mark x. 33. Luke ix. 44. Matt xxvi. 2. John xiii. 10, 11, 18. xvii. 12. Mark xiv. 18. Matt. xxvi. 21. John xiii. 21, 26. Luke xxii. 21. Mark xiv. 20, 42. Matt. 26, 46. Matt. xxvi. 14—16. Mark xiv. 10. Luke xxii. 34. John xiii. 2. Matt. xxvii 47, 49.

2. *That his other disciples would forsake him.*

Mark xiv. 27. Matt. xxvi. 31. John xvi. 32. xviii. 8, 9. Matt. xxvi. 56. Mark xiv. 50.

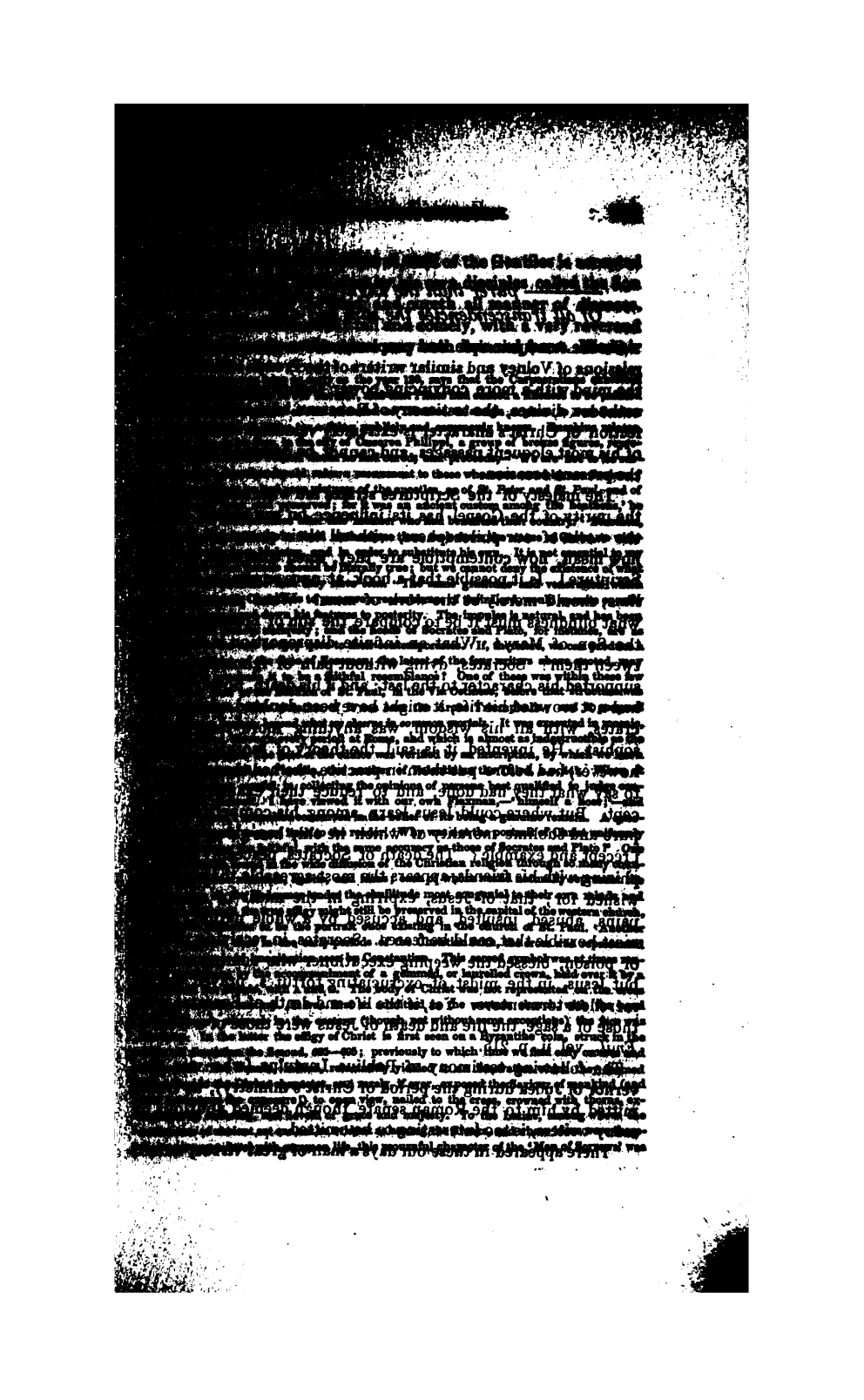


13. *Jesus Christ foretold the descent of the Holy Ghost after his ascension.*

Matt. x. 20. Luke xi. 13. xii. 12. John vii. 39. xiv. 16, 17, 26. xv. 26. xvi. 7—15. xx. 22. Luke xxiv. 49. Acts. i. 8.

Acts. ii. 1—4, 33. iv. 8. 31. v. 31, 32. vii. 55. viii. 15—17. ix. 17. x. 44. xiii. 9. xv. 8, 28. xix. 6. xx. 22, 23, 28. xxi. 4, 11. Rom. viii. throughout. xv. 13. 1 Cor. ii. 10—16. iii. 16, 17. vi. 11, 19. xii. 3—13. 2 Cor. v. 5. Gal. iii. 2. v. 16—18, 22—25. Eph. ii. 18, 22. iv. 4, 30. 1 Thess. i. 5, 6. 1 Tim. iv. 1. 2 Tim. i. 14. Titus iii. 5, 6. Heb. vi. 4. Rev. i. 10. ii. 7. xiv. 13. xxii. 17.

To this prophetical scheme, the masterly comment of the Reverend W. Lancaster (*Harmony of the Law and Gospel*, p. 326) may with much propriety be appended.—' Redemption is the great centre-point of scriptural instruction: every other divine ordinance either meets in this point, or diverges from it. The doctrine of the Atonement is the great and leading doctrine of the Bible from beginning to end. This was darkly intimated to fallen man before he was expelled from the abode of innocence and bliss. The sacrifices offered by the faithful immediately after the fall, were in unison with this intimation. Abraham rejoiced in it when he saw the day of Christ afar off. The bloody ordinances of the Levitical law shadowed out the same truth in emblem and mystery. The sweet psalmist of Israel spoke a congenial language when he painted the sufferings of Him who was to be the Saviour of Men. In strains of mingled sadness and triumph, the prophetic song announced the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief; and it bore also in different ages of the Jewish Church a varied, yet harmonious, testimony to the great Personage in whom that truth was substantially verified. The latest prophet under the Law, and the immediate harbinger of the Messiah, proclaims the same truth, when he announces Christ as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Christ himself declares the doctrine he verifies, and bears witness to it in his death. The apostles proclaim our Redeemer as Him whom God hath set forth to be a sacrifice and propitiation for the sins of the whole world. The holy martyrs under the agonies of death testify the same; nor does the attestation stop here. After the Church militant hath maintained it throughout every stage of its warfare, the Church triumphant takes up the heavenly theme, resounding it in hymns of exaltation and praise to the end of time. It was first heard in the terrestrial Eden, and it ceases not to be heard in the songs of the blessed Spirits who inhabit the celestial Paradise.'



of colour, and waving about his shoulders. His head goeth a seam or partition of his hair, after the Nazarites; his forehead very plain and smooth, without spot or wrinkle, beautified with comely red; his mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in colour to the hair of his head, of a great length, but full in the midst; of an [illegible] hidden, his eyes grey, clear, and quick. In reproving he is [illegible] courteous and fair spoken; pleasant, but mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that he was seen to laugh, but many have seen him weep; of person he was tall, upright and straight; his hands and arms very [illegible] beholds; in speaking very temperate, modest, and [illegible] singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

Note 8, p. 28.

——— *Holier than our holiest aim*
Can worship,—indged only in I AM!

Nothing is in fact more difficult for such a creature, surrounded as he is by gross material objects, and struggled in worldly pursuits, than to lift up his affections to God. A being, whose nature is so [illegible] that our knowledge of him is chiefly negative, [illegible] him not so much what he is as what he is not, [illegible] even to make a *steady* object of thought. Now, [illegible] God is a *spirit*; but we have a very faint notion [illegible] a spirit, except that it is not a body; God is [illegible] he is clothed with the very idea of eternity, of [illegible] that it is *without* beginning and *without* end; [illegible] divine attributes are *infinite*; i. e. set bounds [illegible] our relative, our knowledge of God extends [illegible] when we cannot but perceive, on attentive [illegible] attributes assigned to the Deity must in reality [illegible]

[illegible] Grant's Cartesianism.

all that charms,

To These unspotted truth

for sanction.

consider that our Lord, as partaker of our nature, and (sinning sin) like unto us, had a natural human will, [illegible] desires, appetites, and affections, *apt from objects* [illegible] *to receive sensible congruous impressions of pleasure and pain; whatever is innocently grateful and pleasant to us, that he could willingly delight in, and thence did incline to embrace;* whatever is distasteful and affective to us, that he resisted with grief, and hence was moved to eschew. To this probably he was liable beyond our ordinary rate; for that in him nature was [illegible] delicate, his complexion very delicate, his temper exquisitely [illegible] and fine.—*Barrow's Works*, vol. ii. p. 308.

Note 10, p. 29.

ring meekly to a central guide

and action, by the God empower'd.

[illegible] Taylor, 'the Shakspeare of Divines,' thus illustrates the [illegible] operations of the Holy Spirit over the human heart. *Preached to the University of Dublin.*

[illegible] designed the heavens to be the causes and changes [illegible] here below, hath placed his angels in their houses [illegible] given to every one of his appointed officers a portion [illegible] matter to circumagitate and roll; and now the won- [illegible] if it be inquired why this part of the fire runs east- [illegible] the other to the south, they being both indifferent to [illegible] because an angel of God sits in the centre and so it. [illegible] things of men, when they all receive the same [illegible] and are taught by the same master, and give full consent [illegible] dispositions, and can, of themselves, have nothing to [illegible] them in the events, it is because God hath sent his [illegible] and kindles a new fire, and creates a braver capa- [illegible] the actives to the passives, and blesses their ope-

END OF THE NOTES TO BOOK I

NOTES TO BOOK II.

Note 1, p. 35.

The faint reflection of a vast unseen!

If Phidias could so contrive a piece of his own work, as in it to preserve the memory of himself, never to be obliterated without the destruction of the work, well may we read the Great Architect of the World in the works of his own hands, and by the existence of one thing demonstrate the first Cause of all things. * * * * * No age so distant, no country so remote, no people so barbarous, but gives a sufficient testimony of this truth. When the Roman eagle flew over most parts of the habitable world, they met with atheism nowhere; but rather by their miscellaneous deities at Rome, which grew together with their victories, showed no nation was without its God. —*Pearson*, fol. 10th ed., p. 19—21.

One of the finest thinkers of modern times (the author of *Natural History of Enthusiasm*), in alluding to the revelations of a Deity as exhibited by the material universe, in his last work, presents us with a noble passage:—'The nocturnal heavens at once symbolize and demonstrate the concealed existence and attributes of God, just as the presence and symmetry of a man are made known to a distant spectator, when the shadow of his person, in sharp outline, falls upon a brightly illuminated surface: we see not, indeed, the man, nor, in strictness of argument, is it more than his exterior form of which we have direct evidence: nevertheless, we do not scruple to fill up, in idea, what is wanting in formal proof; and we think almost as distinctly of the person as if he stood, without a screen, fronting us in the blaze of light. Thus is it, that, both in the vastness and in the richness of the visible universe, the Invisible God is adumbrated. If the eye be but clear, we can never

How Nature witnesseth the

That God governs the world by

The whole analogy of Nature presents all mankind [illegible] against the general notion of a Mediator between God and Man: for we find all living creatures are brought into the world, and their life in infancy is preserved, by the instrumentality of others; and every satisfaction of it somehow or other [illegible] secured by the like means. So, that the [illegible] which God exercises over the world, is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far this analogy [illegible] it is impossible to determine at all by reason. And the presumption that part of it is so, appears to me [illegible] as credible as the contrary. There is, then, no [illegible] from the light of Nature, against the general [illegible] between God and Man, considered as a doctrine of [illegible] or stated appointment in the dispensation [illegible] justifying that God does appoint mediators [illegible] of good and evil to us, the instruments of his [illegible] —*Butler's Anal.*, part ii. p. 176.

Note 3, p. 45.

Thus Plato, in his pure contemplation, [illegible]
A glorious longing for supremer [illegible]

'Socrates, in a conversation with his friends [illegible] visibly perverted state of the world, infers the [illegible] of a Divine Mediator and Instructor, and from [illegible] have reason to hope for and expect such. And [illegible] sion he says something very remarkable, and [illegible] mysterious, concerning a Divine Person to be [illegible] to instruct, reprieve, and restore. There, as [illegible] And Plato, either in his own person, or in that [illegible] mention of the Divine *Logos* as of a personal exist[illegible] to have had an idea of his distinct operation [illegible] the world. And when Cudworth [illegible] fragments that are ascribed to Plato [illegible] whom he addressing himself, "that [illegible]

as a gorgeous cloud,

Even as it dazzles, is but dying air!

Note 3, p. 55.

There is a severe truth in a remark of Wollaston on the un- [illegible] man is not known ever the more to [illegible] his name is transmitted to them; he does not [illegible] his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar sub- [illegible] Pompey, changed the Roman commonwealth [illegible] &c.—it is the same thing as to say, the con- [illegible] and the same thing; that is, Cæsar and the conqueror [illegible] are the same thing; and Cæsar is as much known by [illegible] as the other. The amount then is only this, that [illegible] of Pompey conquered Pompey; or, somebody [illegible] Such a poor business is this boasted im- [illegible] such as has been here described, in the thing [illegible] among us.—*Retro. of Rel. Del.*

[illegible] observation to this, may be added the sentiments [illegible] and philosophic Gray. "One principal cause [illegible] of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame. Many

or the barren grave
The flowers of immortality begin

Why is this in the order of Nature, that there is such a difference in the duration and destruction of her works? If the mere [illegible] it is to produce a soil which is capable of nourishing [illegible] things, when the moss, and the lichen die and [illegible] which become the food of life [illegible] to a more exalted species of vegetables. Vegetables [illegible] animals, the less perfect animals of the more [illegible] man, the faculties and intellect are perfected,—[illegible] little while in disease and misery, and then [illegible] disappear, without an end, and without producing [illegible]

[illegible] if we suppose that the human being who has [illegible] for action, but who has been unable to act, is not [illegible] there is some arrangement of things which [illegible] cannot comprehend, but in which his faculties will be [illegible] matter, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, [illegible] to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of air, and [illegible] consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. [illegible] of the earth, but, perhaps, we are the slaves of [illegible] unknown beings. The fly that we crush with our [illegible] with our viands, has no knowledge of man, and no [illegible] of his superiority. We suppose that we are re[illegible] matter, and with all its elements, and yet we cannot [illegible] the sense of electricity, or explain the laws of the [illegible] the stones which fall from meteors. There may be [illegible] thinking beings, near us, surrounding us, which we do not [illegible] which we can never imagine. We know very little; but, [illegible] we know enough to hope for the immortality, the

[illegible] Davy, vol. i. p. 198.

[illegible] THE NOTES TO BOOK II.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

Note 1, p. 65.

Of glory ran, when first Salvation unrolled

more things, and more beings in Nature than ours

Whose power, though blended in

Sublimely differ'd

[illegible] ancient oracles of the ancient world. Part [illegible] relative to the Messiah; and hopes the [illegible] relative to a TEMPORAL KING, and a [illegible]. Cant. Magil, in his Pulpit, has blended them, and thereby [illegible] The Sibyl's oracles had foretold, for several ages, two great kings, Augustus was one, (the last of the four monarchs alluded to by Daniel,) and Jesus Christ the other.

The following extracts are quoted by Sandys, as genuine specimens of the Sybil Oracle :—

* Bishop Beveridge says, the Sybil oracles "were composed of adulterated fragments of the [illegible] and some part it is not to be doubted, that a relish of the prophetic part, the Messiah excepted, [illegible]

The origin of the Barbaric and Grecian philosophy, may incontestably be traced to fragments [illegible] which were adopted into various systems, [illegible] the religious and extravagancies of each successive founder. This is [illegible] conclusively proved by Clement of Alexandria.

[illegible] and philosophers of Greece, it is hardly necessary to remark, [illegible] the chief ancient of them were either barbarians by birth or [illegible] since it has been shown that Pythagoras was either a Tyrrhenian, [illegible] was a Phrygian; Orpheus an Odrysian, or a Thracian; and [illegible] he is said to have been an Egyptian. Thales was a Phœnician [illegible] conversed to have conversed with the prophets of Egypt. Pherecydes [illegible] and was likewise circumcised by those prophets, in order that he might [illegible] of their temples, and thus become instructed in the [illegible] that Egyptians. He also conversed with the Magi of Babylon. [illegible] As for Plato, he does not deny that he brought home from the [illegible] parts of his philosophy, and confesses that he visited Egypt. Indeed, [illegible] on every occasion to magnify the barbarians; since he speaks of [illegible] Anaxagoras as having refresh the learned and the dull, and [illegible] In one of his dialogues he discloses his acquaintance with the Egyptian [illegible] an eminently wise man, whom he knew to be the same with [illegible] Egyptian to have known certain Israelites who had the [illegible] Pythagoras is also said to have been the scholar of Sanchoniatho the Phœnician Thales of Sochumphis, the Heliopolitan; and Eudoxus the Gnidian of [illegible] who was also an Egyptian. With regard to Democritus, we find him in his [illegible] and both learning after the following manner:—"I have travelled over [illegible] and of his time than any of my contemporaries, carrying my inquiries into the [illegible] remote points of human knowledge; I have also witnessed a greater variety of climates [illegible] I have conversed with a greater number of learned men. No man, not even [illegible] has ever surpassed me in the demonstration of lines, together with the demonstration of those proposition. With these learned men I have maintained an intercourse, in the whole, for eighty years in foreign countries." For [illegible] Babylon, and Persia and Egypt, and was a scholar of both the Magi and the [illegible] Magians first made mention of Zoroaster the Persian Magus; of whose secret [illegible] followers of Eudoxus boast themselves in possession. Alexander, in his Treatise [illegible] Antiochus, [illegible] Aristotle. A relative of Aristotle, Mr Asty- [illegible] that he was moreover a hearer of the Gauls and Brachmans. It appears, then, [illegible] flourished in ancient times among the barbarians, [illegible] among [illegible] and that it was afterwards introduced into Greece. And those who taught it [illegible] the CHALDEANS of Syria, the DRUIDS of Gaul, the SARMANÆ of Scythia, [illegible] among the Celts, the Magi of Persia, the Gymnosophists of India, [illegible] barbarian philosophers.'—*Clement. Alex. Strom.*, i. 15.

HIS NAME.

——— vocales quatuor autem

Fert, non vocalesque ; duas binum geniorum :
Sed quæ sit numeri totius summa docebo.

Augustus Cæsar, having united all nations in peace, from east to west, from north to south, closed, for the third time, the Temple of Janus ; and at that particular point of time in which, by the ordinance of God, the most universal peace, Christ was born into the world, a universal peace was made preparatory.—*Orosius*, a native of Spain, *Hist.*, vii. c. 22.

Note 4, p. 29.

Where Deity the mortal shape
Of feeble infant took.

The world's salvation was, without the Incarnation of God, a thing impossible ; not simply impossible, if being presupposed that the will of God was to have it saved, than by the death of his own Son, willing to transact our flesh, he had means of [illegible] for what to offer unto God for us, and in [illegible] that by it he might be capable of death, wherewith

Note 6, p. 79.

till Restoration's voice
Conjure them back to Salem's widow'd clime.

[illegible] the melancholy grandeur of prophecy fulfilled, it is delightful to turn to the bright futurity that is promised to afflicted [illegible]. The restoration of the Jewish kingdom is as clearly revealed [illegible] destruction was. In reading unwonted truths [illegible] the reader will find the various prophecies relative to [illegible]. The author remarks:—

[illegible] turned to the Jews of the Crimea, about to [illegible] not bound to pay on by the possession of land pro-

Note 7, p. 85.

Messiah grew
Strong in the spirit, wisdom, grace, and power.

The act of the Son of God, in becoming a Mediator and Saviour to mankind, is considered as that which involved a [illegible] cessation or diminution of the developments, or manifestations, of the essential divine glories. It is, therefore, [illegible] our apprehension of those phrases described as coming [illegible] the Father, coming down from heaven, being sent [illegible] becoming flesh, and making his tabernacle among [illegible] sent in the likeness of sinful flesh, divesting himself [illegible]

Note 8, p. 90.

END OF THE NOTES TO BOOK III.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

Note 1, p. 106.

on Herod's donjon
From whose dread altitude the eye might
Same manner

The city lay over against the Temple, in the manner of a theatre, and was encompassed with a deep valley along the entire south quarter; but the finest part of the Temple, which was quadrangular, had indeed gates in its middle, as also it had the usual cloisters with three walls, which reached at length from the east corner [illegible] in the west, for it was impossible to [illegible] farther: until this cloister deserves to be mentioned [illegible] under them; *for while the valley was very deep, and [illegible] although she dove it, you looked from above into [illegible] vastly high elevation of the cloister itself [illegible] height, insomuch, if any one looked down from the [illegible] inhabitants, or down both those altitudes, [illegible] while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth.* Antiq. lib. xv. c. ix. sect. 5.

Note 2, p. 107.

To Quarantania's unascended top
That crowns the wilderness with savage

After some hours' travel, you arrive at the mountain [illegible] into which our Saviour was led by the Spirit to be [illegible] the Devil: a most miserable, dry, barren place it is. [illegible] of high rocky mountains, so torn and disordered, as if [illegible] had here suffered some great convulsion, in which its [illegible] had been turned outward. Certainly there could not [illegible] the whole earth a more comfortless and abandoned place.

[redacted] Gerizim, which, they say, is the mountain into which the Devil took our blessed Saviour, when he tempted Him with that visionary scene of all the kingdoms and glories of the world.—*Maundrell's Journey, &c.* pp. 106,7. Eighth Edition.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

Note 3, p. 120.

At Sichem glitter'd round the Saviour's form.

Sichem is the ancient Sychem, or Sychar, as it is termed in the New Testament. It stands in a narrow valley between Mount Gerizim on the south, and Ebal on the north, being built at the foot of the former. From Mount Gerizim it was that God commanded the blessings to be denounced on the Children of Israel, and from Mount Ebal the curses.—*Maundrell.*

Note 4, p. 122.

Fresh from Dan's Oak-hewed heights,
Ye came down, like thunder from the cloud.

[redacted] astonishment. Imagination conceive a scene so imposing, so [redacted] to impress the whole people with deep and enduring [redacted] on the final satisfaction of their polity, received [redacted] In the territory afterwards assigned to [redacted] Ephraim, a central region, stand two remarkable [redacted] separated by a deep and narrow ravine, in which [redacted] Sychem, the modern Naplus, stands. Here all [redacted] to be assembled,—six tribes on one height, six on the other. In the open day, and in a theatre, as it were, created by the God of Nature for the express purpose, after a sacrifice offered on an altar of stones, the people of Israel testified their free and deliberate acceptance of that constitution which their God had enacted. They accepted it with its inseparable condition, maledictions the most awful, which they imprecated on their own heads, in case they should apostatize from its statutes,—blessings proportionably ample and perpetual, if they should adhere to its holy and salutary provisions. The type of either destiny lay before them: Mount Ebal was a barren, stony, wild, and desolate crag; Gerizim, a lovely and fertile height, with luxuriant verdure, streams of running water, and cool, shady groves. As God has blasted Ebal, so he would smite the disobedient with barrenness, hunger,

and misery;—as he crowned Gerizim with beauty and fruitfulness, so he would bless the faithful Israelites with abundance, and peace, with happiness.—*Mitman.*

Note 5, p. 124.

NOTES TO BOOK V.

To unroll and read

The haphtoroth.

The 'Haphtorah' was the section or lesson from the prophets for that day. The one alluded to in the text commenced with the first verse of the forty-first chapter of Isaiah. In the Synagogues of the Hellenists, or Greek Jews, the law was always read in the Greek version; but in those of the native Jews, the law was always read in the Hebrew; whence it became necessary, as soon as that language ceased to be vernacular among the Jews, to establish an interpreter, by whom the Jewish Scriptures were expounded in the Chaldee dialect, which was spoken by them after the return from the Babylonian captivity. The doctor of the law, therefore, having the interpreter always by him, [illegible] in his ear what he said, and this interpreter repeated [illegible] the people what had thus been communicated to him. [illegible] custom our Saviour is supposed to have alluded, when he [illegible] his disciples, "What ye hear in the ear, that preach [illegible] house-tops." Matt. x. 27.—*Horne.*

In the midst of the synagogue was a desk or pulpit, [illegible] the book or roll of the law was read very solemnly. [illegible] who he stood who intended to harangue the people. [illegible] the part of the synagogue, towards the east, and over [illegible] door, which is always west, as far as can well be, [illegible] pit, wherein the book or roll of the law is kept, [illegible] fine embroidered cloth. The women are distinct from [illegible] and seated in a gallery inclosed with lattices, so that they [illegible] hear, and not be seen.—*Prideaux, Connect.*

NOTES TO BOOK V.

The sad stunned, and blinded, fated [illegible]

The darkness of exclusive faith once [illegible]

Without a correct acquaintance with the doctrinal [illegible] the Jews at the time of our Saviour, it is [illegible] understand or duly feel the solemnity of his [illegible] Pharisees attempted to shape religion into a [illegible] vance of rites and ceremonies. A few passages from [illegible] sources are therefore submitted to the reader's perusal.

"Whoever shall sincerely keep even any one of the [illegible] and thirteen precepts [of the Law], behold he, by [illegible] precept, shall merit eternal life.—*Obadias de Bertenora.*

"This is also one of the fundamental principles of [illegible] all the good which God has done, or will do, to us, [illegible] count of the merit of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, [illegible] kept the way of the Lord, by doing justice and [illegible] *Maimonides.*

"Every Israelite will have his portion in a future [illegible]

"Abraham sits near the gates of Hell, and suffers [illegible] Israelite to go down to Hell.—*Talmud.*

"The Resurrection will be peculiar to the Israelites, [illegible] Gentiles will not partake in it, *for the whole earth [illegible] this sole benefit of Israel!* Our wise men have said, "[illegible] after the word, and the world was made, it was [illegible] Adam would sin; why then did He create [illegible] dition is whom He found refreshment would [illegible] from the Israelites who stood at the mount of Sinai [illegible] who received the Law, which is the tree of life, [illegible] them alive, and they were thus made fit for eternal [illegible] life, who were not present there, were not [illegible] sustenance, and therefore are unfit for life. *The Gentiles [illegible] Scriptures chiefly belong to the Israelites.*—*Talmud, Sanhedrim, Mishna, p. 98.*

"The extreme repugnance between these doctrines [illegible] heathen glory of Redemption will account for the [illegible] Christ by the Jews." The following is a brief [illegible] story of the popular notions which the Jews [illegible] Saviour of Israel:—

"After the days of the Messiah, that is, after the [illegible] dead will be restored to life, [illegible] *metropolis of his kingdom: his name will be [illegible]*

[redacted]

[illegible] ' Then will Mr Son of [illegible] and because [illegible] will then be fulfilled without [illegible]

[illegible] Note 3, p. 156.

By mouldering hearsay tended to each [illegible]

[illegible] according to the author of the Koran, there will [illegible] the bridge, but also a multitude in the next world. [illegible] and in paradise will have eighty thousand [illegible] wives. He will also have a [illegible] cloths, and emeralds!' In a catechism printed at Constantinople are the following principal articles, to which a Mussulman is required to assent.—' I believe in the books which have been delivered from heaven to the prophets. In this manner the Koran was given to Mahomet, the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalms to David, and the Gospel to Jesus. I believe in the prophets and the miracles which they have performed. Adam was the first prophet, and Mahomet was the last. I believe that, for the space of fifty thousand years, the righteous shall repose under the shade of the terrestrial paradise; and the wicked shall be exposed naked to the burning rays of the sun. I believe in the bridge Sirat, which passes over the bottomless pit of hell. It is as fine as a hair, and as sharp as a sabre. All must pass over it, and the wicked shall be thrown off. I believe in the water of paradise. Each of the prophets has, in Paradise, a basin from which they give drink to their people: the water is whiter than milk and sweeter than honey: the ridges of the pools are vessels to drink out of, and the bottom is bordered with stars. I believe in heaven and hell. The inhabitants of the former know no want, and the *Houris* who dwell there are never afflicted with sickness. The floor of Paradise is musk, the stones are silver, and the cement gold. The damned in hell are continually tormented with fire, and by voracious and [illegible] animals.'

[illegible] these few minutes, while looking out on one of the [illegible] nights of the most inviting season of the year, and [illegible] the voices of a company of persons, to whom I can per[illegible]

Note 4, p. 157.

What visions o'er thy brain and spirit [illegible]

The pilgrim need not trouble himself about the [illegible] the tradition which gives to every cave in Palestine [illegible] in Nazareth, at least, there is a religion in the place, [illegible] not the adventitious aid of superstition to excite [illegible]

Note 6, p. 170.

And, while the glories of Creation give
Their daily witness, man alone is dumb.

...ures of nature are exposed to our eyes long before we ...enough to derive any light from them. If we en... ...with the same reason which we carry with us to ..., the first time we enter a theatre,—and if the curtain or ... were to be rapidly drawn up,—struck with the gran... ...ything which we saw, and all the obvious contrivances ... should not be capable of refusing our homage to the ...ver which had prepared for us such a spectacle. But ... or marvelling at what he has seen for fifty years? ...ntures are there, who, wholly occupied with the care ... subsistence, have no time for speculation! The rise ... is only that which calls them to toil, and the finest ..., in its soothness, is mute to them, or tells them only that ... hour of repose. *Diderot*, tome I. p. 100.

... deeply and foster feel this deafness of human mind to ... appeals coming from a glorious universe, when he ... the following passage:—"It is unfortunate, I have thought within these few minutes, while looking out on one of the most enchanting nights of the most interesting season of the year, and hearing the voices of a company of persons, to whom I can perceive that this soft, solemn shade over the earth, the calm sky, the beautiful stripes of cloud, the stars, and waning moon just risen, are nothings not in the least more interesting than the walls, ceiling, and candle-light of a room."—*Foster's Essays*, vol. I. pp. 20, 21.

peaceful valley of Nazareth, hemmed in from the more wild
h amphitheatre of verdant hills, is the spot which one might
gine the meek and lowly Jesus would have chosen for his
iest abode. The silent paths, the deep ravines in the mountain
might well have served for meditation; every murmuring sou
my stay in Nazareth, I visited these solitudes, calling to mi
d the miracle of morality and philosophy which came from
little town before me, and reflecting on the revolution in
gion which every country had undergone since Jesus first
h first breathed his doctrines in the village synagogue, the
which was then before me. The feelings these circumstance
ned were intense.—*Travels in the East.*

Note 6, p. 170.

And, while the glories of Creation glow
Their daily witness, man alone is slow.

The miracles of Nature are exposed to our
ve reason enough to derive any light
red the world with the same reason
opera, the first time we enter a theatre
e universe were to be rapidly drawn up
ur of everything which we saw, and a
hibited, we should not be capable of
ternal Power which had prepared for
ho thinks of marvelling at what
That multitudes are there, who
f obtaining subsistence, have no
f the sun is only that which calls
ight, in all its softness, is
is the hour of repose.—
How deepl
hose
e
le
ated
grant
famine.
e temple,
on going
d bodies, he
n, called God

upon another,

Note 8, p. 182.

A shade of unbroken mellowness, and deliciousness

The mirth and beauty of surrounding

The poet Young was devotedly attached to the

of a garden-walk, and its attendant associations.

Elysium, occurs the following passage:—

A garden has ever had the praise and affection

What is requisite to make a wise and happy

dom and peace? And both are the natural growth

Nor is a garden a promoter only of a good

but a picture of it; and in some sort shows him to

culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the

ferred to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a

no bad emblem of a good man compared to the

garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts,

celestial seed in their stead.—Who cannot look on

frightens himself out of infidelity!"

Note 9, p. 189.

Men were demons, with a relish of

Enveloped, banqueting on human blood.

The capture of Jerusalem forms the most

the records of history unfold. Human nature

out of itself, and to have become

amid the horrors and devastations of a besieged

everything that was done, suffered, or displayed, in this

[illegible] a terrible sight! but of those [illegible] to go [illegible] had taken [illegible] to tell [illegible] [illegible] those dead bodies as they marched along, so [illegible] fled, nor did they pity them as they marched over [illegible]

Then succeeds the more than horrible description of [illegible] who fed on her own infant, and when the soldiers [illegible] tered what was left of her son, and exclaimed, 'This is [illegible] son, and what hath been done is mine own doing. [illegible] this food; for I have eaten of it myself. *Do not you pretend to be either more tender than a woman, or compassionate than a mother!*'

A description of the temple on fire shall conclude these [illegible] Pindar and Æschylus, with a volcano to inspire the fury of their verse, are vapid, compared with the calm terror of the following passage:—

'While the house was on fire, everything was plundered that came to hand, and ten thousand of those that were caught were slain; nor was there a commiseration of any age or any reverence of gravity, but children, and old men, and priests, were all slain in the same manner. *The flame was also carried a long way, and made an echo together with the groans of those that were slain*, because the hill was high, and the works at the temple very great, one would have thought that the whole city had been on fire. *Nor can we imagine or conceive any greater or more terrible than this noise*; for there was at once a shout of the Romans who were marching all together, and a sad clamour of the Jews, who were now surrounded by fire and sword. They made sad moans at the calamity they were under; the people also that were in the city joined in this outcry with those that were on the hill; and besides many of those that were worn away by famine, and their mouths almost closed, when they saw the fire of the Holy House, they exerted their utmost strength and brake out into groans and outcries again. *Peræa did also [illegible] the echo, as well as the mountains round about the city, and augmented the force of the entire noise!* Yet was the misery [illegible] more terrible than this disorder; *for one would have thought that the hill itself on which the Temple stood was seething hot, as full of fire in every part of it, that the blood was larger in quantity than that which was shed, and those that were slain more in number than those who slew them; for the ground did no where appear visible, for the dead bodies that lay on it; but the soldiers went over heaps of them as they ran upon such as fled from them!* As for the priests [illegible]

NOTES TO BOOK VI.

Omitted Note, p. 198.

What alternation of eternal light,
And mortal dimness of a low estate.

These two natures are as causes and original [illegible] things which Christ hath done. Wherefore some things [illegible] God, because his Deity alone is the well-spring from [illegible] some things as man, because they issue from [illegible] human nature; some things jointly as both God and [illegible] cause both natures concur as principles thereunto. [illegible] Bok, vol. ii. p. 209.

Salva proprietas utriusque naturæ; suscepta est [illegible] Humilitas, et virtute infirmitas, ab æternitate [illegible] Epist. ad Flav.

Note I, p. 199.

——*Parables, where Nature's self is [illegible]*
And to the mind her silent cause [illegible]

Our Saviour, in all his parables, puts the case on the [illegible] table side, and makes the most favourable representation [illegible] things which the matter will bear. In the parable of the [illegible] virgins, he supposes the number of the wise to be [illegible] that of the foolish. In the parable of the lost sheep, [illegible] but one of a hundred to go astray; and yet the shepherd [illegible] content to leave all the rest, and go in quest of the [illegible] gler. In the third place, there is an exact [illegible] all Christ's parables, and everything that is [illegible] the character of the person who speaks it. [illegible] critics look upon as the greatest ornament of a [illegible] of itself is sufficient to make it beautiful or [illegible]

[illegible] may recommend our Saviour's [illegible] delicate taste of our modern wits, who [illegible] in Scripture so mean and flat, as not [illegible] reading.—*Leavis, Div.*, p. 185.

Note 2, p. 199.

By pure magnificence of spirit raised
Above what'er Platonic vision shaped.

When Plato described his imaginary good man with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the high reward of virtue, he described literally the character of Jesus Christ. The resemblance is so striking, that all the Christian Fathers described it.—*Rous.*

Note 3, p. 209.

The human with the God contends.

[illegible] present before his eyes in that fearful hour, on the [illegible] heavy indignation and wrath towards mankind—[illegible] death in yet in full strength, hell as yet never [illegible] that time within the confines and bounds thereof; [illegible] peradventure, more than is either possible or [illegible] the wit of man to find out: finally, himself, flesh and [illegible] to enter into conflict with all these.—Secondly, on [illegible] would to be saved by One, a pacification of wrath [illegible] the dignity of that sacrifice which should be offered, a [illegible] over death, through the power of that Deity which [illegible] suffer the tabernacle thereof to see corruption, and an [illegible] instrument of all the forces of infernal powers, through the [illegible] of that soul which they should have in their hands, and [illegible] to touch.—*Hooker, Eccles. Pol.*, vol. ii., p. 187.

Note 4, p. 211.

There aloft upraised,
Their holy victim in the upper hall
The trial ministeth.

[illegible] only evangelist who has preserved this beautiful [illegible] of Christ's turning and looking on Peter. 'The men-[illegible] who sat in judgment on Jesus, were placed [illegible] of the hall; in the other were the servants, [illegible] fire: so that Jesus, being probably placed on [illegible] between them, that his judges, who were numerous, might see

and hear him, could easily look towards Him, and [illegible] perhaps, was all the place.—*Milner's Life and Writings of Josephus*, p. 294.

Note 6, p. 214.

But his hour had come.

In all this we observe a remarkable display of a particular providence. It had been foretold, that the Messiah should be crucified; but this could never have happened, if he had died by the hands of the Jews, or for any offence against their law. Stoning was a mode of punishment customary with them, but not with the Jews.—*Dean Stanhope.*

Note 7, p. 214.

and crown

Of plaited thorns upon his temples press'd.

There still exists a plant in Palestine, known among the name of the 'spina Christi,' or thorn of Christ, and be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by our his crucifixion. It must have been very fit for the pu has many small sharp prickles, well adapted to give pa the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not i the enemies of the Messiah chose it from its similarity with which emperors and generals are accustomed and hence that there might be calumny, insult, and tated in the very act of punishment.—*Russell's Pale*

Note 8, p. 215.

When time and destiny were awed to hear
A man pronounce a verdict on a God.

A kind of structure was erected, adjoining the p served instead of a tribunal, or judgment-seat. called in the Hebrew 'Gabbatha,' was finely p pieces of marble of different colours, being always weather. Perhaps it resembled a stage, but lo sides, and on one part of it a throne was placed vernor sat to hear causes. One side of this the palace, and a door was made in the wall governor passed to this tribunal. By this conv

Note 9, p. 217.

[illegible] down the dizzy steep,
[illegible] darkness, and was seen no more!

[illegible] returned the wages of iniquity, he retired to [illegible] place, not far, perhaps, from the scene of Peter's [illegible], and in the frenzy of despair, and at the instigation of the devil, hanged himself; crowning with suicide the murder of his master, and his friend; rejecting his compassionate Saviour, and damning his own soul into perdition! In another place it is said, falling headlong, he burst asunder, and all his bowels gushed out. (Acts i. 18.) Both these accounts might be true; he might have hanged himself from some tree on the edge of a precipice, and the rope or branch breaking, he might be dashed [illegible] the cliff.—*Hales's New Analysis of Chronology*, vol. ii.

[illegible] is very eccentric on the manner of Judas's [illegible] the devil, who dwelt in him, caught him up on high, [illegible] and threw him down headlong, so that dashing [illegible] he burst in the midst!'—*Talmudical Exercita-*

Note 10, p. 217.

[illegible] with His cross,
To Calvary the lacerated Christ
Is now ascending.

[illegible] then, of the cross, on which our Saviour suffered, was [illegible] but a compounded figure, according to the custom [illegible] by whose procurator he was condemned to die: [illegible] was not only a straight and erected piece of wood [illegible] the earth, but also a transverse beam fastened into that [illegible] the top thereof: and beside these two cutting each other [illegible] at right angles, there was also another piece of wood [illegible] and standing out from that which was erected, and [illegible] up. To that erected piece was His Body, being lifted [illegible] as Moses serpent to the pole; and to the transverse

above the transverse beam; and above his head, [illegible] ened the table, on which was written, in Hebrew, [illegible] Latin characters, the accusation, according to the Ro[illegible] The writing was—JESUS OF NAZARETH, the King of [illegible] *Pearson on the Creed*, fol. ed., p. 202.

Note 11, p. 201.

in a shape of Light, [illegible]

Triumphant over powers and thrones [illegible]

As the souls at the hour of death are really separ[illegible] bodies, so the place where they are at rest or misera[illegible] is certainly distinct from the place in which the[illegible] continue not where they were at that instant when [illegible] left without life; they do not go together with the [illegible] grave; but as the sepulchre is appointed for our [illegible] another receptacle, or habitation, or mansion, [illegible] From whence it followeth, that the soul doth [illegible] *real motion* from that place in which it did *indeed* [illegible] is translated to that place, and unto that society [illegible] his mercy or justice allotted it. And, not at [illegible] into the difference and distance of these several [illegible] will appear to have been the general judgment [illegible] that the soul of Christ, contradistinguished from [illegible] better and more noble part of his humanity, his [illegible] tellectual soul, after a true and proper separation [illegible] was really and truly carried into those parts [illegible] souls of men before departed were detained; and [illegible] real translation of his soul, he was truly said [illegible] into hell. Many have been the interpretations [illegible] the fathers made of late.—The persons to whom [illegible] which He descended, they differ in; '*but as to a local* [illegible] *the infernal parts, they all agree.*' And this leads [illegible] which I conceive most conformable to the words [illegible] least liable to question or objection,—that He [illegible] *condition of a dead man as well as of a living.*' [illegible] that we might never come into those torments, [illegible] By his descent he freed us from our fears; and by [illegible]

Note 12, p. 230.

Lo! again He came
Invisibly within the chamber barr'd!

The circumstance of the doors being shut is very happily mentioned by St. John; because it suggests a reason why the disciples mistook for a spirit, notwithstanding many of them had seen Him really risen from the dead.—*Hilton.*

Note 13, p. 232.

Baptizing nations in the mingled name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In this passage, the controversy was about the true Messiah; in the following, about the true God: it was therefore proper for the apostles to baptize in the name of Jesus, that He might be known to be the true Messiah:—among the Gentiles, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that they might be instructed in the doctrine of the true God.—*Lightfoot's Harmony.*

In the latter part of his life the sublime Milton thus apostrophizes the Trinity:—

"Thee, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, parent of angels and men! next Thee I implore, Omnipotent Son, my Redeemer of that lost remnant, whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting Love! And thou, the third subsistence of divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one *Tripersonal Godhead*, look upon this thy poor church almost spent and expiring Church.—*Milton, Prose Works*, vol. 1., p. 67.

Note 14, p. 234.

And then is trackless! in the empyrean depth
Expanded, mix'd with far immensity!

The ascension into heaven is a plain local translation of Christ, after the eighth day, from the lower to the higher parts of

the world. ; Session at the right hand of God in the
of that regency and dominion, wherein the
joined, and matched with the deity of the Son of
his manhood was before without the
but because the full use thereof was suspended
which had been before as a veil to hide and conceal
laid aside.—*Hooker's Eccles. Pol.*, vol. ii., p. 295.

Note 15, p. 229.

Or creatures, such as once the musical
Of seraph-haunted Milton was deemed.

Symmons has finely remarked of Milton (vide
he was 'a man who, if he had been delegated as
tive of his species to one of the superior worlds,
gested a grand idea of the human race.' In
his mighty spirit, we cannot but observe the
he entertained of the poetical character. With him
something more than amusement or pleasure.
consecrated energy, to be devoted to the mental
kind. From dawning manhood, through all the
of his life, the master dream within, was that
poetical greatness. In a *Vacation Exercise*, he

Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven
Look in, and see each blissful deity,
How he before the thund'rous throne

And in a letter to Deodati, he says,—'For
talk proudly to you;—Do you ask me what
may God prosper me, as it is nothing less than
And how often, in the barren wilds of political
paragraphs of surpassing beauty and loveliness
evince the ruling purpose of the soul.—Never
'destiny divine' which awaited him in the
—'Not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame
siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that
can enrich with all utterance and knowledge,
Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His
the lips of whom he pleases;—then, amidst
lelujahs of saints, some one, perhaps, may be
high strains, in new and lofty measures, to sing

... unquiet shade
... reflected gloom.

The reader is referred to one of Chalmers's sermons for some noble remarks on the sadness and darkness of the human soul; and the gloomy atmosphere in which our spirits so often delight to shape their fancies, and converse with futurity. Was not Young sincere, when he penned the following passage, that resembles the ... and mysterious anguish which the Greek chorister deve... the numberless pains of body and mind; the dark so... ... to, or dismal vestibules of, the grave, as well as ... themselves, are so thickly scattered over the face ... that an unpetrified heart cannot look round without ... damp, and general disconsolation; and vent... universal for the whole family of Adam. Nothing but ... in eternal life could hinder tears from bursting over ... too much, for sympathy is the chief duty of hu...

... philosophically analyzed this propensity to sadness ... human mind, which neither the brightness of the world, ... laugh of pretended stoicism, can entirely overcome. ... man alone, of all animals with which we are acquainted, is ... to look back towards the past, and forward into futu... and he has purchased this noble privilege at a dear rate.— *... desire for what is infinite which dwells in our being*, is thwarted *... limits of the finite by which we are fettered.* All that we do, ... effect, is vain and perishable; death stands everywhere ... around, and every good or ill-spent moment brings ... in closer contact with him. There is no bond of love without ... no enjoyment, without grief for its loss! When we ... however, the relations of our existence to the ex... limit of possibilities; when we consider that we are exposed ... weak, helpless state *to struggle with the immeasurable ... of Nature, with conflicting desires on the shores of an un...*

... ... are the links in that chain of events which compose a life, and not how im... ... the act of oblivion (on the accession of Charles II.) had excepted Milton, or if ... ... for the Bartholomew Ejected, we could not have doubted it. ... Lyre.' His M. Dacinement was the means of saving Milton by his interposition.

[illegible] world; and in the light of philosophy, as [illegible] in our passions we carry our tyranny in [illegible] maintain demands from us the sacrifice of [illegible] in the name of our most sacred duties [illegible] not dead to feeling, must be overpowered by [illegible] choly, against which there is no other protection [illegible] ness of a destiny soaring above this earthly [illegible] Lectures, p. 42.

Note 17, p. 240.

For self has overshadow'd Deity
In dread oblivion!

What is wanting at the present era is, an [illegible] egotism; for the moral virtue of each individual is [illegible] in his own personal interest.—*De Staël.*

May we not subscribe also to the truth of [illegible] by the same illustrious thinker—'Tous les [illegible] tous les talens devroient se rapprocher!'

Note 18, p. 241.

Thy glorious deeds,
Like true Religion's, is to lead us [illegible]
From recreant darkness to primeval [illegible]

Lord Bacon relates, that a noble somebody, [illegible] his opinion of poets, replied, that 'next to [illegible] were the best going!'—But the philosopher [illegible] high view of poetry, and has thus recorded it:—'[illegible] feigned history hath been, to give some satisfaction [illegible] of man in those points wherein the nature of things [illegible] the world being, in proportion, inferior to the [illegible] whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, [illegible] greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more [illegible] than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore [illegible] the acts or events of true history have not that [illegible] satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts [illegible]

* Il y a toujours dans les fictions poétiques une sorte de logique [illegible] en accord avec elles-mêmes; *le beau est l'image du vrai*; la coordination [illegible] est toujours leur analyse. Les conceptions poétiques exercent [illegible] notre intelligence; elles la dirigent à la recherche de ces [illegible] d'après le type des explications philosophiques.—Degerando's *Hist.* [illegible] page 108, 2nd edit.

[illegible] participation of divine [illegible] elevate the mind, by enkindling [illegible] desires of the mind; whereas reason [illegible] mind unto the nature of things, [illegible] for the expression of affections, passions, corruptions, and customs, we are beholden to poets more than to philosophers' works; and, for wit and eloquence, not much less than to orators' harangues.'—*Advancement of Learning*, p. 88—91.

Note 19, p. 243.

And since the spirit with the sense doth war,
And life is oft an agonizing thirst
Which nothing visible can tame or cool.

'Among the Greeks,' human nature was in itself all sufficient; they were conscious of no wants, and aspired at no higher perfection than that which they could actually obtain by the exercise of their own faculties. We, however, are taught by superior wisdom that man, through a high offence, forfeited the place for which he was originally destined. The religion of the senses had only in view the possession of outward and perishable blessings. The very reverse of all this is the case with the Christian: every finite, mortal object is lost in the contemplation of infinity; life environs shadow and darkness, and the first dawning of eternal existence opens in a world beyond the grave. The soul, rather as it were under the willows of exile, breathes out its longing for its distant home. Hence, the poetry of the ancients was the poetry of enjoyment, and ours that of desire: the former has its foundation in the scene which is present, while the latter [illegible] recollection and hope.—*W. Schlegel.*

Note 20, p. 244.

And though that hour for resurrection doom'd
Be hidden, shrouded from angelic mind.

'For aught we know, the soul may remain combined with a portion of matter less than the ten thousandth part of the minutest particle that was ever perceived by our senses; since great or small is only relative. All that we can be sure of is, that, if the soul be wholly disengaged from matter, and yet shall enjoy con-

[illegible] existence, it must be in some [illegible] state, [illegible] that in which we now enjoy [illegible] the soul remains inert and unconscious, [illegible] spect to the seeing faculty—for instance, [illegible] unblinded,) till its re-union with matter, the [illegible] ing into this state of unconsciousness will appear [illegible] instantly succeeded by that of our waking from it, [illegible] twenty centuries may have intervened—of which any [illegible] convince himself by a few moments' reflection.—[illegible] *on a Future State.* Note B, page 29.

THE END.

London:—W Clowes, Stamford-street.

WOMAN,

THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

A Poem.

BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF "THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY,"
"THE MESSIAH," &c.

Woman is the blood royal of Life.

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THE empire of women is not theirs because men have willed it, but because it is the will of nature. Miserable must be the age in which this empire is lost, and in which the judgments of women are counted as nothing by man.

ROUSSEAU.

INTRODUCTORY LINES.

In silent night the vision of the dead passed by—
I saw our friends all pass,—
And oh! in silent night I saw the open graves—
I saw th' immortal host!

KLOPSTOCK'S ODES.

A VISION, by eternity unveil'd,
When midnight in her trance of darkness lay,
My soul beheld.—Methought, that time and earth
Had vanish'd, while the unforgotten dead
In glory bright and bodiless appear'd:—
How deep their gaze! oh, how divine their smile!
A pensive mildness, an immortal grace,
Each semblance wore: the father had not lost
That light paternal which his living eyes,
To greet his children, loved to have express'd;
Still on the mother's placid brow was throned
A tenderness, that triumph'd o'er decay;
And perish'd babes, whose beauty dazzled time,
In the young bloom of resurrection rose,
Serenely glad, and innocently bright.

And thus, by dreams of never-dying soul,
The dead around us, with a voiceless power,
Are present, mentally distinct and known:
As though some charm, whose links are unbeheld,
The living and the dead conjoin'd; that love,
E'en in the grave, no gloomy trance might bear,
But throb immortal in the spirit's core!

Thought flies the banquet, to embrace the tomb:
And, oh! if joy-wing'd hours awhile seduce
A faithful mourner from his fond regret;
If the dull prose of daily life contract
And dry his feelings into worldly dust,
Or selfish duty,—how divinely pure
The calm of intellectual grief again!
There can creative fondness from the world
Of parted spirits all it loved evoke:
And he whose years are chronicles of woe,
From the strange earth, where few companions dwell,
Can wander where the hopes of youth repose,
And make eternity his mighty home!—

* * * * * * * *

A knell comes booming on the dismal air,
And my dark song in solemn echo rolls
To that dread music;—from this orb of time
Another in the noon of manhood call'd
To lie and fester with unfeeling clay!—

Oh God! the terror of Thy rising frown
Mantles the universe with more than night!
Each Kingdom, like a childless Rachel, mourns;
A Power of Darkness, on the wings of death,
Hath travell'd earth with pestilential speed,
And left but havoc to declare his flight!—
How many tombs this year hath dug! what homes
Are fill'd with desolation's fearful calm!
The chairs are vacant where the forms we loved
So oft reposed,—where *still* their semblance chains
Our fix'd and fond delusion!— in the streets,
Like silent mourners in a talking crowd,
Cold mansions tenantless and still remain,
From whose glad chambers rush'd the household tones
That made sweet music to a social mind;
And many a garden, whose luxuriant green
And laurell'd bowers the sunbeams loved to grace,
In weedy ruin is decaying now:—
The hands it welcomed with rewarding bloom
Are iced by death, and ne'er can tend it more!
'T was exquisite for him, whose town-worn life
Was fever'd by the hot and fretful day,
When evening, like an angel wing, could waft
His spirit home,— to greet the tranquil cot
Again, and bid the vexing world depart.
How dear the beauty of each dawning flower,
How rich the melody of choral leaves,
To him, whose wisdom was a feeling mind!

And thou, lone sharer of a widowed lot!
Where is the language,—though a seraph hymn'd
The poetry of heaven,—to picture thee,
Wreck'd as thou art! whose life hath now become
Affection's martyrdom:—for such is love,
Doom'd to remain on desolation's rock,
And look for ever where the past lies dead!
What is the world to thy benighted soul?
A dungeon!—save that there thy children's tones
Can ring with gladness its sepulchral gloom.
Placid, and cold, and spiritually pale,
Art thou; the lustre of thy youth is dimm'd,
The verdure of thy spirit o'er!—in vain
The beaming eloquence of day attracts
Thy heart's communion with creation's joy;
Like twilight imaged on a bank of snow,
The smile that waneth o'er thy marble cheek!—

Oh! when shall trial, tears, and torture, cease?
Despair, and frenzy, and remorseless gloom,
Defiance, and the thoughts that crouch before
The bright severity of Virtue's eye,—
When shall their myst'ry lie unweaved and bare?
When shall the lips of Agony be dumb,
And the dark wail of wounded Nature hush'd?—
A tragedy of twice three thousand years
Hath almost ended: soon, perchance, may fall
A curtain whose unfolding darkness brings

Oblivion o'er a universe decay'd!
Already looks earth's final scene begun:
The elements, like human limbs unnerved,
Forego their function; seasons out of tune
Creation's harmony of change destroy;
And in their wildness of unwonted act
Reflective eyes an awful omen read,
By Nature given to prophetic man,
Of time's conclusion.—Sea and air confess
A weird excitement; through the trackless heaven's
Immensity the unheard Comet rolls!—
No vision'd eye his path may comprehend,
Nor dread imagination dream what orbs
May crumble, or what blighted planets shrink,
As on the burning Desolator sweeps,
And blazes o'er annihilated worlds!

Spoiler of hearts and empires, vanish'd Year!
Ere for eternity thy wings were spread,
Alone I listen'd to thy dark farewell.—
The moon was center'd in the cloudless heaven,
All pale as beauty on the brow of death;
And round about her, with attracted beam,
Grouped the mild stars:— the anarchy of day
Was hush'd, the turbulence of life becalm'd.
From where I stood, a vast and voiceless plain,—
A city, garmented with mellow light,

Lay visible; and, like romance in state,
Shone gloriously serene! — all sounds were dead:
The dew-drop, stirless as a frozen tear,
Gleam'd on the verdure; not an air-tone rang;
The leaves hung tranced as the lids of sleep;
Around me Nature in devotion seem'd,
The Elements in adoration knelt,
Till all grew worship — from the heart of things
Material to the conscious soul of man! —
'Twas then, sepulchral, hollow, deep, and loud,
The bell of midnight on the stillness burst,
And made the air one atmosphere of awe! —

Sublime of hours! — I thought on all the grave
Had buried since the infant year began:
What dreams, what agonies untold,
Dead as the hearts whose depth they once turmoil'd,
Lay motionless and mute! — of pomp in dust,
Of wither'd pride, of wealth from glory hurl'd,
Of lull'd ambition and appeased despair, —
Of each I dreamt; and then, in sad array,
Pale visions of the Kings of thought arose!
The wise, the wondrous, the adored, whose deaths
Enrich'd eternity with added mind,
Sleep with the patriarchs now! — and oh! how great!
For whom the costly tears of genius fell, —
The wand is broken, and the wizard gone!

Many and mighty are the stars of fame,
But his deep splendour has outdazzled all
Since Shakspeare, that unrivalled planet! rose,
Whose radiance clad the intellectual heaven.
Yes, he hath vanish'd!—but his country wears
A veil of glory, that shall garb her clime
For ever!—How we hung upon his parting hour!
And when it summon'd the transcendant Mind
From earth to heaven—the souls of myriads felt
O'ershadowed; Europe bow'd in dim eclipse,
And Kingdoms mourn'd round his imagined tomb!

Monarchs of time, and ministers of thought!
Felt in the frame of intellectual life,
As rolls the blood-tide through our breathing form,—
Where is the palace of your spirits now?
In what immensity are ye array'd
Imperishably pure? Was sabbath earth
In beauty but an archetype of heaven?
Your dreams, your aspirations high,
The far-off shadows of each truth divine,
Are all absorb'd in beatific light,
And this world, like a rain-drop in the deep
Of time,—for ever from the soul dissolved?—
Our craving passion for the unreveal'd,
Fain would it know to what vast height removed,
To what perfection of sublimest powers

Ye are ascended:—but the dazzled wish
Is driven earthward, and cold Nature cries,
In tones as thrilling as the touch of death,—
"Back to thy clay, Mortality! and bend,
Like faith, before the infinite Unknown!"

* * * * * * * *

As water copies a portentous cloud
By stern reflection, so the spirit's gloom
Lies darkly mirror'd on the mimic page.
And if some features of a faded past
Be thus recall'd,—they bring no aimless grief
To deaden song, by female worth inspired.
For seldom, since the groan of earth began,
Hath woman shone more visibly divine
Than in the gloom of this remember'd year!
When forms all spirit, moulded by the touch
Of nature's most etherial shaping power,
Whose beauty, delicate as painted air,
At the light breeze seem'd ready to dissolve,
Transform'd by feeling, have at once become
Heroical, for superhuman aid!—
Behold! that chamber where a feeble lamp
Doth quiver, pulse-like, with a dying flame;
There by yon couch a soft-ey'd mourner fades,
Night after night, with uncomplaining brow!
While a soul flutters in that form revered
From whence her being, though her brain should parch,

Till the faint'd sparkle thing like drooping flowers
About to wither, still her watch endures! —
The bough may blossom from the tree removed,
Ere young affection, from its parent torn,
Can live and flourish, while one ebbing pulse
Articulates within those precious veins!

And thus calamity with glory comes:
From out her gloom, as streams from caverns pour,
The tides of human tenderness proceed.
And virtues, which the noon-bright hour of joy
May dazzle when a cloud of anguish breaks,
Dawn into birth, and decorate the soul
With heaven-born lustre;—like the pale-eyed stars
That shut their lids when gaudy daylight rules,
But ope them on the sun-forsaken night!

Then let the scorner, whom the vernal glee,
Or laughing wildness of delighted youth,
Hath taught, that pleasure would to pain deny
The sacrifice of one exalted tear,—
His creed forego: the fount of woman's heart
Lies deeper than his clouded gaze detects!
For beauty, that a soulless idol seem'd,
Rear'd in the breath of some adoring night,—
Oh! let one pang a cherish'd mind convulse,
The mist is scatter'd! and th' unblemish'd heart,

Free from the world, like day from darkness risen,
And acts at once the ministry of heaven!

Then look at woman when, by love sublimed,
Misfortune moulds her by a graceful power
To fit the cast of fate; and in her woe,
Each mental attribute can bloom as bright
As when the home was costly, and her smile
Fell like a glory on attracted eyes!—
As stoops an eagle from his lordly height,
Where once he soar'd, companion of the cloud
And storm,—so sinks with a triumphant flight
Her spirit down to some domestic vale;
There looks more beauteous in each act and thought,
Through the meek round that cottage virtues run,
Than when it reign'd amid the hall of kings.

A mortal weakness by the world admired,
Let others paint her; and in woman find
Th' uncertain heart by light-wing'd impulse led,
The mind that fruitless admiration feeds,
The tottering purpose, and the tameless will,—
There *is* a passion, that with fine eclipse
O'ershadows all which failing hours present,
When the mind falters,—'t is maternal love!—
Almighty feeling! Space, and Scene, and Time,
Succumb before thee; infinite in power,

As fathomless in depth;—no stark affrights,
No dungeon quells, no agony impedes
Thy wond'rous motion;—in the horrid grave
Thou dar'st to cherish the unconscious dead,
And heaven admits thee when thou soarest there!

Lo! how that feeling with transforming might
Can shape a spirit to its tender will.
Wild as the breeze, and dainty as the flower,
To-night behold her, on whose jewell'd head
Fashion hath set an ever-fading crown:
Again regard her!—and the trace of God
Is character'd on that etherial change,
Mien, mind, and manner—all have undergone!
As broods a poet o'er some wordless thought,
Affection gazes on her unborn child:
And, ere its being into life expands,
Love,—like a seraph when the soul departs
For glory, waiting to receive its charge,—
Stands on the threshold of commencing life,
Bright with the welcome of a mother's bliss!

Angel of earth! whose light makes human love,
If I apparel with too rich a robe
The fascinations that around thee float,
And on thy beauty let no dimness fall
To mar its radiance,—'tis an error blest,

Though blind: for thou, in thy transcendant worth,
Art lifted to the highest sphere of song,
When, like a human providence below,
Thy days are consecrate to deeds of Heaven.

Lincoln College,
Oxon, 1833.

CANTO FIRST.

WITHOUT whom,—"le commencement de la vie est sans secours, le milieu sans plaisir, et la fin sans consolation."—

MISS EDGEWORTH.

WOMAN,

THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

CANTO FIRST.

EARTH, air, and ocean! glorious three,
Whose power is living poesy!
More gladly than a bird regains
The freedom of unbounded plains,
And wanders on ecstatic wing
O'er meadow, lake, or laughing spring,—
A spirit from the world retreats,
Again the bright creation greets,
And learns how Nature's smile can bless
The hearts that love her loneliness.

How beautiful this quiet hour!
Surrender'd to its lovely power,
The soul forgets that tears are shed,
That hopes are dim, and pleasures dead:
A hue of heaven on earth descends,
Th' immortal with the mortal blends,
And all we fancy, frame, or see,
Is found in faultless harmony!
Oh! ever thus, while men can feel,
And worship, with undying zeal,
The glories that for good combine,
The universe becomes divine:
Behind the veil of sense they dwell,
Encinctured with a dazzling spell;
Where'er they tread, enchantment lives,
And Beauty all her magic gives,
To hallow with poetic grace
Whatever dreaming eye would trace.
To them, the finished world is fraught
With fine appeals to glowing thought;

And meanings flow from all they view,
Of vast in form, or fair in hue;
And not a ray of sunshine gleams,
But there the smile of Godhead seems
A token of paternal love,
Reflected from His face above!

His torpid mind I envy not,
Though crown and kingdom were his lot,
Who here, amid this morning balm,
With Nature eloquently calm,—
With tender sky and tranquil sea
Partook no inborn sympathy.
The canopy of heaven is hung
As blue as poet ever sung;
Though here and there serenely glide
Along the air's cerulean tide
Pale clouds, that seem too delicate
For breeze to touch their fairy state.—
Beneath a window, far away,
Oh, stranger, let thy fancy stray,

For seldom can thy dreams expand
Their wings o'er more delightful land;
The warble of yon distant waves,
As lightly oft the billow laves
The greenwood bank, and grassy shore,
That bounds the sea of Elsinore;
Yon mountain's dim and dusky form,
Which, like a dying thunder-storm,
Glooms on the air with awful swell;
The chiming of the castle bell,
From frowning turret faintly heard;
The fruited boughs by breezes stirred;
With every sound that summer brings
From bird, and bee, and happy things.—
How exquisitely all combine
To make exulting morn divine!

And look adown yon dimpled sea,
As bright as liquid sun could be,
The tiny skiffs of Norway sail,
And glitter cloud-like in the gale;

While frequent oars with flashing stroke
Appear, as oft the tide is broke
By fleet-wing'd bark, that gaily flies
To where the sand-girt Sweden lies,
In green extent of wood and hill,
With bowery hamlets, bright and still.—
To him who loves a haunted scene,
Where grief or glory once hath been,
Grey Cronburgh lifts her storied pile,
And darkens o'er the Danish Isle;[2]
Whose vaulty depths and caves profound
Have echoed to the wizard sound
Of clanging shield, and shaken lance,
With each grim voice of old Romance.
And there on Fancy's spell-bound eyes
Behold! that royal spectre rise,
By Shakspeare summon'd, when the bell
Of midnight groan'd the hour's farewell.—
But, ere thou leave the castled height,
Survey o'er all a patriot sight,

A scene that makes the life-blood start,
And pictures England in his heart.
The banners Nelson thrill'd to see —
Behold them wave! — how gallantly
They flout the wind with haughty threat,
And shew the deep her victor yet!
When bravely down the beauteous tide
The monarchs of the ocean ride;
Or, tranced amid the drowsing air,
They whiten in the noontide glare
Those wings that wait the driving breeze,
To waft them o'er a hundred seas!
Reflected on the wave is cast
The symmetry of sail and mast,
Or, booming o'er the startled deep,
Loud echoes of their cannon sweep,
Whose thunders in their dauntless tone
Can mock the Tempest on his throne!

Yet not on earth exists a scene
Where shades of sorrow have not been:

The softest verdure mead can spread
Hath oft been paced by Misery's tread;
The magic of the clearest sky
Hath mock'd how many a clouded eye!
And, link'd with all that local grace,
The wizard Fancy loves to trace,
Wherever Nature weaves a spell
Round wood, or crag, or hoary dell,
Live recollections sad as deep,
To bid imagination weep.
And thus, in this elysian hour,
Oh! who can gaze on Cronburgh tower,
Nor dream of her, the young and gay,
Whose captive spirit pined away,
The victim of a royal hate, [3]
In the vile gloom of dungeon state!
Dejected queen! I view thee now,
With pleading eye, and pensive brow
As pale as moonlight and as mild;
Or watching o'er thy cradled child,

While visions of regretted youth
Around thee float in fairy truth,
Till the full past o'ercrowds thy brain,
And thou art in thy home again!—
O! when at night the thund'ring sound
Of wave on wave, in deep rebound,
Rang echoed o'er the castle wall,
How wildly did that night appal!
How many a terror shook thy form,
As Midnight roused the yelling storm!
And, like the rush of demons, past
The pinions of the northern blast,
And through a grated window broke
The flashes of each lightning-stroke!—
But oft arose a milder mood,
When gladness e'en an exile wooed,
As, gazing from a rampart's height,
Her eye might gather free delight,
When slowly pealed the turret bell,
And richly over Zealand fell

The flushes of retiring day,
Till earth one mass of glory lay!—
Beneath her roam'd the Baltic wave,
Where oft an English banner gave,
While roll'd the guns saluting roar,—
A dream of that remember'd shore
Her heart was doom'd to hail no more!
There, oft as gradual eve decayed,
And glimmer'd o'er the beechen shade,
How Denmark's bloom her smile would bless,
Laid forth in Eden loveliness,
Of bank and meadow, bush and stream,
Like landscape in a painter's dream!
Or where the rocky Sweden lowers
She mark'd Landscrona's faded towers;
Or musing saw in verdant rest
The garden once by Hamlet prest,
As haunted by majestic grief
The princely mourner scorned relief,
And dared to nurse in dreaming pain
The might and madness of his brain.

With many a gleam of pensive joy,
Her captive gloom could not destroy,
O'er sad Matilda ling'ring past
The lonely years, by fate o'ercast
With shadows of imputed crime,
That deadened hope, and darkened time,
Till when, at Britain's high behest,
The exile found a foreign rest;
Entranced upon the deck she stood,
And, while her straining vision could,
As o'er the billows' bounding play
Her wafted vessel flew away,—
On Cronburgh's battlemented pile,
Array'd by evening's rosy smile,
Matilda fixed her yearning eyes,
While heaved her breast with broken sighs;
And on her cheek rose meek despair,
That mourn'd a child deserted there!—
There, in that tower, where time had been
A sad but still maternal scene;

How thrilling was that farewell hour,
Sublimed by Pity's godlike power!
The mariner subdued his tone,
To make a mother's grief his own;
And souls that mock'd the lightning-flash,
Or dared the billows' wildest dash,
Felt more than milder bosoms fear,
And soften'd down to woman's tear!

But, hark! the wind hath changed his tone;
The sun hath veil'd his burning throne;
And o'er the dazzling blue of heaven
Prophetic shades of storm are driven;
And fiercely shoots the slanting rain
On garden, bower, and window-pane,
While leaflets fall from branch and tree,
Like hopes from human vanity;
And, like the moan of billows, heard
From yon dim ocean, tempest-stirr'd,
With sounds that tell a dreary track,
The waves of life come rolling back —

That awful life! whose endless roar
Breaks loud upon th' eternal shore!

As one, whom torture long hath tried,
And rack'd his eyelids sleep-denied,
When bound in slumber's silken chain,
And calm in heart, and cool in brain,
Awakens on his midnight bed
To ghastly sense or gloomy dread,
And feels again each pang begin
To wrench the writhing soul within —
So wakes a heart that dreams awhile
All earth in sabbath peace to smile
Around him like this lovely isle,
Till darkness on his dream descends,
And in the world his vision ends.

A moment is a mighty thing
Beyond the soul's imagining,
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot!

How much of life, life cannot see,
Darts onward to eternity!
While vacant hours of beauty roll
Their magic o'er some yielded soul,
Ah! little do the happy guess
The sum of human wretchedness;
Or dream, amid the soft farewell
That Time of them is taking,
How frequent moans the funeral knell,
What noble hearts are breaking,
While myriads to their tombs descend
Without a mourner, creed, or friend!

Could Fancy reach some throne of air,
What vision would await her there!
In tumult, agony, and strife,
Rolls the loud sea of human life!
Before a despot's gilded throne
Hear Kingdoms weep, and Nations groan;
Yet tyrants in their slumber start
To feel the dagger at their heart;

And they can hear the murdered call,
Can trace the hand upon the wall,
And not a slave who lays him down
Would change a dungeon for their crown!.

Lo! yonder gleams a hoof-torn plain,
Where moonlight shrouds th' unburied slain,
And bare against the naked sky
A thousand helmless foreheads lie!
On one is seen a parting trace,
By torture graven on the face,
As dying Valour swoon'd away,
And blood congeal'd to breathless clay;
While others on their cheeks express
A smile from woman's tenderness,—
A ray of that remember'd scene
Where the bright heaven of home had been!—
But, hark! from ocean heaves a cry
Deeper than when the tempests die,
As down men kneel upon the deck,
And listen to the crashing wreck!—

A minute,—and the murd'rous storm
Hath mangled that colossal form,
That floated o'er terrific seas,
Defied the blast, and faced the breeze,—
But now, a fragment!— and the wave
Lies howling o'er the seaman's grave!

From these avert thy fear-struck view:
A vision, not so dark in hue,
But awful, with its deep array
Of all we suffer, do, or say,—
The throne of Fancy may command,
While picturing with creative hand
The domes and temples, street and bath,
Whate'er a haughty city hath
Of sin and freedom, to decoy
The hearts whose pulse is tuned to joy.—
Oh, what a world of secret care
Lies wall'd within that compass there!
There, thought and deed for ever toil,
And life is one permitted spoil,

As each from cradle to the grave
Is half a tyrant, half a slave,
And shuts his breast, and steels his heart,
While Vice and Virtue play their part,
And rarely lets the spirit speak,
But plants a courtier on his cheek,—
Whose ready smile, like moonlight, when
It flutters o'er some noisome den,
Can bid the soul's corruption shine,
And make its meanness look divine.

Yes! there in yon huge city now,
O'er which young Morning bends her brow,
On tower and temple smiling bright,
How angels wept to watch the night!
A captive tore his chain-worn limb,
And deemed that God deserted him;
A felon heard the life-blood stream,
And saw the gallows in his dream;
The maniac's eye renewed its glare,
While his lip writhed with mocking prayer,

The miser muttered in his sleep,
And counted o'er and o'er his heap,
Then seem'd with restless hand to hold
And taste the touches of his gold!
And while in rooms of revelry
On wings of light the hours did flee,
A pillow for some dying head
With aching hand and heart was spread;
And who but sleepless Heaven can say,
When Earth confronts the judgment day,
The darkness of a thousand deeds
Which midnight in her shadow breeds!
For ever in the world there lies
What meets alone immortal eyes;
While all man dreads that man should see
He dares unveil to Deity,
As though where guilty feet have trod
No pow'r should track them,—but his God!—
And, pale Ambition! where wert thou?
How wanly on thy wasted brow

The feeble watch-light flung its ray!
While ebb'd thy pulse with dying play;—
But when thy filmy eyes uprose,
Their glance untomb'd thy buried woes;
And round the room a meaning cast,
That told of time and truth o'ercast,
While fever'd blood and martyr'd frame
Avenged the toils that won a name!

And is it thus dark life appears
A fountain of unfailing tears,
While to each minute's flight is given
The gloom of hell, or glance of heaven?
Lo! Nature speaks to all who look,
And read aright her glorious book,
How much there dawns to mitigate
The bleakness of our barren state.
Oh, who can hail the breeze-wing'd morn,
When beauty in the heavens is born,
Or wander forth in sun or storm,
Nor love Creation's living form!

And life, though oft a wilderness
By passion made, and wild distress,
Where, like a leaf by autumn blown,
The wither'd heart must fade alone,—
To spirits nerved by glad desire,
And pure from each debasing fire,
How much it yields of great and good,
To make existence gratitude!—
The wielding of colossal pow'rs,
By which all earth is rendered ours;
The arts, that, link'd with lovely grace,
Form paradise round scene and place;
The pleasures proud as undefined
From fellowship with man and mind,—
If bliss like this a world display,
How weak to frown that world away!
But, ah! there is a brighter charm,
No shade can dim, no cloud disarm;
A star enthroned o'er change and time,
Though meek, unmoved, though soft, sublime;

A glory, with whose beam is blent
A ray that crowns the heart's content;
A spell beyond the world to break,
Which, when our eyes this orb forsake,
Will cling around the parting soul,
And gird it with divine control,
For man design'd by heaven above,—
And wafted down in woman's love!

That power without whose added spell,
So vast, yet so invisible,
The lustre of our spirit wanes,
And pleasures are but smiling pains—
Is holy love, by hearts enjoy'd,
Unchill'd, unchanged, and unalloy'd?
And will the stoic deem me wrong,
A martyr of mistaken song?
Without it, what are crowns and kings,
But barren toys and blighted things!
Art, Wit, and Genius, all we glow
To think cold earth contains below,

By woman's voice, or woman's name,
Have gather'd fortune, might, and fame.—
And ask him whom the world hath worn,
Whose brain is rack'd, whose bosom torn,
Amid the dust, the heat, and strife,
  Around the day concenter'd,
How exquisite that purer life,
  At eve, when he hath enter'd
The garden path where Peace can wind,
And cast the demon Care behind!
The tottering pace of infant feet,
That haste a homeward sire to greet;
Each budding thought, and broken word,
So faintly seen and softly heard;
The tones of air, the tender hues
Affection pours on all it views;
And, sweeter far, those eyes that live
Upon the rays his own can give,
Now kindled into fond excess
Of light that speaks, and looks that bless,—

To him who feels such blended power
To hallow eve's domestic hour,
The star of life, where'er he roam,
Is she whose ray attracts him home.

But godlike is the creature man!
The past is glittering where he ran
Triumphantly his onward track,
With prints of glory!—trace them back;
Behold him stamp o'er land and sea
The might of immortality!
To him whom waves nor winds restrain,
The Elements resign their reign;
While cowering Earth and Ocean meet,
To lay their sceptres at his feet,
Whose hand the rock or mountain fells,
Or strews the globe with miracles
Of form and motion — wond'rous things,
That mimic God's imaginings!—
And in his mind there is a sense
That gasps to reach omnipotence;

Who, half almighty, would be more
Than life can feel, or thought explore!

Yet, not because with bolder light
The traits of manhood court the sight,
And Action, with incessant claim,
Can summon forth each high-born aim,
The softer tints of woman's soul
Pervade the world with less control.
The thunder is the king of sound,
But ever may the breeze abound,
And quiver on melodious wing,
Where beauty walks, or health can spring:
The forest wears inspiring gloom,
But yet we seek the flowerets' bloom;
Old Ocean hath terrific grace
Imprinted on his hoary face,
But oh! how dear some tranquil dream,
That haunts the bank of village stream!—
And thus, methinks, doth woman's heart
A gentler, not less glorious part

In Life's dim tragedy fulfil,—
The feebler, but the perfect still:
And as in Nature charms there be,
Which all enjoy, though none can see,
The light and love of female power
Have graced how many a graceless hour,
And round the spirit twined a zone
Too delicate for eyes to own!
Let Valour, Strength, and Wisdom, claim
Their summit on the throne of fame;
Yet meeken'd heart and mind subdued
Become the charm of womanhood;
And thoughts that might creation wield,
By man's dominion taught to yield,
Lie mute and dead in lonely rest,
And leave the soul but half expressed.
For man, not nature, is the power
That darkens from its natal hour
The mind which decks the softer race,
And dooms them to a second place.

Yet even thus, no formal chain
Can frighten, fetter, or restrain
That spirit-burst, from time to time,
When, blazing forth with beam sublime,
The mind of woman proves a spell
To make a truth shine visible —
That GENIUS of no sex can be,
When radiant with divinity!
And though in life her lovely sway
Fall dew-like o'er the parched day,
She rules that noiseless under-tide
Of happy thoughts by home supplied.—
But, see! when Peril claims her part,
The hero of a woman's heart!
Though weak in hand, and frail in form,
Her spirit strengthens with the storm;
In vain the warning thunders roll,
They rally, not subdue, her soul!

Yet some there be who soil her worth
With every shade of vulgar earth,

Nor dream her highest glory can
Ascend beyond — a slave for man!
But vile that soul, however fraught,
If pride of sex be only taught
The mind has lost its master grade,
And thoughts demean their lofty rade,
When female love and virtue claim
No laurel in the wreath of fame,
While all that Genius should adore
Is laugh'd away, to live no more!
Not thus the bright and perfect One,
Whose blood redeem'd a world undone,
Of woman spake, when MAN had flown,
And Mary watch'd and wept alone!

Another and a darker race,
Whose doctrine might the brute disgrace!
So vilely from the dust of earth
It sprang, to prove its sullied birth,—
Oh! name it not, but let it be
Entomb'd in voiceless infamy!

If he who dares a shrine deface,
Where time has left a holy trace,
Is branded for his impious zeal
By all who ancient glory feel,—
What damning tones can language find
For him who would profane the mind,
And dare, with sacrilegious smile,
The temple of the soul defile!—
Affection, deep as hearts desire,
Yet fed by intellectual fire;
Those graces felt, but undefined,
In gleams and glances of the mind,
Developed in a myriad ways,
By mien or manner, look or gaze;
The tones in dewy cadence heard
From lips that harmonize each word,
All, all the bright attraction bred,
From each fond smile a soul hath shed,—
Oh! these transcend what Passion's might
Can raise, to charm her maniac sight.

And when disease's poison'd breath
Hath tainted life with hues of death;
When time has dimm'd that starry gaze
Whose magic thrill'd our younger days,—
There is a love whose light remains
To warm the heart, when passion wanes:
For beauty born within the mind
Admits no mean decay;
The earth may shrink, the sun grow blind,
Ere that dissolve away!

Then let them boast, base epicures!
Whom naught but sense to love allures;
To them may coarse Derision give
No hearts but where like passions live,
While, dungeon'd in a sensual grave,
Their spirit rots, and dies a slave!

Alas! how oft since time began
Hath woman been abased by man;

To wisdom's rank denied a claim,
Beyond the worst or weakest aim;
Or, doom'd by others, living toys
For brutal dreams, or selfish joys!
But thou, my England! first to be
In heart refined, in spirit free,
For ever may the virgin smile
Of woman consecrate thine isle!—
To guard thee should fond ocean fail,
Thy banners cease to awe the gale,
Thy throne become a crushing weight
Of tyranny on rank and state,—
Thy genius and thy glory fled,
With each proud pulse of freedom dead—
E'en *then*, with female worth to throw
Its heavenliness round want and woe,
Ruled by the heart's unsullied reign,
A kingdom might revive again.
But, trample once upon that shrine
Where Love hath sainted as divine

That beauty which our dreams adore,—
Religion, virtue, truth,—are o'er!
And sooner shall Gomorrah rise
From out her grave to greet the skies,
Than empires where no morals bloom
Awaken from their living tomb!

Oh! what a curse for them who can
So beautify the world of man,
Yet prostitute their lofty line,
To render woman less divine.
A tyrant, when his wrath is o'er,
Can break the chain, and back restore
The dungeon'd captive into day;
And tears may suffer'd wrong allay;
And scarce a pang the good endure,
But some atoning sigh may cure;
But what is written — that is writ!
No soul-wrung tear may cancel it;
Like demons on dark errand sent
From out their fiendish element,—

Polluting thoughts, by passion fired,
Career the world, untamed, untired;
From heart to heart their plague is spread,
From soul to soul corruption bred,
Till myriads, by their baneful spell,
Are tempted to the brink of hell!—

I envy not the unconfess'd
Remorse that gnaws his lonely breast,
Who weeps o'er that perverted mind,
That, godlike, should have graced mankind,—
Yet, bow'd to be the mental slave
Of crimes that curse beyond the grave!
For when at noon of life he sees
His children circling round his knees;
Or triumphs in each dimpling grace
That dawns within a daughter's face,—
What pangs with that proud moment cope,
What terror blights each blooming hope!
Perchance within his dying brain
Shall ring some recollected strain,

And gloomily those visions throng,
Corruption loved to shape in song,
And, while they darken round his head,
Portray the crimes their poison bred;
Till Fancy hears the parting groan
Of souls that shudder'd like his own!

Then, not for that unloving race,
Who scorn each intellectual grace;
Or them, whose coarseness would destroy
The elegance of human joy,—
Be mine the lay. Yet should there be
A heart that loves true heart to see;
A father who has felt how dear
The woman whom his thoughts revere;
A mother in whose watchful eye
Affections deep and endless lie;
A maiden who hath known how sweet
The sister of her soul to greet;
Or lover, who in lofty youth
Hath pleaded with impassioned truth

To shape of Beauty, by whose light
The universe became so bright!—
If such one hour this page beguile,
My guerdon be their grateful smile.

Oh! might he cull the richest tones
Poetical enchantment owns,
For melody to waft along
The spirit of prevailing song;
And summon from the caves of Thought
Whatever shaping dreams had wrought,—
A bard might think his visions rife
With rays of feeling, caught from life,
For in that life what bliss was owed
To all that woman's reign bestowed!—
The smoothest voice, the softest word,
Delighted moments ever heard;
The dearest smile that Pity shed
To tame the darkness sorrow bred;
The shadow of an angel seen,
Where Goodness unobserved had been;

And, more than all, devoted truth,
Whose years retain'd undying youth,—
If such a crowd of memory's charms
No passion in the poet warms,
It is because no words express
The light of woman's loveliness;
And more than Poetry can speak
Is mirrored on her brow and cheek;
While feelings oft the most sublime
Refuse to be portray'd in rhyme,
Though brightly round the heart they throng,
And seem the archetype of song.—
If doom like this attend my aim,
The song, but not the subject, blame.

CANTO SECOND.

Yours was the nobler birth,
For you from man were made;—man but of earth,
The son of dust!

RANDOLPH.

WOMAN,

THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

CANTO SECOND.

When first the wings of Light unfurl'd
Their radiance o'er a new-born world,
And choral music, faint and far,
Awoke in each melodious star,
Until the glowing Earth began
To thrill beneath the gaze of man! —
Ah! who can paint the primal bliss
That charm'd an hour superb as this!

How beauteous in his dawn of birth,
Without a shade of sullied earth,

Without one touch of deadly sin
To mar the perfect soul within,—
The lord of Eden must have stood,
When God beheld, and call'd him,—good!
Oh! to have heard his lips reveal
The first delight that dust could feel;
Have listen'd to each wild address
He paid to nature's loveliness;
Or, flashing from his heaven-turn'd eye
Have mark'd the spirit's majesty,
While round his heart Religion stole,
And mirror'd Him who made the whole!

A melody from leaf and flower,
Responding to the breeze's power,
That warbled with exulting tone;
A blooming light on all things thrown;
On fruit and foliage, grass and lake;
The song that in sweet gushes brake
From birds that flew on fearless wing,
And taught the very air to sing!—

The mute delight, majestic trance,
Of things that shunn'd no mortal glance,
But gazed on man with love or glee,
And felt that life was amity;
While, stainless as a pall of light,
The cope of heaven hung crystal bright,
And pour'd upon each perfect limb
A lustre that apparell'd him;
While ever, as he rais'd his eye,
A seraph, floating through the sky,
With gleams of glory track'd his way,
Or arch'd his wings in beaming play,—
Though all like this composed a scene,
To testify where God had been,
A soft disease of soul began
To prey upon the bliss of man:
A yearning which no language spoke,
Within his clouded bosom woke,
A loneliness with awful weight
Lay brooding o'er his desert fate,

And darken'd with ideal shade
The countenance that heaven display'd;
Till sadly was each primal word
Upon the placid breezes heard!—
"Some other Form, oh! let there be,
To live, and love, and roam with me
This lone but gorgeous wilderness
Of sights that woo and sounds that bless!
Some Spirit whom my own can greet,
Some hand to hold, some eye to meet;
Creator! if Thy wisdom can,
Oh! let there be a mate for man!"

More lovely than a vision brought
From out the fairy realms of thought;
Serene and silent, with a grace
Divinely breath'd o'er form and face,
In full array of love and light,
That dazzled his adoring sight,
By soul and sense to be revered,—
The Angel of the world appear'd!

Then, what a starry welcome rang!
Each Orb an hymeneal sang,
While shapes unutterably bright
From heaven gazed down with new delight,
When first the ground a woman trod,
Just moulded by the hand of God!—
Around her breast, in wreathy play,
Her locks like braided sunbeams lay;
And limbs unveil'd a radiance cast
Of purity, as on she pass'd
Amid the bloom and balm of flowers,
That clustered round elysian bowers;
The bird and breeze together blent
Their notes of mildest languishment;
The sun grew brighter as he shed
His glory round her living head,—
As if no orb of space were free
From one fine spell of sympathy,
When woman rose upon the scene,
Creation's fair and faultless queen!

When Adam's trances spells broke,
Thus brightly on his vision broke
The living Shape for whom he panted,
To share his unpartaken mind;
Awhile they gazed in hush'd delight,
Each dazzled with the other's sight,
Then saw within their mutual eyes
Magnetic rays of soul arise,
And heard their lips fond tones repeat,
And heard their hearts in concert beat,
And felt within electric fire
Their spirit, blood, and brain inspire:
Then woman was adored by man!
The bridal dawn of love began.
Oh! then was born of breathing truth
A feeling in unfaded youth,
That blooms above the wile decay
Of things which time and sense survey,
And, when the dying world departs,
Lives greenly in celestial hearts!

And thus, with all that forms a friend
The finer tints of love to blend;
To soothe the tempest, share the calm,
And pour on grief unfailing balm,—
Did woman on the world appear:
And hath she fail'd in life's career?—
The warrior wins a bright renown,
The poet wears a peerless crown,
And History with heroic grace
Hath laurell'd her triumphant race;
But where, in what recording book,
Could unforgetting Nature look,
To count, since first her ages ran,
What woman hath endured for man?—
Alas! like dews which night hath felt
Within ungrateful earth to melt,
And freshen into living flowers
The grove that smiles at morning hours—
The virtues born of woman's soul,
Though time has drunk their mild control,

And had by them the heart supplied
With what the ruder sex denied,—
Yet, these in dead oblivion fade,
Unknown, unsung, and undisplay'd!

But might those Spirits who have been
Still watchers of our troubled scene,
Beholding with dejected eye
The throes of human agony,—
To earth repeat the tale of life,
Since first convulsed with gloom and strife,
How much, methinks, would Virtue prize
That never dazzled mortal eyes,
As angels read the awful story
Of empires dim, and ages hoary,
And, while they scorn'd a hero's crown,
To woman gave the heart's renown!
For pangs that tore with secret sway,
For tears by night, and toils by day,
For tortures by the world untraced,
When love was wreck'd and truth defaced;

For fondness in the fiercest hour
Of tyrant wrath, or ruin's power,—
For every sad and silent wrong
That weakness suffer'd from the strong,—
For these, and all young feeling bore,
When Mis'ry made it love the more!
A chaplet of celestial light
Would angels weave for woman's right.—
Oh! she is all that soul can be,
One deep, undying sympathy!—
When life is scarce a moving dream,
'Tis like her spirit's native beam,
That never from its fountain stays,
But lives alone within her rays!
And, round an infant, how divine
The wreath a mother's arms can twine!—
And when dark years of manhood bring
Their load of fated suffering,
As true as echo to the sound,
Her blessings to his wants abound!

In sickness, ah! how smooth the [illegible]
Her healing hand alone can [illegible]
And, when the shades of death advance,
What paradise within her glance,
While all her yearning soul appears
Dissolved in love, to die in tears!

Yet, scarce had Eden pass'd away,
And Sin begun her blighting sway,
Ere woman lost her mental rank,
And in domestic thraldom sank;
A creature whose attractive power
Might serve to gild a wanton hour,
To feed a passion, sooth a frown,
Or magnify her lord's renown,
But ever, with unvalued heart,
In life to play the menial part!
Ay, e'en in Greece, that land sublime
Whose glory lit the wings of time,
E'en there, where beauty's [illegible]
Surpass'd what Sculpture's dreams beheld!

In vain would truth a model see,—
Her love was all divinity!
From earth it sprung, on earth to live
On every charm that sense can give,
But all proud sentiment could teach,
Divine in thought, or pure in speech,—
By her unfelt, or unadmired,
Hath scarce one classic page inspired,
And Rome, whose wizard banner waved
O'er half the isles far ocean laved,
By conquest was not taught to school
The passions Heaven alone can rule;
But offer'd up each female right
On altars of their stern delight,
Where rage might spend its haughty breath,
And doom a guiltless heart to death.

But Rome and Greece, eternal two!
Have shown the world what mind can do;
And still from them the streams of mind
With living freshness charm mankind;

Their language in immortal notes
Around our list'ning spirit floats;
Their genius, throned in hallowed state,
Is haunted by the good and great;
And, high-born is the zeal that pays
True homage to heroic days,
When Valour woke the breath of thought,
And poets sang the fields they fought!
Yet when prevail'd in Greece or Rome
The magic of a modern home?—
There lives the light our spirit hails,
There beats the heart that never fails,
There smiles beyond a realm to bring
Round calmest hours are clustering!
Where queens of mild affection reign
The bloom of joy, the balm of pain,
And thus are more, when grey or young,
Than Homer dream'd, or Maro sung.

When first on Rome a tumultuous
From forest-depths their myriads

And down to dust her empire broke,—
Refinement's moral dawn awoke.[7]
The gloomy brow, the glaring eye,
The breast that never heaved a sigh,
But nurtured in its wild domain
The glory of surmounted pain,—
Amid them all, there lived a sense
Of woman's meek pre-eminence,
While chastity within the heart
Was shrined beyond pollution's art.—
O, nature! in thy darkest mood
How much remains of bright and good!
What Learning in her proudest day,
What Genius in her godlike sway,
With blended power, could never reach,
These warriors of the wild could teach!—
'Tis pleasant in the storm to see
The battle of some glorious tree,
Whose branches with resentful play
Can awe the beaten winds away:

But, beautiful! in calmer hours
To view it wave o'er meadow flowers,
And hearken to its whisper mild,
Like blessing murmur'd o'er a child:—
For thus, methinks, the contrast seen,
When beauty reign'd where war had been;
When lion port and eagle eye
Had laid their horrid menace by,
And, resting in some oaken shade,
While round him laughing infants play'd,
The savage of the desert grew
Refined beneath a woman's view!—

Next, Chivalry, heroic child,
With brow erect, and features wild,
Placed Love upon his matchless throne,
For gallantry to guard alone.
Then, woman! in that reign of heart,
How peerless was thy magic part!
A word was more than human breath,
A smile dissolved the gloom of death.

And beauty, while it awed the brave,
But made the mind a noble slave
To honour, in the chastest light,
That ruled the soul, or charm'd the sight.—
And shall we, in a sterner age,
When love hath grown more coldly sage,
With frigid laugh and frown decry
The bright return of Chivalry?—
The trumpet-music of the past,
In tales of glory doom'd to last,—
No longer must one echo stir
The pride of English character?
Alas! our life is worldly lore;
The reign of heart-romance is o'er;
And all that fired heroic toil
Hath now become a meaner spoil,
For time and circumstance to win,
While self is throned secure within.—
Yet, valour in its fine excess,
A scorn that wither'd littleness,

Devotion in its grandest shape,
And love, that sought no mean escape,—
Oh! darkly sunk, and vilely sway'd,
The clime that wills their might decay'd;
And ever prompts each servile art
To flourish in th' unweeded heart,
Till day by day we learn to see
That self is true philosophy!

But, far beyond all forming powers
That made expressive beauty ours,
In that pure shape by Heaven design'd
To soften, sooth, and sway, mankind,—
The Gospel, like a god, began
To rouse the fallen soul of man:
Then, spirit, by the sense unbound,
Arose with grace immortal crown'd!
Emotions deep, unstain'd desires,
Serener hopes, and chaster fires,
Came flowing from a fount above,
All freshen'd with etherial love!

'Twas then that woman — like a star,
Whose beam had flutter'd dim and far,
And shed upon the troubled soul
A ray of undiscern'd control,—
Advanced above life's daily sphere,
Disclosed her radiance, full and near;
And kindled for beclouded man
The light that only woman can.
Restored to reign, as fair and good
As once in Eden's bower she stood,
The seraph of the soul to be
In love's divine fidelity,—
Religion, when its healing smile
First trembled o'er our patriot isle,
By her assuasive meekness won
A way to visit hearts undone.
And did her christian valour quake
To front the vengeance of the stake?—
E'en there apostles might have known
A faith whose firmness match'd their own:[9]

Though limb by limb the fire devour'd,
She neither shook, nor shriek'd, nor cower'd,
But gloried, in the murd'rous flame,
To sing a martyr'd Saviour's name!

And view th' applauded domes that rise
In holy grandeur to the skies,—
How much to female hands they owe
Their power to lessen human woe! [10]
But, ah! how exquisite must be
Those charities that none can see,
In lovely darkness hid awhile,
Surrounded with Jehovah's smile!—
Till, lit by unexpected light,
They glitter on the pilgrim's sight,
When haply in some village dale
His soul hath drunk the secret tale,
How Holiness her beauty shed
Around a dying mourner's bed.
Thus oft upon the travell'd plain,
Where Winter holds his bleakest reign,

In sudden bloom young flow'rets rise
And blush beneath our gazing eyes!—
For, leaving oft her splendid home,
Unheeded will Compassion roam,
And, where the roofs of sorrow lie,
Give tear for tear, and sigh for sigh,
To famine deal the daily bread,
For sickness hold the drooping head,
Be mother to some orphan boy,
Make widow'd hearts to sing for joy,
And, should the parting soul despair,
Ope heaven,—and plead for entrance there!

And what were life, if woman's heart
Attemper'd with no guiding art
The moral beauty of the mind,
Whereby the world is kept refined,
And each soft hue opinion wears
Its lovely origin declares?—
Go, find a land where female grace
Is honour'd by no gallant race,

And man's dominion deems it vile
To bend beneath a woman's smile,
But tramples with a brute delight
On mental rank and moral right,—
How darkly do her people sink!
How meanly act, how basely think!
No loftiness that clime reveals,
No purity the spirit feels;
Corruption cankers law and throne,
The language breathes a dungeon tone,
And seldom there hath Virtue smiled:—
But, wither'd, weaken'd, and defiled,
It moulders on from age to age,
The scorn of hero, bard, and sage,
And seems on glorious earth to be
The plague-spot of her infamy!

And vain would truth reflect in song
What nameless fascinations throng
Around that quiet hearth alone,
Where tenderness hath rear'd its throne,—

Oh! there are feelings, rich but faint,
The hues of language cannot paint;
And pleasures, delicately deep,
Which, like the palaces of sleep,
Melt into dimness, when the Light
Would look upon their fairy sight;
And there are chords of happiness
Whose spirit-tones our fancy bless,
And make the music of our joy
Complete without one harsh alloy,—
Yet, vain would words one note reveal
Of melody which mind can feel!—
But who hath left some calm domain
Where home was charm'd by woman's reign,
And trifles, through some magic, wore
An air they never breathed before,—
And enter'd where a proud abode
To ruder man its splendour owed,
Nor felt the contrast sternly cold,
Like winter o'er his spirit roll'd?

Yet there may garden, grove, and bower,
Attend on each retiring hour;
There Painting with impassion'd glow
The poetry of colours show;
While volumes rank'd in rich array
The heroes of the mind display;—
Yet, like a face, when death has chill'd
The light that once each feature fill'd,
Contrasted with its living power
Beheld in some excited hour,—
Are homes where single man is seen,
With those where woman's spell hath been.

Alas! for them whose toil-worn days,
Uncheer'd by Love's adorning rays,
In crawling loneliness depart,
Yet fret the bloom from out the heart.
Though Life, as lord of each desire,
To intellectual thrones aspire,
May win the laurel, wear the crown,
And madden envy with renown,—

How much beyond what dreams bestow
Their loveless hours can never know!
With nothing but cold self to please,
The waters of the spirit freeze,
And years but harden while they chill
A bosom left unsocial still:
And like a tree by autumn shorn
Of all that summer boughs had borne,—
A leafless, bare, and blighted thing,
Where scarce a breeze will deign to sing,—
Is man bereft of that control
That flashes from a female soul.
For heart with heart was born to beat,
And soul with soul was made to meet,
And sex for sex design'd to be
The dawn of endless sympathy!—

But ye! the laurell'd host who live
A life beyond mere earth to give;
The deities of dazzled Thought,
To whom her incense aye is brought;

Ye Alexanders of the mind,
Who conquer, but to charm, mankind!
Enchanters! for the spirit's eyes
Remoulding ruin'd paradise;
Interpreters, whose tones declare
The dialogues of sea and air;
The priests of Nature, taught to praise
And worship her mysterious ways;
Ye intellectual Kings of time!
Triumphant, matchless, and sublime,—
How fervently your pages own,
In music of transcendant tone,
That woman in her lovely might
Drew worship, wonder, and delight,
From souls whose inward glance could see
Visions that crowd eternity!

Impassioned lords of deathless song!
To them the lips of Time belong,
As, fired with their majestic fame,
From age to age, they sound their name.

And bid the world enshrine that scene
Where once a worshipp'd bard hath been,—
For hallow'd seems his natal spot
Where thrones are crush'd, and kings forgot!
And they have earn'd that gorgeous debt
Of praise, that time is paying yet,
Who taught us,—though it bore the curse,—
To love the heaven-born universe,
And trace, wherever goodness trod,
The lustre of a living God!

And glorious is it, when the base
Would frown upon Heaven's fairest race,
To echo into life again
The music of some master strain;
And prove, amid the ranks of fame,
How each who won undying name
In love's applauding eye could see
The ruling star of poetry.

Then let me from the poet-throng,
Who hymn'd on earth unearthly song,

Select some all-surpassing few,
And, as they rise in proud review,—
Let him whose spirit ever bow'd
Before the passion it avow'd;
Whose bosom hath been thrill'd or shaken
With dream fulfill'd, or hope forsaken,—
Exult to find his soul hath felt
A power that could the mightiest melt;
That lent to genius half its glow,
That taught eternal song to flow,
For fancy plumed the wing of fire,
And warm'd the soul of every lyre,—
Whose language was the light of thought
From love in adoration wrought!

With paleness on his awful brow,
Who riseth like a spectre now
From darkness, where his fancy dared
To wander with an eye unscared,
And gaze on visions, such as roll
Around that blighted Angel's soul,

Who baffles in his dread domain
An immortality of pain?—
'T is Dante!—whose terrific flight,
Through caverns of Cimmerian night,
Imagination vainly tries
To track with unappalled eyes!
Severe, august, and sternly great,
The gloom of his remorseless fate [11]
Around him hung that dismal air
That broodeth o'er intense despair;
Till frenzy half began to raise
A wildness in his fearful gaze,
As, roaming over crag and wood,
He battled with bleak solitude!—
For sooner might the maniac roar
Of ocean cease to awe the shore,
When starlight comes with fairy gleam,
Than pity lull his tortured dream!
Oh! 't is not in the poet's art
To paint the earthquake of his heart,

The storm of feeling's ghastly strife,
When she, who form'd his life of life,
Had vanish'd like a twilight ray
Too delicate on earth to stay:—
For love had heated blood and brain,
A fire in each electric vein,—
A passion whose exceeding power
Was heaven or hell to each wild hour!

But, from the wreck of ruin'd days
What gorgeous vision did he raise!
Since ne'er was beauty so divine
Embodied in a breathing shrine
As throned Beatrice on high,
In the dark blaze of Deity!—
Her forehead wreath'd with starry light,
And she herself,—oh! what a sight
On Dante glitter'd, when afar
He listen'd to her mystic car;
As, wafted in a cloud of flowers,
And guarded by angelic Powers,

In veil of fire, her spirit came,
And warbled his remember'd name!
He bow'd beneath her awful look,
Then gazed, until his being shook
Like water, when the winds convulse
And stir it, like a quivering pulse!—
But when the wing'd Enchantress soar'd
To where the Godhead was adored,
Without a shadow, speck, or bound,
Eternity lay imaged round!
There, on a beatific throne
Again he saw her, bright and lone.—
Ineffably one look she cast,
Angelic features ne'er surpass'd,
On him, who knelt entranced awhile
Within the glory of her smile;
Till, lo! in deep excess of light
She faded from his yearning sight!—

Like one who leaves a savage dell
Where day hath bid the sun farewell,

Comes forth, to view autumnal beauty
On bank, and wood, and running stream,—
Is he who turns from Dante's gloom
To see poetic flow'rets bloom,
As dreams of beauty dawn and glow
Along the page of Petrarch's woe.—
How touching are those mental tears,
Delighted throbs, and dazzled fears,
The penance by his genius paid,
Whenever recreant fancy stray'd
Beyond the tone of pure desire!—
'T was Laura tuned his pensive lyre:
Madonna-like, and sweetly mild,
And pure as an untempted child,
Amid her white-robed virgin throng
He saw her beauty glide along,
When lilies deck'd her sun-bright hair
Amid the walls of lone St. Claire—
That hour became his second birth!
Her glory overveil'd the earth;

And never did a Ghebir kneel
Before his orb with truer zeal
Than Petrarch at that living shrine,
Where dwelt the soul he knew divine!—
To him she was a spotless thing,
Too bright for earthly bard to sing;
A miracle of life and love,
A dream embodied from above,
A seraph, whose unclouded eyes
Reflected back their native skies!

From her his inspiration came;
Each song enshrin'd her hidden name;
And not a shadow, tint, or sound,
Creation could invent around,
But he beguiled with beauteous art
To typify her taintless heart!
How fervently his homage glows!
Pure from the mind it springs and flows,
Exhausting, as his numbers roll,
The life-blood of a feeling soul!

For Laura seem'd his spirit's breath,
And ruled it when she sunk in death;
Then, day and darkness, scene and hour,
Were haunted with her holy power;
And, when her smile illumed it not,
The faded world was soon forgot;
Since only to embalm her name
He panted for eternal fame.—

Adorner of the human race!
Great Nature's rival, who could trace
Her features with such perfect skill,
That time can but remould them still,—
So matchless is that mighty one
Whom Fancy now would gaze upon!—
Go, lend the skies a lovelier blue,
Or sunbeams o'er the sunshine strew;
Bid Horror to the tempest bring
A louder shriek and blacker wing;
Or dare to teach a deeper tone
To Thunder on his midnight throne.—

So powerless seems a poet's line
To render Shakspeare more divine!
All tears and smiles to him belong;
All clouds that round the spirit throng;
All passions, principles, and powers,
Which wring the heart, or rule its hours,
In language Nature's lip had taught,—
By him were into being wrought!
So sternly with creative art
He drew the drama of the heart,
That, long as tears haunt human eyes,
Or Pleasure laughs, or Sorrow sighs,
Whatever path his genius trod,
We hail him earth's poetic god.

. . . . . .

And round him is a dimness thrown?
The colour of his life unknown?
While meaner names are chronicled,
And baseness in false light beheld,
That master-piece of mortal clay,—
Unhonour'd did he die away?

Yes, like an orb, whose affluent rays
Demand of earth no greeting praise,
He scatter'd intellectual light,
Immortal in unconscious might!
Sublimely careless of renown,
Then lay his awful spirit down,
Nor dreamt that Glory's arm would wave
Her brightest banner o'er his grave!

But yet there be faint shadows cast
From pining years which he had past,
That tell us how the soul could break
The pangs that once his bosom shook,
When dark-eyed beauty rack'd and wrung
A heart round which the world had clung!—
Her hair was like the sheen of night,
When blackness seems to make it bright;
And melody her touch obey'd
When o'er the chords her fingers stray'd;
But sorrow dash'd her april years
With cold and melancholy tears;

And thus there grew a wild unrest
Within the gloom of Shakspeare's breast,
Till he who sung what Romeo felt
Beneath like pangs was doom'd to melt,
And hide within his dreaming brain
The visions of a lover's pain.

And well may woman proudly think
That he whose spirit thus could drink
Absorbing rays from beauty's eyes
Hath sphered her sex amid the skies!—
And none like him love's essence knew,
From hidden soul the lightning drew,
That subtle, secret, silent flame,
For which the heart hath found no name:
There's not a throb that woman feels,
There's not a ray her mind reveals,
And scarce a blush on brow and cheek,
When blood would rise, and almost speak!—
But Shakspeare hath the whole divined,
And held a mirror to the mind,

That Nature o'er his magic glass
Might view each play of feature past,
And what a life-breath'd air there seems
To freshen those embodied dreams,
Where character and grace arise,
To feast our unforgetting eyes
With all Affection can display,
When most we bow beneath her sway!
Bright, beautiful, and young, and warm,
With tears that melt, and tongues that charm,—
The creatures whom he call'd to birth
We pine to meet on mortal earth,
And trace by his revealing art
The windings of a woman's heart.

As moonlight weaves a varied spell
O'er rock and mountain, grove and dell,
So Love with his transforming beams
Hath colour'd each romantic dream,
As, stern or mild, the spirit lay
Beneath the spell-work of his ray.

A sense of beauty,—it was thine,
As deep, as burning, and divine,
As ever fed with living fire
The passion of a poet's lyre,
Thou martyr! whom Alphonso's hate
Imprison'd for a madman's fate,
Because ere yet the lips could speak
Emotion had betray'd thy cheek,
To tell him how a bard could dare
To love a princess—and despair!—
That love was like a blasting sun,
It sear'd the heart it shined upon!
But, oh! how much of Tasso's strain
Was born of his devoted pain;
When feelings in their hopeless strife
Contended with those clouds of life
That 'tween him and his idol grew,—
Till death alone could break them through.

His youth was lonesome; and the light
Of half that won or wooed the sight,

Th' enchantment of his spirit shed,
Till earth was heaven beneath his tread;
And Nature, like a mother, smiled
On him, her musing foster-child;
To whom her voice from wave or wind
Came with a magic more refined
Than echoes from the human soul;
And, where a quiet stream did roll
While shade and sunshine blent their power,
He charm'd his own creative hour
Till voiceless aspirations rose,
His bosom lost its young repose,
And round his heart a syren came
And murmur'd his immortal name!
Thus fancy set the soul on fire,
Till life itself he found aspire
To beauty, like that spirit bright
When, tender as the touch of light,
Fair Leonora's vision stood
Before him, fresh in womanhood!

And all the heart's creation drew
At length his living eyes could view.—
What heavenliness array'd her form,
How exquisite the blushing storm
Of love's betray'd emotion rose!
When Tasso read his lyric woes,
And saw her eye's transparent blue
Bedimm'd with soul, dissolving through!
Morn after morn, in youth's ripe age,
He read his own melodious page,
While Leonora's lips of love
The garland of his glory wove,
In words whose magic seem'd to be
The tones of immortality!—

And could they side by side remain
Nor feel the heart's delicious pain?
The might of that magnetic gaze
That each to each would softly raise?
Could Tasso in that perill'd hour
Be dead to passion's dawning power?

Alas for him!—Alphonso came
And bade a dungeon hide his flame!—
They tore him to a hideous cell,
(Ferrara hath revered it well)
And left him, for a maniac's doom,
To rot in suffocating gloom!—
Yet, mis'ry could not then decay
The dream that wore his mind away,
Though frenzy might its faith destroy,
Till life became a wretched toy,—
Yet passion round his wreck would smile,
Like evening o'er a faded pile:
But, when his Leonora died,
And ev'ry bard a wreath supplied,
To grace the glory of her bier,—
Could Tasso's Muse deny a tear?
Yes! silence was the tomb of pain,
And grief was voiceless, when 'twas slain—
Let fancied woe prepare a sigh
To deck the fate of those who die;

And hypocrites their cheeks array
With gloom to serve a venal day,—
The pangs that load a loftier breast
Lie deep, and dark, and unexprest;
Yet, sternness in that blank despair
Hath buried more than anguish there!—

Another of the wond'rous see!
Whose spirit talk'd with Deity,
And, blind on earth, beheld in heaven
The glory to archangels giv'n,
When, robed in light, their garments blaze
And whiten in eternal rays!—
No cavern'd prophet, while he felt
A trance almighty round him melt;
Or, by some Babylonian stream
From darkness shaped his awful dream,
Wherein there glided, vast and dim,
The cloud-apparell'd cherubim,—
Hath scarce outsoar'd his epic flight
Who sang of Chaos, Death, and Night!—

Had none, methinks, but Milton's song
Pour'd its grand tide the world along,
Had never page but his reveal'd
The miracles in mind conceal'd,—
The hope immortal still would rest
Unblighted in the human breast;
For, never could a narrow grave
Th' immeasurable soul enslave,
That compass'd air, and heaven, and hell,—
The lord of his creative spell!

With what a melody divine
The river of each noble line
Flows onward!—faint, or loud, or deep,
Accordant to the numbers' sweep.
Go, enter some majestic fane,
And listen to the organ-strain,
When melting clouds of music float
Down the dim aisles with blending note;
Now, with wild melodious thunder
The vaulted pavement echoes under;

Then, aloft in flights of sound,
The winged harmonies abound,—
Evanishing like birds that stray
And skyward sing their boundless way!—
For thus can Milton's numbers roll
Their cadence o'er the tranced soul.

And can we deem that he who drew
In lines of love so brightly true
The mother of our mortal race,
And made the glory of her face
To dazzle back a demon's guile,
When Eden laugh'd beneath her smile,—
Can nature dream poetic art
Reflected not his own pure heart?
The lady-pilgrim of the wood
In starlike beauty, lone and good,
Was copied from a shape, perchance,
That kindled youth's adoring glance.—
There is a tale—and let it live
Such life as fond romance can give,

That once, as slumb'ring Milton lay
In umbrage from the noon-tide day,
Beneath the twilight of a tree,
That arch'd its waving canopy,
A maiden saw his sleeping face,
And, spell-bound with its beauteous grace,
Her wonder in sweet song express'd,
And placed it on the poet's breast;
"If eyes when shut the heart can take,
How bright their vict'ry when awaked!"
Oh! who can tell what beauty flow'd
From feelings by such words bestow'd,
The Eve of his enchanted thought
From hues of nature's heaven was wrought,
And she of paradise the queen
Embodied what his soul had seen.

And could that bard, whose mind was free
And boundless as eternity;
Who seem'd on earth to have the right
Aye floating o'er his mental eye

To the low dust of life descend,
And with the base its glory blend?—
How nobly hath awarding time
For genius shaped the crown sublime,
And silenced in oblivion's shade
The war opinion's fury made!—
Till all the wounds and stabs of strife
That agonized his bleeding life
Appear but like a mould'ring stain
That lingers on some marble fane,
But, ere it rots one tint away,
Hath vanish'd in some heavenly ray!

Oh! many are the pangs that wear
A spirit into proud despair;
And many are the tears that flow,
To swell the tide of human woe:
But seldom doth the sicken'd heart
From dreams of false perfection start
With pangs of such convulsive power
As when the great have ceased to tower,

Desert the sky, and chain their wings,
To strive with earth's degraded things,
Like eagles, when their flight is o'er;
That wrangle on some weedy shore!—

But one amid the baudic throng
To whom the wreaths of heaven belong,
From pride and coarser impulse free,
Stands out, in solemn purity!—
His heart, by woman's power carry'd,
The summons of high love obey'd,
And beautiful, beyond the light
Of language to reveal aright,
The passion of a deathless pair,
Who breath'd on earth celestial air!
Before the dawn of being came
They dreamt their lot was doom'd the same,
That human love in heaven would be
A wedded immortality!
And, when his dying Meta lay,
And felt her spirit faint away,—

Like music from a falt'ring wave,
When sinking to its ocean grave,—
Beside her Klopstock meekly stood,
And watch'd the pale and speaking blood
In awful changes come and go!—
But never was such loving woe,
When Meta—to his fond request,
That round him her bright wings should rest
While o'er the world his fate must rove,—
Responded with a burst of love,
"Who would not share that lot divine,
To be thine angel!—thou wert mine!"—

A gentle stream that glides along,
And frames the breeze a lovely song,
And that same stream, when torn at length,
And arm'd with desolating strength,
As down some rocky steep it pours
And like a rival ocean roars,—
May typify the tranquil soul,
When calm'd by virtue's wise control,

And one by passion's whirlwind hurled
Compell'd to each disastrous course!
'Tis thus, when sad-eyed memory tends
From Klopstock to impassion'd Burns,
Two streams of life at once appear,
In mild repose and mad career.

The Shakspeare of the woods and fields,—
How wizard-like the sway he wields!
The heart-blood owns his lyric might,
And ripples with confess'd delight,
When Scottish valour fires the song,—
Like clarion music, stern and strong!
Excitement,—that immortal pain,
The demon of a poet's brain,—
On him it wreak'd its wildest rage,
And all that poverty could wage
Against a high and haughty mind
His trampled heart was doom'd to find.
Yet, cradled in dark Mis'ry's bed,
How nobly was his genius fed!

What man denied, great Nature gave:
His soul, no educated slave,
The elements and seasons taught;
Creation magnified his thought;
And when amid the foliage dim
The blackbird piped his vesper-hymn,
Or round him like a lustrous pall
He felt the day's bright curtain fall,
As tides th' attractive moon obey,
So throbb'd his pulse to Nature's play.—
And woman by her smile could throw
A sunbeam o'er his blackest woe,—
A ray whose beauty reach'd the soul,
And bade his burning numbers roll!

Yet who can read the bitter fate,
So darkly chill and desolate,
That wrapt in clouds the closing day
Of him who pour'd as proud a lay
As ever rose from Scottish lyre
On inspiration's breath of fire!—

Nor weep to think that [illegible]
Should blacken [illegible]
Oh! who can [illegible]
The agony of [illegible]
The curse of want that [illegible]
To frenzy—with a fiercer pain [illegible]
Can hear the groan of anguished [illegible]
When Misery rallied all her [illegible]
And thoughts like hidden [illegible]
The mind that could no longer [illegible]
But prostrate in its ruin lay
A blasted wreck and bleeding [illegible]
Nor ask for Pity's brightest [illegible]
To tremble on his early [illegible]
Yet, warmly while around him [illegible]
The worship that his genius [illegible]
Prophetic truth beheld afar [illegible]
The clouds that would conceal [illegible]
And leave him, long ere life [illegible]
To wither in degrading woes!

Yes; he whose lines are mottoes now,
Whose genius veils his country's brow
With glory, when his stirring lays
Are greeted with exalting praise,—
Was fated, like an outcast thing,
To moulder in dark suffering
Down to the grave!—with scarce a bed
To pillow his immortal head!

My God! how little can the great
Feel the dread curse of blighted fate;
Or think that they, whose spirits throw
Around the world a heav'nly glow,
Whose bright imaginations seem
The fragments of a seraph's dream,
Whose words imparadise their hours,
And freshen earth with Eden-flowers,—
The martyrs of the mind have been,
Or suffer'd more than eye hath seen!
And, while the theme of Glory's tongue,
Their homes were wreck'd, their hearts were wrung;

And songs that flow'd so guilelessly
Gush'd from a fount of misery!

A noble mind in sad decay,
When baffled hope hath died away,
And life becomes one long distress,
In bleak and barren loneliness,—
Methinks 'tis like a ship on shore,
That once defied th' Atlantic roar,
And gallantly through gale and storm
Hath ventured her majestic form,
But now in stranded ruin laid,
By winds and dashing seas decay'd,
Forgetful of her ocean reign,
Must crumble into earth again!

To crown the poet-throng appears
Another, whose poetic tears,
While a bruised spirit toils below,
Shall consecrate affection's woe.

And ever by their passion tell
The power of love's unfading spell,
That beautified with lone despair
The visions that his lines declare.

The anguish of his clouded heart
Hath ceased on earth to play its part,
And o'er his laurel-shaded brow
The damp of death lies coldly now!
The storm, the shadow, and the strife,
That made and magnified his life,
Have sunk like winds along the deep,
And left him to untroubled sleep!
But few, when Harold died, forget
The fulness of our fond regret,
As England echoed back the knell
That toll'd from Greece his last farewell!
Oh! nought but some ignoble breast,
Where feelings iced in stony rest
Can baffle with a stern disdain
The lightnings of each lofty strain,—

That did not unto [illegible]
The dirges of his gloomy lyre,
And speculate, if years had brought
A blessed store of brighter thought,
How much of all that mars his fame
Had vanish'd in a purer aim—
The earthquake that so rock'd his soul
With dread and undefined control,
Beneath some intellectual balm
Had soften'd to melodious calm
Those feelings that were prompt to sting
Where all the weeds of vileness lay,
To linger with sarcastic stress
Round nature's erring littleness;
As though in man no trait was true
But that which wore the meanest hue,
And goodness were a dream that cheated
When dazzled by a poet's eyes,
Ay, feelings dark as these, perchance
Had glorified by pure advance

The regions of exalted mind,
And loved the links of human kind.—
The spots upon Creation seen,
For sorrow, not for scorn, had been;
Till genius, from its darkness free,
Flash'd out in full divinity!—

But, 'twas not so; and man must wait
The brightness of a better fate,
To tell him all that grief would learn,
When back to dust the great return,
E'en in that hour when most they seem
To realize our vastest dream,
And purify the hopes of Earth
With promise of a second birth!—

The sanctity of Virtue stands
Above the soil of human hands,
And genius, though the world it awe,
Must bow to her corrective law:

Yet who, unless the mind can [illegible]
Transform'd to perfect deity,
Can judge how terrible the [illegible]
When impulse leads the soul astray,
The meanest tongue can brand a [illegible]
But who can probe the heart within,
The gloom of agonizing strife,
When principle resigns its life,
Till passion in its fiery reign
Pours madness over blood and brain!
A soul that like Æolian lyre,
Which faintest tones of air inspire,
Was thrill'd by sound, and hue, and scent,
As though a slumber ne'er had been,
A spirit pining for the good,
Till dreams became its daily food;
Or, revelling in satiric gloom
That mock'd at all above the tomb,
Oh! these unite to arm a spell,
That few below have wielded well.

And, blended with a slakeless thirst
To find the spot by crime uncursed,
In Byron lived a haunting dread,
From moods of dark enquiry bred,—
Of that UNKNOWN beyond the grave,
Where fancy's wings delight to wave:—
Hence, doubt and scorn, with mis'ry rife,
Threw blackness on the stream of life;
Till o'er each maze of erring man
The reckless eye of satire ran,
And, finding nought but error free,
Call'd vice the sole reality.

But, where the grave of Harold lies,
May Virtue bend forgiving eyes!
The meek, whose time-worn spirits know
How much that heart must brave below,
Which battles with the mystic gloom
That haunts it from the spectral tomb,—
No vengeance on his glory wreak,
But lightly of each error speak.

For who are they, if life and human love
Like Byron's, one mountain'd cradle have
Where every eye could point a grave,
And level all its envious rays,
Whose splendour would reveal no blot
That now lies veiled and forgot
While some regard with bitter eyes
The tomb where buried genius lies,
And bid the gates of Mercy close
On them whom earth denied repose,
The hearts whom wisdom's humbling power
Hath taught to fear their fondest hour,
In tender awe will bend and weep
Where Byron's noble ashes sleep,
Nor love, o'er sorrow's wildering tear,
To trace the foot of error here;
But thank him with a proud excuse
For all the poet's mightiness
Oh! there he lies! becalm'd in death,
Whose being was a tortured breath

Whose years in whirlwind bore him on
To the dread gulph where time is gone!
And, stirless as the travell'd lake
Whose waters down the mountain break,
O'er wood and wild, and ridge and rock,
Convulsed and crash'd with many a shock,
The turbulence of trial now!—
Let God alone the rest avow.

And was it nought to melt away
The frost that bound the spirit's play?
To summon into startling view
The deep, the daring, and the true,—
Or light the chaos of the soul,
And see its cavern'd waters roll!—
Instead of polish'd rhyme, to raise
The stormy breath of wilder lays;
Or make us, in his milder hour,
Dissolve in dreams of beauty's power—
Such beauty as our thoughts create,
But never clad a mortal state!

There are who call the poet's
Too airy for a world like
Alas! for wisdom, if her voice
Can teach the heart no glorious
If downward to the dust she
For aye to fix our slavish eyes,
And seldom bid one glance be
Aloft to mind's unclouded
The freshness of poetic thought.
From out the groves of fancy
And wafted o'er the soul's
What is it but a breezy
From winds of vanish'd Eden
To purify earth's element,
And summon forth those dream-
That grew in Milton's epic
'Mid all the waste of worldly
Oh! leave him yet some few
That still the poet's wand may
A vision of unfallen days.

And rescue from the fangs of time
Some feelings that are yet sublime!

On Harrow, when the heaven of June
Was garmented with glowing noon,
And not a cloud's minutest braid
Along its liquid sapphire stray'd,
I stood beneath that haunted tree,
And heard the leaf-toned melody
Which oft in boyhood's dreaming years
Had warbled on the pensive ears
Of Byron,—when he loved to muse
Beneath the quiet churchyard yews.
O! who in such an hour could stand,
And look adown the sloping land,
Where meadow, vale, and roving stream,
So often charm'd his chequer'd dream;
And round him feel the fresh-wing'd air
That lifted oft his waving hair;
And press the same sepulchral stone
His pressure loved to make its own,—

Nor feel a sense of [illegible]
That shook the heart with strange delight!

'Twas here he feasted fancy's power,
And in the mind's prophetic hour
Would try with telescopic gaze
To read the brow of unborn days,
Hail the bright orb of future fame,
And glory in a minstrel's name!
Or dared with dreadless eye to see
A map of vision'd misery,
In lines of awful length outspread,
Till darkness veil'd him with the dread!

And who with backward gaze could mark
The burning course his genius took,
Nor feel how woman's reigning look
With fervid eye he view'd afar,
And felt her beam of beauty cast
A light that heaven alone surpass'd!

His primal love — it never died,
But still within the soul supplied
The waters of affection pure,
From fate and freezing time secure;
'Twas thence ideal sorrow drew
The pangs that pierce our nature through,
Till love became the life of song:—
And glories to its gloom belong!
But had his heart with hers entwined,
Whose beauty struck his boyhood blind,
The starlight of whose cloudless eyes
Attracted his immortal sighs,—
If happiness can reach the great,
How bright had been his alter'd fate!
Instead of darkness, light would be
Around the soul's divinity!—
Medora, Kaled, and Gulnare,
Each ruin'd maid and reckless fair,—
Were moulded from the shades of mind
Despair and passion leave behind.

But once in home's attractive fane,
Oh! had he worshipp'd woman's reign,
And seen her — not in mock romance —
Through daily paths of life advance
As angel of domestic hours,
How nobly might those lofty powers
He lavish'd on a Corsair's bride
Have been to purer love supplied!
While, feeling all that fancy drew,
His genius would have brighten'd too,
And woman in his picture hail'd
A model that had never fail'd,
While love, by genius made divine,
Could sanctify a poet's line! —

And such hath been fond woman's sway
Since angels hymn'd her natal day, —
The passion of profoundest love
Whose archetype is God above!
And while yon heaven is o'er us hung,
For ever shall the brave and young,

The free — the fervid — fond and true,
Declare what female hearts can do!

And many a name as yet unknown,
Embalm'd in some immortal tone
Of genius by a thrilling bard,—
Shall time exult to read and guard:
And beauty, in domestic bowers
Now fameless as secluded flowers,
When buried queens forgotten lie,
And royal tombs can raise no sigh,—
In melody of deathless might
Shall live to be the world's delight,
While love and poetry can claim
To twine a wreath round Woman's name!

CANTO THIRD.

—— The mild majesty of private life.
AKENSIDE.

—— Show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made.
WORDSWORTH.

WOMAN,

THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

CANTO THIRD.

ANGEL of life! whose love hath been
The master charm of time and scene,
Romance, in her elysian mood
Creating forms of fair and good,
Hath not outsoar'd thy virtue's height;
Nor imaged forth more purely bright
The lineaments of perfect grace
Than yet adorn thy breathing race:
And Fiction, when her mould was cast,
Might gaze on life, and feel surpass'd!

But where is woman most array'd
With all that mind would see display'd—
O, England! round thy chainless isle
How fondly doth the Godhead smile,
And crowd within thy little spot
A universe of glorious lot!
But never till the wind-rock'd sea
Have borne us far from home and thee,
The patriotic fervours rise,
To hallow thy forsaken skies!
Though Nature, with sublimer strain,
Hath stamp'd her seal of loveliness
On climes of more colossal mould,
How much that travell'd eye beholds
Would sated wonder throw away,
To take one look where England lay!
To wander down some hawthorn lane
And drink the lark's delightful strain,
Or, floating from a pastured dell,
To hear the sheep's romantic bell,

While valeward as the hills retire
Peeps greyly forth the hamlet spire!
And all around it breathes a sense
Of weal, and worth, and competence.
But, far beyond all other dowers,
Thy daughters seem Earth's human flowers!—
The charm of young Castilian eyes,
When lovingly their lashes rise,
And, blended into one rich glance,
The lightnings of the soul advance!—
Wild hearts may into wonder melt,
And make expression's magic felt;
Or, girded by the dreams of old,
In Sappho's Lesbian isle, behold
A shadow of primeval grace
Yet floating o'er some classic face:
But where, in what imperial land,
Hath nature with more faultless hand
Embodied all that beauty shows—
Than round us daily lives and glows?

Here, mingled with the
Of charms that boldest
Th' enamel of the mind
Undimm'd by woe, unsoil'd by
To wedded hearts, devoid of
Here home becomes the heaven
And household virtues spring to
Beside the love-frequented hearth,
While feelings, soft as angels
Around them freshly twine and

A landscape of domestic hope,
Which God's paternal eyes
Reflected from a homely
Shall form my lay's concluding
If there one heart its home
'Twill render more than

A vale of beauty!—lo! the
In clouds of crimson radiance

Hath risen from the couch of night,
And fills the air with fresh delight;
While hues, like harmonies that range
The world of sound with lovely change,—
In varied lustre o'er the sky
Awaken, mingle, melt, and die;
Till full-orb'd on his flaming throne
The Sun-king is beheld alone!
And, blue as Baltic waves asleep,
Before him lies a dazzling sweep
Of azure, in its deep excess
Of morn-created loveliness!—

How exquisite this breathing hour!—
As though awhile some choral bower,
Where cherubim partake repose,
Its crystal gates did half unclose,
Till fragments of delicious sound
Came wafted on the winds around,
And bloom and balm to nature giv'n
Made earth a momentary heaven!—

Hark! to the choir of yonder thicket,
Where life exults in solitude,
On each unrifled bough is heard
The lay of some melodious bird,
And young-wing'd breezes on their flight
From brook and meadow learn a note,
And streams like tides of gladness flow,
And in the air there dwells a glow
Of elemental youth and joy,
Unchill'd by one corrupt alloy.
How dazzlingly with rosy dies
The fairies of the field arise!
And flutter on their insect wings,
As each a song of matin sings;
And where around the glitt'ring blade
A liquid web of dew is laid,
As early peasants' footsteps pass,
How greenly shines the shaken grass!
While many a lark from out the ground
Is startled, like a magic sound

That ere the sense be half aware
Is kindled by the harp of air!

And list! from out yon village dell,
Upon the breeze, in broken swell,
The goings-on of life begin
To charm the ear with social din.
The creak of hill-ascending wain,
The shout of some exulting swain,
The watch-dog baying far behind,
The mill-sounds hoarse upon the wind,
With voices from the child or crone,—
Are all in gay confusion thrown!
And travel on the morning breeze
With notes whose human echoes please.
From the thatch'd chimney now have broke
The tinted wreaths of cottage smoke,—
Ascending delicately bright,
And braided by a golden light,
Like air-wing'd hopes they glide away,
Commingling with the boundless day!

And see, amid the straw-roof'd thorpe
Of homes that to you dale belong,
As dwelt the patriarch on the plain,
Surrounded by his pastoral train,
A mansion smiles; whose neuter tints,
Though unallied to proud or great,
A central grace around it throws,
And o'er each cot a charm bestows.
Embower'd in laurels, green and calm,
To view it yields the eye a balm!
But, when at eve its garden hath
A lustre on each lilied path;
When bough, and branch, and grape-hung vine,
In rays of pensive beauty shine,
While gladsome bee, and quiring bird,
And leafy song, are faintly heard,
More lovely than a dream-built dome
Appears that hush'd and heavenly home!
There often hath the worldling cast
A longing eye, ere on he past,

And while it wander'd o'er the scene,
Mused—Oh! that such my own had been!—

But is it like gay hearts that hide,
With sunny brow, a bitter tide
Of anguish in their gloom below,
Which they who suffer only know?—
Have venom'd passions, fiercely wild,
The pureness of its peace defiled,
While outwardly its walls declare
That all within is tranquil there?—
No! war and famine, blood and crime,
Have stain'd the ghastly scroll of time,
And tears, the rain of torture, flow'd,
And conscience borne its burning load,—
While twenty years o'er earth have roll'd,
The aged died, and youth grown old,—
Yet still, in unalloy'd content
Remains that blissful tenement!
And, save the shadows that o'ersteal
The brightest fate the good can feel,

Around its heaven-protected [illegible]
One summer of the soul hath [illegible]
And like a fount whose waters fling
A freshness with faint murmurings,
Perceived alone by desert flowers
That bud beneath its nursing [illegible]
From thence hath Charity's sweet [illegible]
Been scatter'd for the sick and poor.
So noiseless were the feet that trod
Those lovely paths which lead to God,
That angels only heard their [illegible]
And track'd them to some dying bed.

But where yon ivy gate expands,
Within it what a vision stands!
More exquisite in brow and limb
Than those aërial cherubim,
Which Painting in some starry dream
Reveals on clouds of loveliness!
Around her, like a viewless zone,
A fascinating might is thrown.

Her brow is pure as thought can be,
And whiter than the foam-clad sea,
Expanded with an arch of grace,
Like heaven's, above a heavenly face;
And on that polish'd cheek, behold!
Her ringlets, by the breeze unroll'd,—
In gleaming motion dance and shake,
Like ripples on a restless lake!
Her years are on the verge of heaven,—
That period when to life is given
The freshness of elastic youth,
Yet touch'd with woman's deeper truth:—
Again, behold that virgin face!
'Tis beauty in the mould of grace;
Incarnate soul lies sculptured there!—
A feeling so divinely fair
Is dwelling in those dark-fringed eyes,
That when they front the dazzling skies
Pure spirits well might deem that earth
Had copied some celestial birth,

Or beauty in the world had grown
All spirit-like, to match their own.

Yet innocence with homely sway
Hath stamp'd the power her looks reveal;
And should her form the rustic array
Amid the pent and crowded street,
So artlessly each lovely hue
Would dawn on his delighted view,
At once his mental eye would roam
To scenery round a village home,
Till breeze and brook were heard again
Exulting o'er his native plain.

Companion of the morning hour,
To tend her own infantine flowers,
That grow beneath her guardian eye,
And let their lids of bloom unclose,
The garden haunt she loves to pace
And oft is seen, with bending grace

And hand that scarcely wounds the air,
To nurse each bud unfolding there;
Till fancy, where her touch presides,
Might dream the soul of flowers abides,
That waft abroad their sweetest sigh
To greet her, as she glideth by!—
Before her nought is forced to flee:
All undisturb'd the rifling bee,
When hived in bloom, may hum and sip
A banquet off the rose's lip:
The butterflies, bright gems of air!
Can twinkle round her silken hair;
And not a bird that quells its song,
Or flutters when she moves along,
But sings as though a sunbeam came
Athwart the boughs with brighter aim!

'T was here amid this haunt of dreams
Her childhood roved, and still it seems
Alive with voices heard of yore,
And breathes of them who breathe no more!

From out her casement's vine-clad height
She views it, when the veil of night
Lies dimly woven over all,
Or glitters, like a dewy pall;
And here, when starry magic reigns
Amid the sky's untravell'd plains,
And moonlight with mysterious power
Hath mantled yonder grey church-tower,
The pensive maiden loves to stand,
And let her night-born dreams expand—
Nor is the scene bereft of charms
The dusky roof of distant farms,
The meadows in their dim array,
The frowning coppice far away,
And cot that shows its twinkling gleam
Adown the lone and green-bough'd lane,
While yonder, where the cloven hill
Seems parted by a tempest's will,
The billows wreath'd with moonlight play
And warble forth an ocean lay,—

To hearts that feel the hush of night
Enchanting is their mingled sight!

A daughter, beautiful and good,
On the fair brink of womanhood,
When all the debt of love-watch'd years,
Of buried pangs and bosom'd fears,
By filial worth can be repaid,—
Is more than words have yet portray'd.
What links, which time nor death can part,
Have bound her to a parent's heart!—
Oh! deep beyond description lies,
Pure as the ray of seraph eyes,
The love within parental souls!
Whatever tide of anguish rolls,
Whatever wreck the world can make,—
Till God himself the good forsake,
Affection is the life of life,
A power with more than feeling rife,
Above all base dominion free,
A passion for eternity!

O blest! unutterably blest that angel
The visions to their fancy greet, unmarked
When sire and mother blend a pray'r
For thee, thou spirit! fond as holy
Thy being sways their mortal destinies
And shouldst thou die,—'twere more than death;
For in thy tomb their thoughts would dwell,
And darkness be their brightest spell
To think on all thine artless ways
Since childhood reap'd its golden days
From year to year delighted traced
The magic dawn of mind and heart
To watch thee in life's daily round
With ev'ry trait of heaven abound
And when some friend, whom thou lovest,
Hath warbled in their tranced ear
Of noble acts in secret done,
And wreaths by silent virtue won,
Oh! then around their hearts to fold
A glow of admiration steal!—

Or haply, with prophetic truth,
To picture for thy wedded youth
A soul that shall be worthy thine,
With feelings from as pure a mine;
And when the churchyard yews shall wave
And darken o'er their cherish'd grave,
To feel, whatever time decree,
One Heaven their final home will be!—
A bliss so pure no words unfold,
A joy so deep no eyes behold;
That language must be born above
Whose power reveals a parent's love!

And thou art worthy, on whose brow
The stainless mind lies mirror'd now,
Around their guardian hearts to twine
Those feelings that are so divine!
No wish, or want, or hope, or joy,
No dreams of time thy youth employ,—
But blended with their meaning lies
Approval shed from parent eyes.

And, as a ray from out the sun
Reveals its birth whene'er it runs,
Thy virgin thoughts, howe'er they stroll,
Retain the brightness of the soul.
And often in thy sleep is heard
The fragment of some distant word,
When lips of imaged parents come
To bless thee in thy girlish dreams.
How winning are those myriad ways
By which a child fond homage pays,
Those ministries of heart and hand
Which none but parents understand!
When morning reigns in dewy power,
To hie and cull the choicest flowers,
Or pluck the fruit whose bloom
Bedeck'd with night's refreshing tears,
Or else with magic pencil take
The likeness of some hill or lake,
Some haunted spot, whose beauty hath
Rich praises on her feeling tongue.

And these to place in proud surprise
Before a mother's greeting eyes!—
Affection, let thy voice declare
How tender sweet such trifles are!
For what is kindness, but the heart
In action, without guile or art,
Imparting by some nameless power
A bloom to each attractive hour?

But, when bleak winter bares the earth,
And Comfort hails the wonted hearth,
Then, child of beauty! thou art found
The central star of bliss around.
Some book divine, or antique tale,
Or shipwreck, where the savage gale
Cries havoc! o'er a howling sea,—
Perchance, the chosen page may be:
Or bard eterne, with visions bright
Shall charm the soul of taste to-night;
Or, haply, Music's heaven-born spell,
Whose spirit thou canst wake so well!

Shall kindle for paternal eyes
The faded tones of former years.
Oh! then adown the tides of song
While thou enrapt art borne along
Till the bright chamber seems to glow
With Melody's fine overflow!
And, full before his bickering fire
Delighted sits a dreaming sire—
Forgive the mother, if her gaze
Be fill'd with more than fondest praise
And Nature whisper through the heart
"My child! how exquisite thou art!"

But, 'tis not in the noon of joy
When life endures no stern alloy
A daughter from her mind can pour
Divine affection's deepest store—
Oh! let but once a pang prevail
A limb be rack'd, or cheek grow pale
Let the wild torture of disease
Deny to heart and head their ease

Let Sorrow once her frown impress
On life's uncertain happiness,—
Then, scorner of the sex! advance,
And learn the power of Pity's glance,
The tender might of woman's gaze,
Unweaken'd by tormented days!—
Through hours of blackness, when the mind
Seems prostrate, wreck'd, and unresign'd,
How potent is her pleading eye,
How suasive her devoted sigh!—
One look does more than man could say,
And each word wafts a pang away!

And there are ties whose thrilling truth
Pervade her uncorrupted youth
With energies that breathe and move
In daily acts of duteous love,—
Behold yon sister!—fairy thing,
Whose forehead, like the brow of Spring,
Is ever bright and ever young,
And with the glow of gladness hung;—

So light in form, a breeze of life
Secure from earth's contagious strife
Round her own orb of home and glee
On wing'd delight she seems to flee
Each pulse within the fine-wrought frame
Is tuned to joy's unsleeping claim
Whether a cloud-isle richly dyed
Her wonder-beaming eye arrest
Or magic from some household wand
Young laughter into life hath stirr'd
And dear as Nature's dearest tie
She grows beneath a sister's eye
Who watches with a starlike gaze
Around her pure but perill'd days
And rather than the air might press
Too bleakly on her loveliness
Or pain one fleeting pang awake
Would let the blood her heart forsake
And drop by drop dissolve away
To win her life one painless day

And what, though years now intervene
To veil her own from childhood's scene,—
To robe an infant's face with smiles,
And summon forth its mimic wiles,
As playmate, she can stoop to be
Transformed to frolic infancy!—
Will echo back the bird-like sound
Of tiny laughs in merry round,
Nor coldly shun the meanest toy
That wings a moment's flight with joy.
And well those cherub features play
In answer to her sister's sway,—
Delighted, calm, or grief-array'd,
According as her words display'd
The tones that govern smiles and tears!
And often when some cloud appears,
By pain, or temper's gloom begot,
To shadow her infantine lot,—
That sister can alone restore
The sunshine as it play'd before!

And, duly as the car of night
Returns, she bends with soft delight
Enamour'd o'er the precious sleep
Of lids too beautiful to weep!
No! never is the pillow prest
Before a parting gaze hath blest
That winning face!— so brightly warm,
So tinted with the rosy charm
Of slumber, that its beauty seems
The bloom of amaranthine dreams!

But, ah! there is a dearer task,
Whose toils a patient wisdom ask,
And who beyond a sister knows
Where best the germ of knowledge grows,
When Infancy begins to look
Abroad o'er earth's unwritten book,
To read the world with curious eye,
And question truths beyond the sky,
Fondly to aid the budding mind,
When thought springs faint and undefined,

To teach her lips a word to frame,
And prattle with some homely name;
Then, day by day, as reason wakes,
And mental twilight dimly breaks,
A delicate enchantment throw
Round each young truth the heart would know,
Thus nursing with a sweet controul
The childhood of a cherish'd soul,—
Oh! none but she can paint the joy
Of such divine and dear employ!
On angel wings thus years will speed,
And still in language, look, and deed,
Will sisterly affection be
A shadow of divinity!—
So purely will its magic wind
Around an infant's guarded mind.—

A brother,—oh! that thrilling name,
It vibrates through thy very frame,
Thou queen of boyhood's cloudless day!
In studious bower though far away,—

Thy heart is haunted with a sense
Of all a brother's charms dispense;
His picture on thy bed-room wall,
How frequently its lines recall
Th' imperial face, the manly brow,
The eyes that dared the soul avow,
The smile that knew no mean subdue,
But ever round those graceful lips
In brightest welcome play'd for thee,
In moods of unaffected glee!—
What tales of prowess, feats of mind,
Around thy memory intertwined,
'Tis pure delight oft to unfold
In tones that touch a parent's soul!
Beside her, like a felt unseen,
The shadow of his shape hath been,
Whene'er along some favour'd walk
Her spirit dreams him smile and talk;
His voice is woven in the breeze
That carols round the garden trees;

And fancy, when the moon gleams bright,
Can often on its mirror write
Emotions 'twas divine to share,
When *both* had fix'd their glances there!—
Through weal and woe, through cloud and change,
Whatever clime or shore he range,
Till nature can her God deny,
Undimm'd will shine affection's eye,
And stainless those deep waters prove
That well from out a sister's love!

And think'st thou, though thy smile afar
Hath vanish'd like a fairy star,
Companion of her girlish lot!
That thou art in thy home forgot,
Where memories, like pulses, play
Within the heart of each new day:—
So long our early feelings last,
Affection owns no faded past!
For aye the glow of what was dear
Surrounds it like an atmosphere;

Eternal is the youth of thought,
Whatever outward change hath wrought
And distance, though like death it sever,
Is conquer'd by creative dreams
Of fondness, acting o'er again
The brother in his spirit's reign
For all he fancied, felt, or did,
Her mem'ry in fond silence hid,
And nought is trivial, wreck'd, or gone,
He cherish'd, loved, or gazed upon
Like gems of earth his flowers shine,
With dew and tender rain supplied;
His birds are fed with fost'ring care,
His dog beneath the wonted chair
In unalarm'd repose may lie,
And fawn to win her playful eye
The glossy steed, whose bounding limb
O'er hill and mead hath toil'd for him,
Beside him she will often stand
With greeting voice and gentle hand;

The page he read grows doubly sweet,
For there communing thoughts can meet!
Those melodies, whose dewy sway
Could best dissolve his soul away,—
Delightful 'tis again to pour
Around the room their richest store
Of melting sounds, that, ere they die,
Seem blended with a brother's sigh!—
But holier far is mem'ry made,
And deeper is its might display'd,
Whene'er the poor he loved to feed,
The hearts he caused no more to bleed,—
She welcomes in some rustic cot,
And finds his goodness unforgot!
And ye! whose locks with hoary truth
Betray the flight of faded youth;
Whose hands have rock'd the cradled boy,
Or ere he lisp'd his little joy,—
Full proudly may your tongues prevail!
For dear is each domestic tale

The homely past intercepting not one ray
To brighten on a sister's heart,
But when arrives his well-known mail,
What ecstasy young eyes reveal!
Warm on the page her lips imprest
A kiss of perfect happiness!
And well in that entrancing hour
When feelings claim prophetic power,
As all unworn his heart appears,
A sister may outwing the years,
And vision round her brother's head
The rays of future glory spread.

And wouldst thou trace her sanctified
Of goodness to the poor supplied,
Winding unknown its village course,
From charity's divinest source?
Angelic woman! if to be
On earth a child of Deity,
Surpasseth all we deem renown,
How peerless thine immortal crown!

For shipwreck'd hearts, sole haven, thou!
With pity on thy pensive brow,
And mercy in thy healing hand,
And voice beyond all music bland,—
From cot to cell, oh! thou hast been
Life's angel in its blackest scene;
And often with the dying good
On the bright verge of heaven hast stood!

And such thou art; and many a dame
Delights to hear thy darling name;
And many a tatter'd widow glows
To bless the hand that heal'd her woes:
While orphan babes in lane and street
With bright'ning face thy welcome meet:
And many a tale of mercy lives
The life that grateful memory gives,
When Feeling round a cottage fire
Can pay the debt thy deeds inspire!—
And they are such as cannot die,
Though honour'd by no human eye,

Unchronicled in rolls of [illegible]
Ungreeted by applauding [illegible]
Silent and secret though they [illegible]
Their tablet is eternity!
Where, graven by the Hand Divine,
The glories of the good will shine.

And thus in virgin solitude,
Unbroken by those waters rude
Of the rough world, whose waves [illegible]
Scarce echo one tempestuous [illegible]
Queen of the hamlet! years have [illegible]
And still thou art unwooed and [illegible]
Yet time, with magic unconfess[illegible]
Has moulded feelings in thy breast,
That now like buried music float
With soft and secret under-note;—
So delicate, they scarce appear
To haunt thy spirit's maiden sphere,
But, waken'd once,—and they shall [illegible]
A soul within a soul to thee!—

Emotions of themselves afraid
A temple in thy heart have made,
Wherein they flutter, like a bird
That trembles when a voice is heard!—
And fancy loves a Being now
Whom shaping words cannot avow,—
A Form of fine imaginings
To which attracted nature clings.—
At length he comes! that nameless one,
The eye of dreams had gazed upon!
The magic and the mystery
Of life have now begun for thee,
And thou the type of heaven wilt prove
In primal, deep, and deathless love!

Emotion that is most sublime
Of all that hallows earth and time;
That principle from whence we draw
The light of each celestial law;
Pervading sense, preserving power,
Whom death nor darkness can devour;

An omnipresent might and spell
Wherein all mind and matter dwell
Is Love!—by that bright word alone
We vision forth The Vast Unknown
The Ruler of the seraphim,
Whose glory makes the glorious dim
And not an element that glows
But breathes the life which love bestows
So magical its wide command,—
The sternest rock, the bleakest strand
Around an exiled wretch hath thrown
A charm that paradise might own
And who,—when form and face depart
That seldom touch'd his deeper heart
Or, e'en in hours of marring strife
Profaned the pure serene of life,
That feels not, while he says "Farewell"
A love-born sense within him dwell
A touch of heart, whose tenderness
Provokes him with a thrilling stress

And hence the captive, when the light
Of freedom daunts his reeling sight,
With something of a mute regret,
His gaze on dungeon walls hath set,
Though misery's hand had graven there
The words and weakness of despair!—
There is but ONE who cannot love,
The anarch of the Thrones above;
Apostate, in whose sleepless eyes
A hell of burning hatred lies!
Whose torture is th' undying sense
Of unadored omnipotence;
A wither'd, dark, defeated Mind,
That curses Heaven, and scorns mankind!

And will the loveless, stern, or grave,
Think human fancies wildly rave,
When young affection's meteors play
In dazzling falsehood round their way?—
Oh! take him to some towering mind,
Whose Orphic words entrance mankind,

And, when the mask is [illegible]
And backward rolls the [illegible]
Of feelings, rich with early truth, [illegible]
And vital with the flush of youth, [illegible]
How wither'd, wan, and leafless, [illegible]
The laurel that renown bestows, [illegible]
To that bright wreath affection [illegible]
Round the fair brow of youthful [illegible]
That love, whose faintest impulse [illegible]
The bosom's agonized strings, [illegible]
And even in its mildest reign [illegible]
O'erpowers him with a yearning pain, [illegible]
A feeling that is unforgot, [illegible]
That seems the core of life to [illegible]
And deaden it with slow decay, [illegible]
As water frets the rock away [illegible]
Thus passion forms the bane or [illegible]
Of being, in a world like this; [illegible]
The day or night of inward joy, [illegible]
Which years may dim, but not [illegible]

Love reigns but once,—yet that will be
Affection's true eternity!
All future love mere echo seems
Of vanish'd hope's melodious dreams;
A dying tone of lost delight,—
A fragment of those feelings bright
That once, when youth and heart were whole,
Created, form'd, and fill'd the soul!—

But, maiden! in thy vernal bloom,
On thee attends a calmer doom;
No clouds along thy placid heaven,
Like prophets, dark with hate, are driven;
No! all is open, bright, and blest:
And hopes may wander unreprest,
Like birds of beauty when they fly,
And wanton in their genial sky.
Oh! not for thee are voiceless fears,
The rack of unrelieving tears,
The agonies that coil and wind
In secret round a wasted mind,

Like vipers with [illegible]
To canker all the spirit's [illegible]
Nor Circumstance, with [illegible]
For thee hath framed a fearful [illegible]
That long as life's dull waters [illegible]
With broken heart and blighted [illegible]
Thy feelings, on the rack of fate, [illegible]
Shall live to mourn thy [illegible]
Serene as thy soft brow appears
The countenance of coming Years,
Consenting parents' blended voice
Hath sanction'd love's ingenuous choice,
And nought descends from dreamy elysium
So exquisite as woman's love,
When passion in its virgin morn
Within a soul like thine is born!
Her love by self is undefiled,
And foster'd like the spirit's child,
Adored and watch'd with heart and eye,
To whom each thought would [illegible]

Each hour devote its deepest care,
Each feeling give its fondest share;
And earth, and time, and joy, and youth,
From hence derive their only truth.—
Let *one* be lost—and dead would lie
The living world before her eye!
And thus, when savage years depart,
They leave no wreck, like woman's heart!
The ruin of her mind remains
Haunted by dim and dreary pains;
And pining thoughts each chamber throng
Where once arose the breath of song,
Till Sadness, link'd with cold despair,
Unites to fix its dwelling there!

With man's compare her feelings fine,
How delicate, how half divine!—
Torn by the slightest breeze of life,
And shatter'd by each varied strife,
When wrong, or woe, or accident,
Perturbs the spirit's element,—

In fragile bloom they
Like leaves on
That often, when the
Regardless of the breeze's will,
Are shaken by a touch or tone,
And perish ere the blast hath

But thou art loved—
And who can paint,
The paradise where dreams
Those moments dedicate to
For one there is, whose eye
The fervour of thy fondest
Whose language, with its
Of tenderness, can match thy own;
Whose visions of the beautiful,
When most his mellow'd heart
Are woven out of thoughts of thee,
Like rainbows from a lovely

Has the world changed,
And ev'ry taint of darkness flown?—

That brightness is the sudden birth
Of feelings which ennoble earth,
Of passion in its stainless prime
Just risen on the brink of time!
By these transform'd,—creation glows
With each warm tint the mind bestows;
A deeper verdure decks the grass,
The clouds with richer glory pass,
The winds a sweeter welcome chant,
And, wheresoe'er her footsteps plant
Their printless beauty,—smile and sound
Of new enchantment hover round!
To her 'tis myst'ry;—but the mind,
Grown exquisite and o'er-refined,
Can veil the universe with light,
Till all is heaven that meets the sight,
And outward nature wears the dress
Of mind's internal loveliness.

Commingled souls!—'t were vain to tell,
Around them as rich evening fell,

And clouds of calmest beauty
Like dreams of air along the
Where wan and far th' horizon
While nought but ocean breathed
How often on the placid sheet
They rambled, till the light
What rapture on each radiant
While, softer than the billows
Responsive to the pleading wind
The murmur of each happy
The waves beneath—the skies
All sights and sounds were
So all unstain'd by earth's
Their very blood grew liquid
So full their hearts, they
And make delight too deep
Th' aroma of all mortal
Enrich'd an hour divine as
Till soul-enrapt they seem'd to be
Attracted nearer deity;

While each to each immortal grew,
And saw the spirit beaming through
That glowing face, where love had given
The features that were form'd for heav'n!—

All hours are sweet, when love is there
A heavenliness to make and share;
All scenes delight, when eyes adored
The magic of their gaze afford;
No rock is bleak, no desert rude,
When Beauty walks the solitude;—
But moonlight charms the outward eye,
Like music heard by memory;
And temptingly the moonbeams play
Around young lovers' lonely way,
As though fond Nature glow'd to meet
The pressure of their timing feet!—
Belated, like a starry train
When loth to quit the azure plain,
Yon vision'd pair,—behold them now;
While Dian bares her crested brow,

And clouds of alabaster white
Float in the soundless breath of night;
How beautiful Creation's sleep!
So innocent, so calm, and deep!
The air is rock'd to voiceless rest,
The bird within his woven nest;
The dew upon unshaken leaves
A web of filmy lustre weaves,
And onward as the lovers steal,
You 'd deem the fairy ground could feel
Their shadows o'er its silence fall,
So rapt a stillness veileth all!

But they have reach'd a woodland where,
Where billows, now the breeze is o'er,
Are blended into one broad mass
Of heaving glory!—like a glass
Reflecting forth with twinkling change
The heaven-lights, in their lofty range,
Magnificent, and mute, and bright,
To feel it,—is to worship night!

And there they stand, absorb'd and blest,
In adoration unexprest;
Yet, drinking in with eye and soul
Earth's beautiful and boundless whole!—
And when that tranced delight is o'er,
They glide along the glitt'ring shore;
Where tones of whisper'd feeling take
The heart from each!—as lips awake
In words which Love design'd to be
The heart's revealing masonry!—
A past, in its undying truth
Still vocal with the vows of youth;
A future, with each promise rife
Of tranquil home and wedded life,—
Of these they talk; and plan, and scheme,
Indulging hope's orac'lar dream:
So soft the hour, the future rolls
Obedient to prophetic souls,
By banks of bliss, and meads of flowers,
As though from wishes came the hours!

But night hath deepen'd [illegible]
Enchanted to expecting [illegible]
And, see! where [illegible]
In dim repose, the village [illegible]
Around it smiles the yellow [illegible]
Gilding the leafy flush of [illegible]
That home is reach'd, the room is [illegible]
With many a blush the walk explained, if
Whose length 't was not for him to [illegible]
For what can weary lovers' feet
And smiles on each parental face
Have risen with forgiving grace
And on the mother's brow is [illegible]
A tale that truth might thus have [illegible]
"How often, when my age was [illegible]
Were walks as long and lonely [illegible]

And say, can aught but death [illegible]
Affections round her soul entwined
Though distance may bereave the [illegible]
And o'er him hang a stranger sky.

The sun that brings her spirit's day
Is born of his illuming sway!
The ground he trod a glory wears;
The twilight walk his step declares;
No melody so sweetly heard
As fancy's love-repeated word!
His picture on her heart portray'd,—
Soft mem'ry asks no other aid;
Bright o'er her face she oft can feel
His vision'd gaze of fondness steal!
The breathings of his soul begin
To thrill her echoing soul within;
And then, ere truth is half aware,
Her lips address the tongueless air
In words of unregarded tone,—
As sunlight on a rock is thrown
Where flower nor herbage, fruit nor stream,
Exult to drink the offer'd beam!—
Against him raise a sland'rous breath,—
And blooming looks the cheek of death,

Compared with that appall'd distress
That blights her features' loveliness,
Applaud him,—and the heart will swell
Dissolved within her dewy eyes!
Lustrous, and fill'd with tearful light,
Like rain-beads when the moon is bright!
Voiceless her tongue, but what a gush
Of spirit's grateful overflow,
In eloquent excess appears
To glitter through those dawning tears!
And, ah! forgive,—if fondly weak,
Too oft of *one* her soul will speak;
And faintly interweave his name
With hours when love should hide its flame;
For thus chance words will oft betray
How secret thoughts roam far away!
And hence, by soft and sudden touch,
The dreamings of the mind are shown,
Like rays of beauty, when they burst
From out a cloud's divided heart,

And dazzle into gay surprise
The lids of unexpecting eyes.

Too much of pomp and aim is seen
Where'er the pen of man hath been;
But, lovely one!—how sweet for thee
Within thy haunted room to be,
And there to language yield thy mind,
As bends a flower before the wind!
And, aimless, save the soul to show,—
What magic will thy words bestow,
As bright they rush, with fondest speed,
To visit eyes which yearn to read
Each syllable that love can frame,
When hallow'd by so dear a name!—
Between its banks as roams the stream
And murmurs, like a liquid dream,
Surrender'd to the guiding force
Of nature in its beauteous course,—
So artlessly is woman's mind
To tones of untaught grace resign'd;

And wanders down the fairy [illegible]
Of words, whose [illegible]

* * * * * *

Bells on the wind [illegible]
Comes wafted with melodious [illegible]
Making the morn, so bright and [illegible]
To thrill like joy's own [illegible]
A bird-song from each [illegible]
The bee hums loudly in the [illegible]
And like a soaring [illegible]
The butterfly to shed its [illegible]
Of hue and lustre, in wild [illegible]
Of rapture round its [illegible]
Creation, like a human [illegible]
Feels gladness through each [illegible]

And, mark ye, where [illegible]
The tombs' and turfs' [illegible]
And sunbeams o'er the [illegible]
To touch them with as [illegible]

As once around each living head
The beauty of their joyance spread!—
A crowd of village forms attends;
There lip with lip loud welcome blends;
And homeward by a rose-strewn track
The gay-eyed young are wending back,
To drink around a festive board
Such healths as loving hearts afford.

But whence the joy?—behold yon room,
And there, in hymeneal bloom,
In robes like clouds of fleecy mould,
When round the moon their grace is roll'd,
Divine in youth's divinest hour,
With beauty for her matchless dower,—
The bride, the daughter, and the queen,
Whose virtues crowd our vision'd scene!

Poet and painter,—each may bring,
Fresh from the spirit's fountain-spring,

Full many a truth
That Nature shall
But there, in that bright
Feelings which ne'er
Save by the features, when
To life from out the living
The old, the tried, whose
The light of early friendship's
From childhood holding firm and deep
The faith unworldly
A sire, upon whose honour'd
A silv'ry grace of time is
Beholding, like a priest of joy,
The smiles which every face
Though mellow'd is the
That slumbers in his own
Again unite :—and she is there,
Whose heart becomes one voiceless
That life may round a daughter
Exhaustless mercy's heavenly

And thou! 'mid all, the bridal star,
Thy bosom is one tender war,
'Tween fond regret for faded hours,
And love, whose fullness overpowers!—
Deep tears within thy heart arise,
Though scarcely yet they dim thine eyes,
Lest shades of grief should haply fall
Upon thy wedding carnival,
And eyes parental catch from thee
A tear thy soul would shake to see!—
But, when the sad adieus are sigh'd,
Thy spirit to its core is tried,
As garden, ground, and village mead,
From the wing'd chariot fast recede:—
One look!—so long it seems to cling
Around the spot of life's dead spring!
One rapid glance at paths of yore,
Where roam'd the Days which breathe no more!—
And nature, wrung beyond control,
In tears will then unchain thy soul!

And let [illegible]
Might hang on [illegible]
And Love in [illegible]
How soft a woman's [illegible]

And she is gone! — the [illegible]
Whose loveliness [illegible]
With lustre caught from [illegible]
Her look, her laugh, her winning [illegible]
How are they felt as unforgot
In each young scene and household spot,
Dismal the once glad room appears
And eyes are charged with [illegible]
When haply to their pensive sight
Some little gift is brought to light,
Some token of departed hours,
For mem'ry left, like waning flowers.
The fairy harp her fingers loved,
In tomb-like calm stands unremoved
And o'er her pictured face is [illegible]
A deeper thought than words supplied,

When silent, sad, unwatch'd, and lone,
A mother lets her grief be shown!
Yon garden too, now reft and lorn,
Methinks its alter'd features mourn,
So droopingly the flowerets bend,
So dyingly their leaves depend!—
To what they were, when dew-bright dawn
Beheld her on the breathing lawn,
The goddess of the matin hour!
Arraying each expectant flower
With life and beauty; while the bird
Sang in the laurel-boughs unstirr'd,
And each mild breeze that caught her hair
Enamour'd hung, and nestled there!
Her sister,—she whose tiny feet
Were wing'd when *one* was there to meet!—
Now prattles in her dream and walk,
As though the lisping mind could talk
Of nothing, save that dearest one
Her bosom yearns to rest upon!

And many a home her [illegible]
For one so pure [illegible]
Whose presence to the cottage [illegible]
Like heaven before a martyr's [illegible]
So bright the change her blessing [illegible]
When sorrow had the soul [illegible]

But what remains for minstrel's [illegible]
Aught further can his page impart
Of feelings whose domestic sway
Conducts the hours of life away
Then picture for thy pensive mood
A tranquil home in solitude;
And there, behold! the maid
In Nature's soft but sterling [illegible]
Those budding traits, when girlhood [illegible]
Of heart and mind, which all beguiled,
Expanded now to full-blown grace,
Have alter'd not with time and [illegible]
Each added year has hail'd the birth
Of some new charm and noble worth;

And,— save that on her brow appears
A mellow tinge of matron years,
And in her eye serenely glows
The magic of the mind's repose,—
A girl in spirit still is left
Without one ray of youth bereft!

She is a mother! — what a bliss
Unbounded loads a name like this
With meaning, whose concenter'd might
Is mock'd by that mean word,—delight!
For sooner may cold earth describe
The glories of th' angelic tribe,
Than any, save a mother, tell
What mysteries in her being dwell.—
How spirit-fill'd her loving face!
How beautiful! thereon to trace
The imagery of rising thought,
By feeling's hidden sculpture wrought!—
When infant voices round her roll,
Like echoes of maternal soul,

And words like [illegible]
Faint on her ear, [illegible]
From lips that [illegible]
Like blossoms [illegible]
But, ah! should [illegible]
Each fairy bud of infant joy,
And broken cries but half reveal
The buried pangs that [illegible]
What wrung despair in tragic [illegible]
What misery in [illegible]
In eloquence of grief [illegible]
With all that leads her living [illegible]
When bending o'er a tortured child,
By fits 'tis fervent, and, or wild,
And prompt, if pain might [illegible]
To drink the anguish she beheld
Into her soul, with one deep [illegible]
And bear it with immortal [illegible]

* * * * *

Home of my fancy! fare thee [illegible]
Unbroken be thy guardian [illegible]

Though not unmarr'd may be thy fate,—
Since darkness girds our brightest state,
And Life along her path of hours
With thorns hath intertwined the flowers;
Yet hearts where home and love unite
Share more than bleakest years can blight!
The sky may frown, the tempest fall,—
But woman can o'ercome them all!
While calm within affection's eyes
Endures that beaming paradise,
Where sorrow seeks a bright repose,
And basks beyond the reach of woes!

Land of my soul! maternal isle,
Array'd by Freedom's holy smile;
Whose throne is founded in the cause
Of native worth and noble laws;
Oh! long may Private Life be found
The glory of our English ground,
And woman on her stainless brow
Wear the bright soul we honour now!—

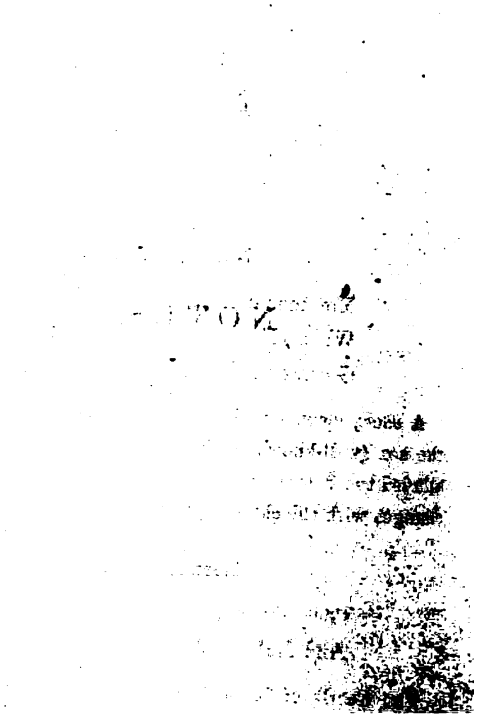
For though thy fleets o'erawed the main,
Till every billow felt thy reign,
And captive Empires drew the car
Of vict'ry from triumphant war,
Thy strength is canker'd, if the core
Of private life be sound no more;
Consumption on the cheek can bloom,
When beauty but declares a tomb,
And eyes their brightest meaning shed,
While every ray foretells the dead!
And thus may fatal glory be
An empire's garb of infamy,
If once that spring of manly pride,—
True gallantry,—be stain'd or dried;
Or, woman from her high domain
Must dwindle into meaner reign.

Oh! The grace, the lustre, and the glow
Of what our softer moods bestow
The hopes that keep the heart awake
And self from out the selfish take

The glory and the might of all
Domestic hours elysium call,—
Born of her magic, blend their sway
To charm the clouds of time away!
And if there be a home on earth,
Where nature most reveals its worth,
And Love his godhead can disclose
To feelings in their fond repose,
Till human hearts become divine,
Angel of Life! — that home is thine!

tion of her inner
To charm the eye
And if there be a
Where nature
And Love his
To teach ye in the
Till human
Age of Life!

NOTES.



NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 22.

Yon mountain's dim and dusky form,
Which, like a dying thunder-storm,
Glooms on the air with awful swell.

A rocky elevation, that seems to rise from the bosom of the sea (well-known to the mariners of the North) is here alluded to; it is termed the KOLL, whose aspect perpetually changes with the changing atmosphere.

NOTE 2, PAGE 23.

Grey Cronburgh lifts her storied pile,
And darkens o'er the Danish Isle.

The Castle of Cronenburgh, in the vicinity of Elsinore, was built by Frederick II. in the boldest style of Gothic architecture. Mr. Boeson, an honest old historian of the place, while describing the position, solidity, and magnificence,

of the castle, affirms that it may rank with [illegible] not only in the North but in all Europe.

This venerable edifice is connected with [illegible] tional, dramatic, and historical, interest. On [illegible] the casemates, the story of Holger Danske, (or Ogier [illegible] as he is called in the French romances), will [illegible] in these damp and dismal vaults. It is thus [illegible] Thiele:—"For many ages, the din of arms [illegible] heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of [illegible] man knew the cause, and there was not [illegible] bold enough to descend into the vaults. [illegible] had forfeited his life, was told that his crime [illegible] given if he could bring intelligence of what [illegible] vaults. He went down, and came to a door [illegible] opened of itself when he knocked. He [illegible] deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling [illegible] was nearly burnt out; and below stood [illegible] round which some steel-clad warriors [illegible] on their arms, which they had laid [illegible] the head of the table there [illegible] But when he raised his head from the [illegible] burst right in twain, for his beard had [illegible] 'Give me thy hand,' said he to the [illegible] not give him the hand, but put forth an [illegible] ger indented with his fingers. At last he [illegible] muttering, 'It is well; I am glad that [illegible] Denmark.'"

Leaving the casemates, and ascending [illegible] glishmen will find themselves on [illegible]

may indulge the fancy of Mr. Matthison, the celebrated Swiss poet, who made the venerable ghost of Hamlet's father appear on the platform when he exclaimed:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

But a still deeper tragedy will awaken the sympathies of an Englishman on his visit to Cronenburgh Castle. For, (to use the words of a distinguished author, already quoted), "here Matilda was confined, the victim of a foul and murderous court intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant, when, by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and as the ship bore her away from a country where the venial indiscretions of youth and unsuspicious gaiety had been so cruelly punished, upon these towers she fixed her eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing towards them till the last speck had disappeared."

During her imprisonment in the Castle of Cronenburgh, it was Queen Caroline Matilda's chief enjoyment to ascend the square tower, which commands one of the finest prospects in the world. No spot could better sooth the anguish of her mind. The animated appearance of the Sound, in which the English flag is so frequently displayed, would fill her mind with cheering images of the greatness and prosperity of her native land. And, in gazing on the beauties which nature has scattered with so lavish a hand over Denmark, her contemplations on the great First Cause of all good would create in her the best disposition to forgive her "enemies, persecutors, and slanderers."

The victim of a royal hate.

"Sacrificed in the bloom of life, being [illegible] 1751, and married the first of October [illegible] sent an inexperienced victim to a court [illegible] with spies and emissaries, who interpreted [illegible] levities of youth into enormous crimes, the [illegible] pecting queen could not long remain [illegible] enemies too favourable an opportunity to [illegible] succeeded; and induced the wretched king [illegible] engine of their malevolence, by signing [illegible] prisonment. The interposition of the British [illegible] from farther violence, and conducted her to [illegible] electoral dominions of Hanover. Here she [illegible] true and native character. Divested of the [illegible] which, on the throne of Denmark, veiled her in [illegible] from the inspection of nice observers, this [illegible] heart displayed themselves in her little [illegible] gained her universal love. Her person [illegible] graceful: she excelled in all the exercises [illegible] birth, and station. She danced the [illegible] Danish court, and managed the horse with [illegible] and spirit. She had a taste in music, and [illegible] her time, while at Zell, to the harpsichord. The [illegible] style of her dress was simplicity, not [illegible] her deportment, an affability which, in a [illegible] high rank, might be termed extreme [illegible] talents were liberal and diffusive, and, cultivated [illegible]

displayed themselves on all occasions. She conversed with the most perfect facility in French, English, German, and Danish; and to those extraordinary attainments she added a thorough knowledge of the Italian, which she studied and admired for its beauty and delicacy. Her manners were the most polished, soft, and ingratiating; and even the contracted state of her finances could not restrain that princely munificence of temper, which made her purse ever open to distress or misery. Naturally cheerful and happy in her disposition, adored and beloved to the highest degree by the circle of her court, even the dark cloud of adversity could not alter the sweetness and serenity of her temper. Banished, with every circumstance of indignity, from the throne of Denmark, she yet retained no sentiment of revenge or resentment against the authors of her fall, or against the Danish people. Her heart was not tinctured with ambition; and she looked back to the diadem which had been torn from her brow with a calmness and superiority of soul which might have made a Charles the Fifth or a Victor Amadeus blush. It was not the crown she regretted; her children only employed her care; the feelings of the sovereign were absorbed in those of the mother; and, if she wept the day when she quitted the island of Zealand, it was because she was then bereft of those dear objects of her maternal fondness. Two or three months before her death, she shewed, with transports of joy, to Madame D'O——, her first lady of the bed-chamber, a little portrait of the prince-royal her son, which she had just received. It happened that this lady, some few days after, entered the queen's apartment at an unusual hour. She was surprised at hearing her majesty talk, though

quite alone. While she stood in this situation of embarrassment, unable to retire, the queen turned suddenly round, and addressing herself to her, with that charming smile which she alone could preserve at a moment when her heart was torn with the most acute and agonizing pangs, said, 'What must you think, (said she), of a circumstance so extraordinary as that of hearing me talk, though you see me perfectly alone? But it was to this dear and cherished friend I addressed my conversation; and what do you suppose he said to it? nearly the same verses which you sent me, like unto a child, sensible to the happiness of having found her friend. Madame d'O—— could not speak; she burst into tears, and overcome with her own emotion, retired hastily from the royal presence."

NOTE 4, PAGE 26.

As, gazing from a rampart's height,
Her eye might gather free delight.

The note on Cronburgh Castle will explain the allusion.

NOTE 5, PAGE 27.

Or musing saw in verdant rest
The garden once by Hamlet prest.

This is the spot which Danish tradition assigns as the scene where Hamlet was poisoned. Of the tragedy of Hamlet, which has occasioned so much critical [illegible] (Meister's Apprenticeship, P. 4, C. 13) says—

"It is clear to me that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty on a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. In this sense I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a China vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral, disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon altogether."

Dr. Farmer, in his argumentative essay on the learning of Shakspeare, refers the origin of the plot in Hamlet, not to Saxo Grammaticus, but to the "Hystorie of Hamlet," from which he quotes the following applicable fragment:—

"It was not without cause and juste occasion that my gesture, countenance, and words, seeme to proceed from a madman, and that I desire to have all men esteeme me wholly deprived of sence and reasonable understanding; bycause I am well assured that he that hath made no conscience to kill his owne brother will not spare to saue himselfe, with the like crueltie, in the blood and flesh of the loyns of his brother: and therefore it is better for me to feigne madnesse then to use my right senses as Nature hath bestowed them upon me. The bright shining clearnes thereof I am forced to hide vnder this shadow of dissimulation, as the sun doth his beams vnder some great cloud when the wether in summer time ouercasteth; the face of a madman serveth to couer my gallant countenance, and the gestures of a fool are fit for me, to the end that, guiding myself wisely therein, I may preserue my

life for the Duke's [illegible]
time, meanes, and occasion, [illegible]
I be now the cause of [illegible]
for, seeing by force that I [illegible]
alloweth me, by dissimulation, [illegible]
proceed therein."

Note 6, Page 62.

And, while they scorn'd a hero's [illegible]
To woman gave the heart's renown.

Il est une sorte de supériorité, que les [illegible]
server sur nous, et qui tient même à leur [illegible]
qu' elles inspirent. Elle est plus facile à [illegible]
primer. Il en est une autre qui tient à la dignité de [illegible]
que non seulement sa compagne reconnoît, mais qu' [illegible]
pardonne même pas de lui sacrifier."—*Les Femmes*, [illegible]

The same author remarks elsewhere that "[illegible]
the conduct of women in every country, we shall be [illegible]
that, without exercising any particular office, they [illegible]
dered as great a service as men."—As examples [illegible]
intrepidity, we may adduce the character of [illegible]
Anjou, Marguerite of Bethune, (wife of the Duke [illegible]
Theresa, Countess of Montford, &c.

Note 7, Page 67.

Refinement's moral dawn awoke.

Dr. Miller (*History Philosophically Illustrated*, [illegible]
p. 17, 18) after alluding to the character of "[illegible]
ancient Germany who acted a part so important in [illegible]

system," says that Tacitus, "disgusted with the vices of a decaying government, seems to have sought a refuge for his feelings in the contemplation of the uncorrupted simplicity of its barbarous neighbours, and to have described their manners with the same enthusiasm which is experienced by the inhabitant of a crowded city when he beholds freedom and nature in some rural retreat." Another distinguishing quality of the Germans was "*the reverence which they appear to have entertained for the female character*, neither degrading their women into slaves, like other barbarians, nor into objects of merely sensual gratification, like those who called themselves civilized. The German woman was the companion of her husband, participating his cares without servile drudgery, and influencing his actions with the gentle sway of respect and affection. The continence belonging to this character formed the most obvious contrast with the corrupted manners of the empire."

NOTE 8, PAGE 70.

Devotion in its grandest shape.

Vide Kenelm Digby's delightful work entitled THE BROAD STONE OF HONOUR, whose pages breathe the fine air of Chivalry, and whose examples of heroism conjoined with piety are exquisitely described.

NOTE 9, PAGE 71.

E'en there apostles might have known
A faith whose firmness match'd their own.

Even women amongst us have sustained the most cruel and

unrighteous suffering, and [illegible]
and received, notwithstanding [illegible]
prize of Christian heroines. [illegible]

For a truly sublime instance of [illegible]
the account of the martyrdom of [illegible]
Eusebius.

Note 10, Page 72.

How much to female hands they owe,
Their power to lessen human woe.

If it were only to please the imagination, the [illegible]
a devout lady is essential to complete the [illegible]
drama of the world. If the knights in the field [illegible]
and faithful, the ladies in the castle gave alms to the [illegible]
and prayed to God in their chapel. To go back still [illegible]
it was Placidia, daughter of Theodosius the [illegible]
fluence upon Adolphus secured his favour to the [illegible]
was Prisca and Valeria, empress and daughter of [illegible]
who protected the Christians of that era. It was [illegible]
who converted Clovis, the king of France, to the [illegible]
faith; it was the princess of Olga who introduced [illegible]
into Russia. The history of the middle ages, [illegible]
family portraits, records of public foundations, [illegible]
that is venerable in antiquity, are associated with the [illegible]
our English ancestors. Eleonora commanded that [illegible]
should be no other inscription on her tomb than this:

Eleonora, pauvre pécheresse.

The great Maria Theresa was in the habit of [illegible]
service daily in the church of the Capuchins, and [illegible]

the vault which contains the coffins of her family. There is also at Vienna an institution, to which none but ladies of the highest nobility belong, for the purpose of superintending and promoting public charities. *In our United Kingdom, there is not one useful religious or charitable institution which does not derive support from the influence and munificence and even personal exertion of the female nobility.* Let us hope, then, that the successor of Mr. Gibbon may repeat his remark, that "Christianity must acknowledge important obligations to female devotion."

NOTE 11, PAGE 81.

The gloom of his remorseless fate.

The memory of his injuries pursued him into the immensity of eternal light; and in the company of saints and angels his unforgiving spirit darkens at the name of Florence.—(Hallam).

NOTE 12, PAGE 88.

When dark-eyed beauty rack'd and wrung
A heart round which the world had clung.

Shakspeare alludes to this unfortunate attachment in several of his sonnets.

NOTE 13, PAGE 104.

Oh! who can mark his mind's undress,
The agony of lone distress.

The dark bursts of pathos continually occurring in Burns's letters must be well known to all who have read his correspondence.

Would try, with

To mend the

It has been said by the

tells) that we all possess by

kind of mental divination.

tinually alludes to "a

is, a retrospect of the past, leading

future." In one of his

friends fall around me, and I shall

I am nipped. Other men can

families. I have no resources but

present, no prospect here or

faction of surviving my betters.

My days are listless, and my

seldom any society, and when I

know that I sha'n't end it with

How often must his bruised heart

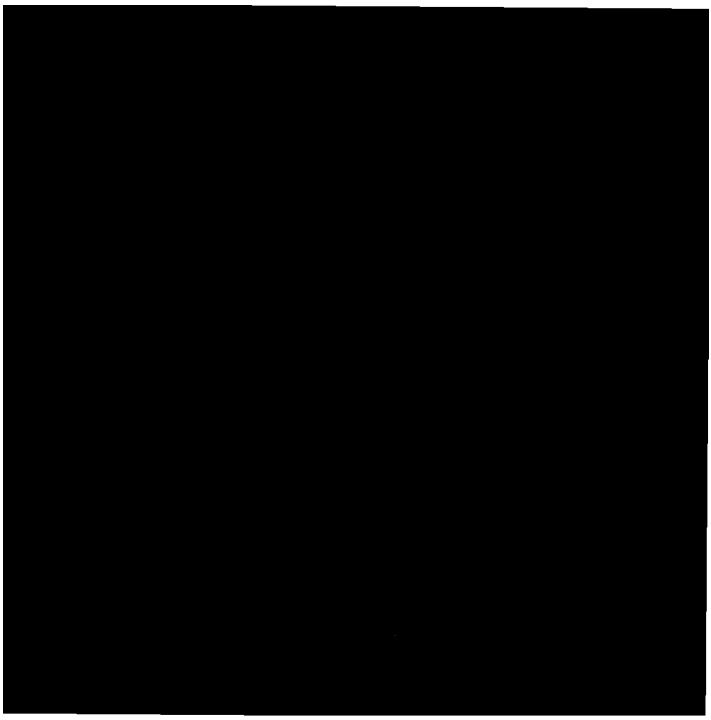
saddest of all sentences!—

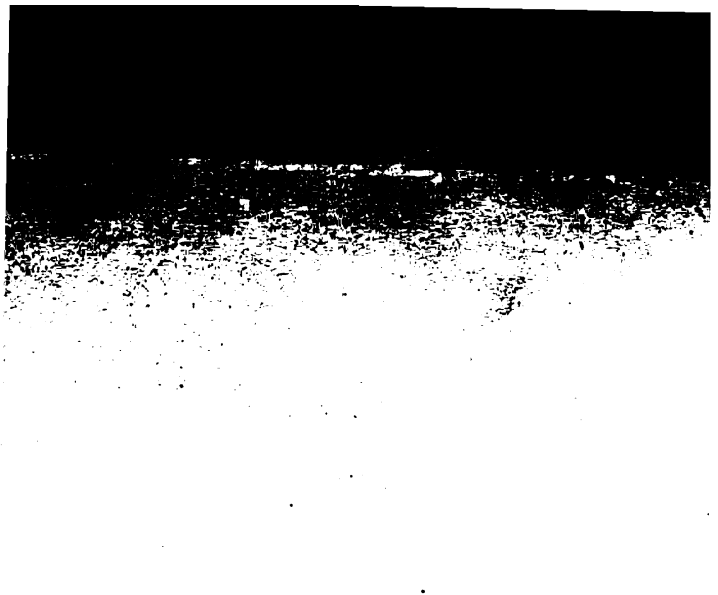
"Μη φυναι — τον δανατον

That NOT TO BE, alone is bliss!

THE END.

LONDON:
FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUN., 4, LEICESTER STREET,





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